THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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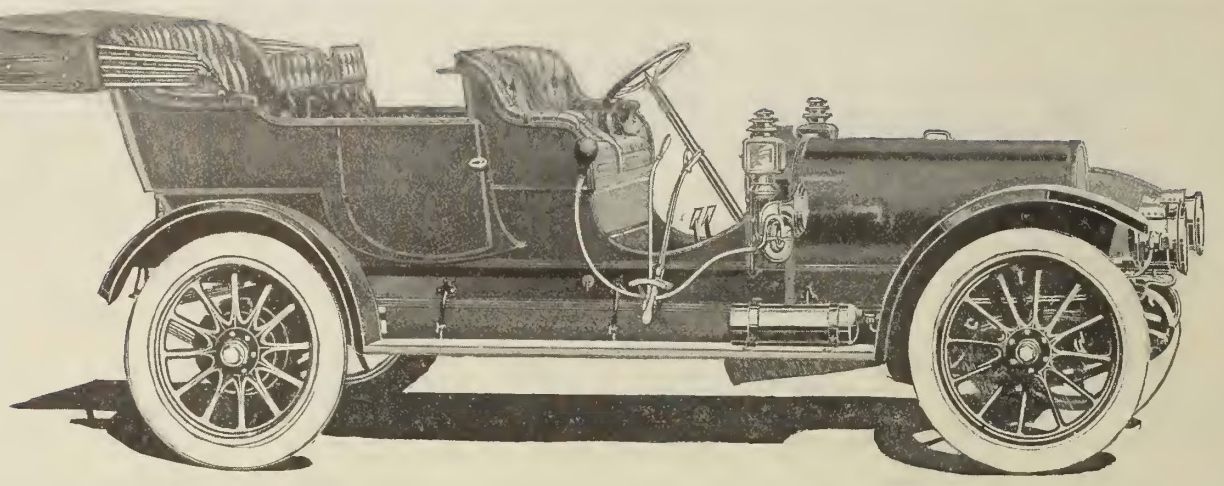
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA



The Franklin, graceful in every line, powerful, silent and swift, would, by the Franklin standard, be a failure if it lacked in comfort.

Comfort determines the way you feel at the end of a day's run. ¶Automobile construction that does not give the utmost in comfort is faulty. ¶For smooth riding nothing short of air travel surpasses riding in a Franklin.

It is out on the highway that a motor car must prove its worth. None can be ranked as high-grade unless it stands the test of touring. That means more than simply getting over the road; it must carry its passengers rapidly and without discomfort.

How comfort is obtained.

Certain features of construction are necessary for comfort. When grouped they present a union of merit without which the best result is impossible. They give the perfection of resiliency. Without resiliency there can not be comfort.

The features of the Franklin from which resiliency results are these:

Long, easy, full-elliptic springs, both front and rear.
Springs hung on their centers, not anchored on the end.
Absence of strut rods and torque bars.
A wood chassis frame.
Large tires and large wheels.
Light axles and an especially light rear axle.

The relation of comfort to construction.

Resiliency gives not only riding comfort and makes the automobile a smooth and easy traveler, but the more resilient an automobile is the stronger it is and the lighter it can be.

Rigidity in a road vehicle does not mean strength.

Rigidity, or solidity, means strength only in stationary constructions. A monument or building is strong in proportion to its solidity; an automobile, carriage or wagon is strong in proportion to its resiliency; and it has comfort in equal ratio.

As automobilists gain in experience they find:

First, that comfort is of supreme importance;
Second, that comfort is a product of design;
Third, that "shock absorbers" will not make rigid construction resilient;
Fourth, that only through Franklin construction is real comfort secured.

What resiliency does.

As definite as the features that make resilient construction are their results. They are:

The greatest strength.
Long life to the vehicle. (It does not rack itself.)
The fastest touring time. (Road inequalities do not hinder.)
The highest efficiency.
Light weight. (Rigidity requires weight to withstand shocks.)
Easy, comfortable riding. (Even aged people can ride long distances.)
Saving on tires.
Silence. (Rigid construction rattles after use and wear.)
Low total maintenance cost.
Reliability. (Due to greater strength, fewer parts and less deterioration.)

It is not necessary to carry extra tires on a Franklin.

Many perhaps think our claim that extra tires are not necessary is absurd. Their judgment undoubtedly is based on experience, but not experience with the 1910 Franklin.

We handle the tire matter as a straight engineering proposition and put on tires large enough and strong enough to do the work. They are larger even than tires used on most automobiles weighing much more. The result is the Franklin tire equipment does not blow out. It gives service four times as great as that obtained with the average automobile.

Demountable rims are only makeshifts. They do not stop tire trouble. The Franklin plan does.

Tire expense with the ordinary automobile is more than all the other expenses combined. With the Franklin the tire expense is reduced to a small amount per mile and per year of service. You are saved the investment in extra tires, which deteriorate almost as fast as the tires in use.

Franklin cooling is so simple and effective that it requires no attention.

Franklin air cooling is superior to water cooling. It produces better results without any of the mechanisms. Having no mechanism, it causes no concern and requires no attention. It is free from overheating, freezing and other troubles which belong to water cooling.

A Franklin for every use.

Model H—At the apex of the six-cylinder group of automobiles stands the Franklin Model H. The first on the American market, it has been refined to the highest degree. With its 42-horse-power engine, it provides the quickest and most comfortable riding for the seven passengers for whom its well proportioned, commodious body, in touring type, is built. Price, $3750.

Model D—This model, seating five passengers, is the ideal city and family touring car; 28 horse power. Price, $2800.

Model G represents the highest type of small motor car. With touring body it provides for four or five occupants. For business or pleasure it is the handiest and most economical automobile made; 18 horse power. Price, $1850.

When all is said of the Franklin the recital is one of combined motor car merit, to which each of the principal features of Franklin construction contributes and without which the best in automobiling is impossible.

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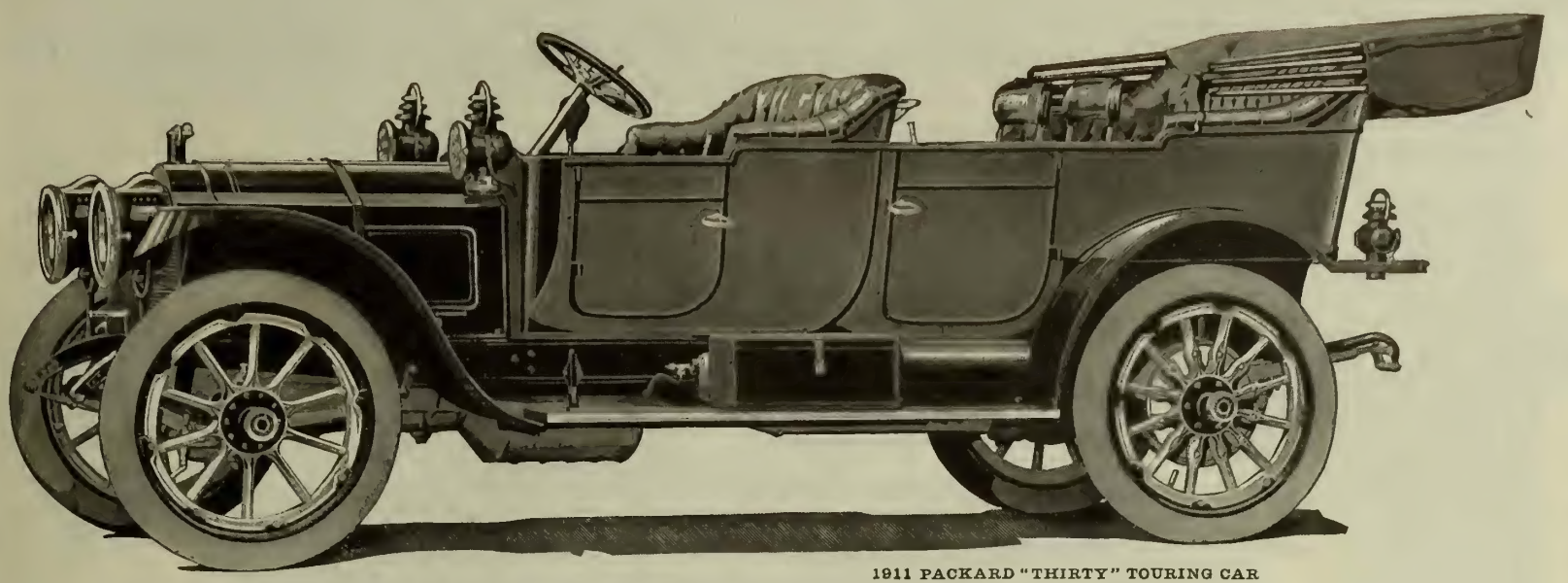

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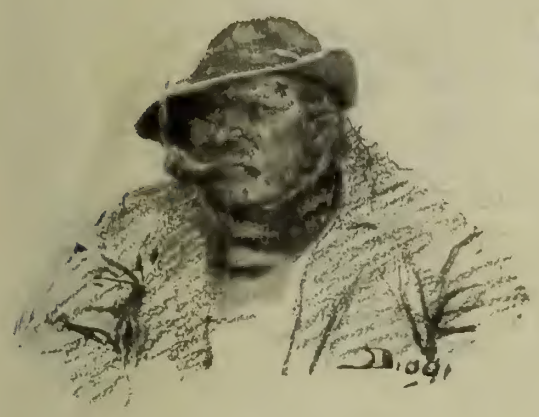


Kennedy the Dynamiter

TOM MORTON

A Story of the Hard-Rock Men

By FREDERICK R. BECHDOLT

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

THE construction camp of Snowslide lay in the depths of the cañon bed, a gray and yellow scar. The gray dump stretched along the side of the brawling stream; at its head clustered the buildings of unpainted yellow pine. Here, in the middle, the portal of the tunnel yawned, a black spot on the mountainside.

They had been boring Snowslide tunnel eight months; they would be at it three years more, making a short cut for the railroad through a three-mile barrier of the living rock. In the eight months they had littered the place with man-made desecrations: on the hill the bunkhouses and dining-hall; by the bed of the stream the timber sheds, the blacksmith shop, the power-house smearing the treetops with black smoke, and the lean, gray dump where the muck trains clattered to and fro. Beside their track the outside gang labored, shoveling away the loads which the cars brought to them.

There were six of them bending their backs to the heavy toil. Five worked near together, the sixth at a little distance from them. All the morning they had been working this way, the five in close company, their backs toward the one, a little interval between the group and the solitary figure. The five were Slavs; they were short, thick-chested men with long, muscle-bound arms; their eyes slanted slightly toward the corners. Their fingers were crooked, warped to the shovel handles. They shoveled deliberately, with precision, working like slow-moving machines. Occasionally one of them glanced obliquely at the sixth man; then said a low word to the others, and they laughed. It was a low laugh with no ring to it.

Toiling thus by himself, Tom Morton, the sixth man, shoveled the broken rock awkwardly. He was an Irishman. It was his first day on his first job since he had left a little rented acreage across the sea. And he was young. He worked with eagerness; he made strength do where skill was lacking. He crushed his shovel blade into the heap of rock before him; he threw each load far from him over the edge of the dump down into the stream bed. He sweated with excess of effort, striving to do more than any of the five whose backs were always toward him. At intervals, between the muck trains, after he had scraped together the last fragments of his pile and tossed them away, he straightened his back and rested. Then he looked upward at the mountains, along their steep sides black-green with mantling hemlocks, toward their sheer rock summits cutting the sky's blue with ragged silhouette of brown. They were the first mountains he had ever seen so closely. Green Irish hills lay a little more than a month back, fresh in his memory—low, rolling hills falling away from a broad river. Standing on the edge of the dump, leaning on his shovel handle, he turned his sweating face upward toward the rugged peaks. They were very dark; they seemed to touch the sky like lofty walls.

He leaned upon the shovel; his big hands gripped the handle, hiding it; his long arms extended rigidly from his wide shoulders, bent now to the reaching. For he was very tall—tall and broad; in his hands the shovel looked like a child's plaything. His upturned face was fresh with color, large-featured, beardless. His eyes were the clean, hard gray that never changes save to glint like metal. They regarded the mountains steadily. Thus he stood, every line of his rough-clad figure, from his clumsy shoes to his squam hat of oilskin, proclaiming his awkward strength. Then the muck train brought a new load and he bent his back again to work.

The muck came from the tunnel; it was wet, broken granite, among the pieces fine grit made pastelike by seepage. It was heavy, hard to handle; it tangled before Tom's shovel point, then disintegrated suddenly, leaving the blade all but empty. He sweated over it, swinging his shovel stiffly, pushing it by main force into the heap, lifting huge loads, throwing them many feet beyond him. He was anxious to do his share, willing to do more than his share if there were any question. At times his breath came heavily and he sobbed with the muscular effort. He was handling one-fourth more than any of the others.

The five Slavs worked with stolid faces, their eyes upon the ground save only when one of them glanced slantingly at Tom, striving noisily alone, and spoke the low word which made his fellows laugh. They wormed their shovel blades into the rock, tossing it just clear of the brink so that it rolled down the side of the dump. Each of them handled exactly the same quantity, covering an unmarked division whose proportion to the other four never varied. And always there was the same discrepancy between each of these allotments and the amount which Tom covered.

The sun climbed toward the middle of the blue segment of sky that roofed the cañon bed. It glared upon the mountainsides, and the tree-clad mountains threw its heat into the bared patch of camp. The dump caught the rays at their focus, its gray surface shimmered with vague waves. The outside gang toiled unshaded, and sweat dropped from their bodies to the broken stones at their feet. It soaked Tom's shirt, it ran into his eyes. His fingers ached to the hard touch of the shovel handle, and when he paused to rest they stiffened and became sore. In their group the five Slavs were swinging their arms like sluggish pendulums. Suddenly Tom heard among them a low exclamation. And at once he saw their demeanor change.

They were working stolidly no longer. Their faces were tense, alive with energy. Their shovels were flying; the muck shot from the blades far over the edge of the dump down into the stream bed. Their short, broad backs were bending down, then straightening up, in spasmodic movement. They grunted with their efforts. It was not eagerness to do; it was rather as though some one they feared were compelling them.

Tom, hearing a step, looked up. A man was passing. He held Tom's eyes. He was a huge man, red-faced, of mighty girth. He was well clothed, and on his head, tilted to an aggressive angle, he wore a derby hat. Rubber boots encased his legs. In his tie a diamond glistened. His mustache bristled fiery red. He was walking wide-footedly, striding as one who always gets all the room he wants. His head was back, and his arms swung free. He looked at the outside gang, a quick, intolerant glance that swept them in an instant. The five Slavs cringed and dropped their eyes to their flying shovels.

It was the Old Man, the superintendent. In the heart of the mountains here he ruled. He had charge of the work, the two camps on the opposite sides of the granite peak with their power plants, their clanking machinery and six hundred men. He commanded the bosses; he was supreme. Tom gazed upon his broad back swinging down the car track. It was like watching the passing of a superior being.

II

THE sun shone hot that afternoon, swinging toward the western mountain wall. At regular intervals the black hole disgorged the muck train. It clattered along its uneven track to the outside gang and stopped. The motorman stood idly leaning against his controller-box while the car-tender withdrew the keys and dumped the loads.

His Fingers Lingered on it Fondly

It was heavy shoulder-lifting, and he always called one of the five Slavs to help him. The car-tender was a broad-faced young Irish-American; his wide mouth was continually widening good-naturedly. When his helper was slow he cursed the man volubly and loudly. Once, after he had done his tongue lashing, he looked over at Tom and winked slowly.

While the empty train rattled away the six of them fell to work upon the wet, broken rock, always the five Slavs together, their backs toward Tom. He felt his isolation and, in spite of the new labor that it brought, he looked ahead for each return of the train because it carried this one man who showed feeling of fellowship, whose face was that of his own race.

The only other visitor they had was the outside boss. He came from the head of the dump at long intervals and remained a short time watching them. When he looked at the five Slavs his eyes, trained to such details,

caught at once the amount each of them had apportioned to himself. They went to Tom and noted the discrepancy between each of these portions and that over which he sweated. The boss frowned after he had made the survey, but he said nothing and he went away.

At six o'clock the power-house roof emitted a jet of white steam. For some minutes the five Slavs had been working with their eyes in this direction. As soon as the steam cloud showed against the green-black background of the mountain they dropped their shovels and ran to pick up their coats. As they were running the shrill call of the whistle reached Tom's ears. He laid down his shovel and followed them slowly up the dump toward the boarding-camp.

The Car-tender

The buildings of the boarding-camp lay to the right of the tunnel portal on the first rise of the hill, glaring structures of yellow pine—three bunkhouses, the general foreman's cottage and the dining-hall. Each of the bunkhouses was designated by a single letter painted signlike on a board: A, B and C. The general foreman's cottage was similarly lettered D. It was nearest to the track, close to the huddle of buildings about the portal. The dining-hall was well up on the hill behind it near the three bunkhouses. Its front steps were now black with men, members of the day shift waiting for the doors to open. As Tom turned to the right and was passing D quarters the Slavs had already joined this crowd. At the same moment the wide doors opened. There was a crash of heavy-shod feet, a shout from the center of the crowd now surging up and inward, billowing with the struggles of its members to hasten their advance. The steps roared with the beat of the great boots and the mass of men seethed into the wide doors. Then a white-aproned man stood alone on the porch, beating upon a triangle. Stragglers came running from the three bunkhouses, some pulling on their coats, others bareheaded and in their shirt-sleeves. After the last of these had hurried up the steps Tom entered the place, tired with his day's work, somewhat confused with the newness and the suddenness of the things about him.

It was a long, many-windowed room, bare-floored, with rough board walls. Overhead the roof timbers were browned by smoke from many meals; the shingles showed through wide spaces between the boards. In the rear, cut off by a low railing, the kitchen opened; about its hooded range two bare-armed cooks bent over steaming caldrons. At the railing aproned waiters, rough-garbed like the men whom they served, lingered briefly for huge tins of food or hurried away bearing their smoking burdens. Three tables stretched the length of the dining-hall, flanked by pine benches covered with oilcloth.

Two of these tables were lined from end to end by the men of Snowslide. They sat close-wedged, elbow to elbow, busy at their food. For the most part they were big men, large-boned, wide of chest. Their faces were at once heavy and alive, heavy with largeness of feature, alive with reckless lines of action; some bore ragged scars and some were tattooed blue from burning powder. The men were clad in the rough garments of their toil, oilskins still dripping moisture, coarse flannel shirts, their sleeves uprolled above great arms, their fronts yawning over hairy chests. They were eating as they had toiled, heavily, with effort, crudely. No fabric of etiquette had been woven round their feeding to hinder movement. They ate like animals to supply a need. From the high-heaped, steaming pans before them they lifted their food in enormous pieces, and the waiters raced back and forth to maintain the supply. There was little speech. Now a giant growled a monosyllabic demand, and another giant, complying, shoved toward this one a laden pan. Occasionally a colossus laughed and the dishes shook with the diapason. Always came the clash of the knives on the tin dishes and the noise of the eating.

Tom stood near the door, looking for a place. A man beckoned him, smiling widely, and pointed to a vacant space beside himself. It was the car-tender. "Set down," said he, "an' pitch in, an' remember, God helps them what helps themselves."

It was good food; Tom ate a long time and when he had done the last stragglers were filing outward through the door. The car-tender remained beside him, whittling tobacco in thin shavings from a brown plug. He rolled the shavings together in the palms of his hands and filled a black briar pipe. He lighted it and drew a few long puffs. "Well, Irish," said he, "how d'ye like ut?"

Tom smiled quietly into his eyes. "'Tis alright," he said.

"Them Polackers," the car-tender went on slowly, rising from the bench, "they're ridin' ye."

Tom looked at him inquiringly and shook his head.

"Ridin' ye," said the car-tender; "givin' ye the worst of ut. They don't do their share."

"I can shovel more than anny wan av thim," said Tom. He did not understand why the other chuckled.

As they walked to the bunkhouse Tom drew a short-stemmed clay pipe from his pocket. He filled its black bowl and puffed placidly. His big young face was grave, half puzzled. "I did more than anny wan av thim," he reiterated finally. "And I can do more than anny two."

The car-tender stopped his grinning and looked at Tom kindly. "Ye are green," he said. "But ye will larn. On public works ye always can find plenty that's itchin' to let ye handle more than yer share of the muck. Them scum is always layin' fer a white man. Ye must make them do what is theirs to do."

"Ye mane?" asked Tom.

"I mean they're laughin'," said the car-tender. "Thinkin' how smart they be to let ye do most of the work."

They went to the middle bunkhouse, B quarters, the largest of the three. In addition to its shift of tunnel workers it held the outside gangs. Bunks flanked its long, bare-floored room on three sides; on the fourth were the entrance and the door that opened into the heading foreman's office. The bunks lay in two tiers; heavy timbers supported them. In a corner near the foreman's office was a sink with hot and cold water faucets where the men washed themselves. In the center of the room, hung round with steaming garments and surrounded by board benches, there was a long heater-stove. The benches were now occupied by a dozen of the drill runners from the day shift, big-boned men with hard, scarred faces, save one whose little body was bent, warped as though the rock had been too much for it. He had lost an eye and his face puckered into a thousand wrinkles around the empty socket. Beside him sat the largest of the crowd, a crop-haired giant with blue pocks of burned powder on his cheek. The group were talking of the work and these two were evidently authorities, for whenever one of them spoke the others let their booming voices die. Tom's bunk was near the stove; he sat on the edge and listened to them.

The talk went to the Old Man, the red-faced superintendent whose passing on the dump that morning had held Tom like the passing of a divinity, the head of the work, master of their masters, driver of those who drove them. The crop-haired giant smote his knee with his huge, gnarled fist. "Gunnysack Ryan," he cried, and there was in his deep voice at once familiarity and awe. "Gunnysack Ryan; I know him. I've known him this fifteen year; an' the Gunner here, ask him. Ryan! Why, we seen him when he was raw from the bogs; green, I tell ye, as that there boy." He waved his hard hand toward Tom, and the other giants laughed.

"How about it, Gunner?" asked one. "Does he know hard rock?"

The bent little man lifted his puckered face and smiled—a slow, wise smile. "Gunnysack," said he, "he don't know hard rock an' nivver did. By all rights he's a steam-shovel man. He c'n make a steam shovel climb a tree, he can; but he don't know hard rock. It's the men he knows—the *men*, I tell ye." He paused expressively and let it sink in. "The Old Man," he said, "is a driver; that's what he is—a driver. That's all there is to ut. He makes the others do ut."

"That's right, Gunner," several shouted at once. "A driver he is."

"Look here!" cried the big man they called Jerry. "Look at the Gunner here. He knows the rock; none better. An' what's he doin'? Him that's pulled more rock than anny of ye; more than Ryan ever see. Why, he's runnin' his slugger in the headin', runnin' a drill like you an' me, drivin' tunnel fer the Old Man. Look at the walker an' the headin' bosses! They know rock; an' where are they? Bossin' today, runnin' a drill tomorrow. Pullin' rock fer Ryan because he knows enough to make them do ut. He drives them. He always did an' always will. He handles men, he does—men, not rock."

"That's right, Jerry," said the little Gunner. "He makes us do ut for him and makes us like ut."

The broad-faced car-tender came and sat beside Tom on the bunk's edge. "Listenin' to them stiffs drive tunnel?" he asked. "They're always at that between paydays when their money's gone an' they've been trowed out from the saloons. Always drivin' tunnel. They'll blow the stovepipe through the ruff some night, puttin' in too big a shot." He laughed at his figure. "Listen to them now," he said, "handin' ut to the Old Man."

"How did he do ut, Gunner?" one of the younger men was asking. "How did he get his start?"

The little man smiled and was silent for a moment. "Well," he said finally, "it come this way: Some wan crossed him wan day and Ryan licked him, and that was the size of ut. He pounded his way up."

"That is right," said Jerry. "Thim that trod on his toes or crossed his path he mastered thim. When he got his first shift he hild thim under his big fists an' always done so since. And they like ut. Manny's the time his walkers curses him—behint his back, mind. But they'd go to hell fer him, just the same. Yes, I think it is his fightin'. Raymimber Big Martin, Gunner?"

"I do that," laughed the Gunner, and lifted his warped face. "'Twas on the big ditch. Ryan had been blowed up wit' black powder, an' they had him in bed wit' his arms and chist all bound up in cloth an' oil—an' two min to hould him down when his head wint back on him. The day before he'd had a bit av an argument wit' this here Martin—he was big as a house—an' this night Martin comes in the dure. 'Who is that?' asks Ryan. ''Tis me,' says Martin. 'Oh, 'tis ye, is ut?' says Gunnysack. 'Well, I'm glad to see ye.' An' wit' that he climbs out of bed, rippin' the bandages where they helt down his arrms, an' he lept on Martin an' handed him the pannin' av his life. And his arrms an' chist like a beefsteak."

The laughter shook the roof timbers overhead. The Gunner raised his hand to silence it. "But it is not that," he said soberly. "'Tis not the fightin'—Ryan has the head. There's thim likes to boss an' thim likes to be bossed. He likes to boss, an' he does ut."

"For phwy is ut," Tom asked the car-tender, "that they call him Gunnysack?"

The car-tender scratched his head. "I raymimber now," he said; "I heard Big Jerry Morley there tell ut wan night. 'Twas back in the Pondereille country, years ago whin they was buildin' this same road. He was green then, like you, lad, fresh from the old sod, and he was a mucker. The weather was cruel cold, an' he seen how the Polackers wrapped gunnysackin' round their brogans to keep their fate the warmer. So he did ut. Three or four years after—he had a shift then on some rockwork back in New York—some wan come who had seen the baggin' on his fate, and told ut. And so they called him Gunnysack."

"Not to his face," said Tom.

"Haw, haw, haw!" laughed the car-tender. "Not to his face? Well, no, they did not."

A few minutes later the janitor came and turned out the lights, all but a single incandescent over the stove, and the drill runners went to their bunks. The place became silent. Heavy breathing rose round the shadowed room. From his own bunk Tom lay looking about him. The single light swung slowly to and fro, shifting brightness and blackness in regular time. Tom's mind was busy with the things that he had heard and seen: the men with whom he toiled, the five Slavs who held their backs to him and laughed unpleasantly; the good-natured car-tender who had told him why they laughed—because he had done what was theirs to do; Ryan, the red-faced master, who had once been like him, "raw from the bogs, green as that there boy." He remembered Big Jerry's words. And this Ryan had mastered others and made them like it. He slipped into slumber with these things in his thoughts.

III

EVERY night after that Tom sat on the edge of his bunk, listening to the drill runners "drive tunnel" round the bunkhouse stove. He sat, his big body bent forward and his large young face upturned eagerly to catch each word. For to him these hard-faced giants were mighty men and they told of mighty things. He harkened while they recounted deeds done in far places where they had rended the living rock from the mountains, rough deeds of reckless men. They told of tempests that had beaten them while they toiled among the snows; of a sun that had blazed upon them in desert wastes; of towns that had rung with wild shouts and had reeked with brawls, where every night saw murder done—towns that had long since fallen to heaps of ruins beneath the deepening shadows of hemlock forests; of shaking rock that had thundered down and obliterated men in the midst of strivings; of premature blasts that had annihilated whole shifts. They bragged of toil and drink; they spoke familiarly of lawlessness and they laughed at sudden death. He listened, watching their faces lined with recklessness, scarred by marks of toil and fight. Their booming voices made his blood stir with vague longings of emulation; their wanton words and rude gestures and their oaths were to his mind signs of brave spirit.

Best of all he liked to hear and most carefully he cherished the things they said of the Old Man. The crop-haired giant, Jerry, and the bent little one-eyed Gunner

had known Ryan longest and followed him farthest from job to job; these two told of his mastery and of the assertion which had made him rise. They told how he roared his orders and his curses until sometimes whole shifts rushed hither and thither while Ryan stood on rock or wheelbarrow or other small eminence, red-faced, wrathful, bullying them, driving them. Always there was purpose behind it, assertion that brought obedience and made men cling to him, and, when they abused him behind his back, abuse him fondly.

And so Tom passed his first evenings, resting from the heavy work, hearing the story of how the Old Man had come to master these reckless men. The car-tender often sat beside him and added details to the anecdotes. Sometimes he told Tom of the work which these men did, of the inside of the tunnel where the air-drills roared beating against the living rock, of the booming blasts and the dangers in the black hole's depths. Gradually the feeling of strangeness was passing from Tom before the interest in this new world, its deeds and its men.

But the days were dreary. The five Slavs always talked together in their own tongue, working with their backs toward Tom. They never had a word for him and they never had a look for him save the side glances when they laughed unpleasantly. On the dump they kept thus by themselves and in the bunkhouse they hung together in the corner farthest from the stove, where they slept. There none had speech with them; they were pariahs. And when he was alone with them they treated him as a pariah in his turn.

Their attitudes and manner spoke of the silent conspiracy against him of which the car-tender had warned him. Often, when the rock came out in large pieces, each piece a carload, the five united their efforts to roll over the brink such of these as fell to their share. Never, unless the outside boss was near, did they offer such help to Tom, and then in sullen silence.

He watched them silently, day after day, studying their manner of shoveling, catching the little tricks that made the toil easier. Then he practiced himself these smooth economies of motion until, gradually, he learned to swing his great arms to absolute purpose without any loss of energy and was able to handle twice the amount that he had handled at first. He found himself doing it, and doing more from day to day. In spite of the knowledge which the car-tender had imparted to him, which he had verified by what he saw, he felt pride in this. No heavy-featured alien could beat him working. And he let them go on drawing a little farther from him and then a little farther still until the discrepancy became marked, until he found them laughing more openly at him, talking more often in tones of ridicule. He had now mastered the knowledge of shovel-handling, and he had begun to feel less strange. Sometimes now, when he heard them chuckling and saw them glancing obliquely at him, he felt his rage rise within him and the desire grow strong to leap upon the nearest one and beat him down. Loneliness oppressed him here; he had no speech with any one save the car-tender. While the muck train paused the two of them talked together on the dump, as they did in the evenings listening to the drill-runners "drive tunnel."

"How would a man be afther gettin' to run wan av thim drills?" he asked the car-tender one morning. It was the first expression of a growing longing to go where there was the excitement of more reckless work. They were standing on the track, leaning against an empty muck car. Inside, the shift was shooting the heading and there was a stoppage in the output of muck, a respite for all who handled it. The car-tender was whittling plug tobacco into his palm. He snapped the knife shut and began rubbing the shavings in his hard hands.

"'Tis aisy enough sometimes," said he, "if ye're workin' inside, muckin'! After payday the shift is always short, runners an' helpers raisin' hob downtown. Then, if the boss thinks ye're likely he may put ye to helpin', and if ye hold yer job ye larn enough to run a machine in time." He rammed the tobacco into his pipe-bowl and as he lighted it a dull jar came from the mountain. "They've shot," said the car-tender. "We'll be goin' in now."

Tom watched the train until it vanished in the black patch at the foot of the mountain, swallowed by the darkness where he longed to be. He turned slowly and his eyes fell upon the five Slavs. They were talking together in their own tongue and, as he looked, he saw them glance toward him and laugh. His eyes rested on them steadily and he got a bold stare. One of them—he was the biggest, a short, thick-chested man, with bowed legs and arms that hung down to his knees, giving the suggestion of an ape—sneered with coarse lips. Tom's fists were clenched so tightly that his nails hurt his calloused palms. His eyes grew cold like metal and the Slav's eyes fell. A moment later they were working, elbow to elbow, shoveling away the muck.

On its next trip the muck train brought huge granite blocks from the rended heading. There was one of these to every car. When the train had receded the five Slavs gathered round one of the largest pieces which had fallen to their share. The biggest man among them, the leader, picked up a long pinch-bar bent by many pryings and inserted its end beneath the rock. He gave a guttural command and the other four came toward him to take hold. Then Tom tightened his lips and took a step toward them. His fists were doubled; his great arms swung, elbows out from the body. They heard him and looked up.

He took two more steps—he was within five feet of the leader now—and pointed to a longer bar by the trackside.

"Pick ut up," he said quietly. His voice came from his chest, gruff with the command; his glinting eyes were fixed upon the leader. For an instant the man stood in his tracks, staring wide-eyed at Tom over his shoulder. Then he started to say something to the others. One guttural word had come from his throat when Tom was upon him.

He seized the Slav by the collar, twisting him from his feet, then flung him upon the bar to which he had pointed. "Pick ut up," he said again evenly.

His eyes were cold now and a hard light played in them. They swept to the other four Slavs; the four shrunk from them. They went back swiftly to the leader. He was scrambling to his feet. His face was bleeding where it had struck the dump. In his hand he clutched a stone. Gaining his feet he whirled toward Tom with upraised arm behind his shoulder. Tom looked upon him steadily. The Slav's eyes lowered and he dropped the missile.

"Quick!" Tom ordered. "Pick ut up."

The Slav glanced at his four fellows. They were staring sullenly at the ground. He bent and picked up the bar.

Tom looked toward the others. "Come here," he bade them. They hesitated a bare instant, then they came slowly. He gestured mutely toward the rock; they seized the bar and began prying it over the dump. When they had done he called them to the next. "This wan now," he ordered. To his bidding they handled the trainload. He stood looking them over. "I boss," he said finally. "Mind that."

IV

ONE evening soon after his assertion of authority Tom left the dining-hall and went alone to his bunk. It was still daylight and many of the men were outside. Sitting in the silent room he held his face between his two big hands, his elbows on his knees. The loneliness of his life was heavy upon him. As he sat there the grip of the evening seized him, a quiet evening when sounds came mellowed from long distances. He left the darkened place and stood outside looking at the mountains.

The green of their hemlocks was not green to him; the mountains were black walls. He started walking slowly down the trail. His hands were behind his back, folded; his broad shoulders bent a little, his head leaned forward. He was looking straight before him and he did not see the things on which his eyes fell. The air was damp with a soft breeze from the west, a breeze from the sea whose moisture had gathered tribute from inland valleys and mountain meadows until it was laden with sweet odors. It caressed his cheek like soft, cool fingertips. Its perfume bathed his senses. His mind went far away. The car-tender, on his way to the bunkhouse, ran against him at a turn in the path and recovered his balance with some difficulty.

"Man!" he cried, "ye have a heavy fut. Ye tromped all over me. What is ut takes yer eyes from where ye're goin'?"

Tom looked at him as if he had not heard the words. "Did ye iver see the hills of Connaught?" he asked.

The car-tender grumbled and took a limping step beside him, looking upward at his face. "I was a kid when me father left the Old Country," he said more softly.

"Green, green they are," said Tom. "Ye nivver see ut here; so green an' saft an' low! Ah! and in the avenin' ye can hear the little childer callin' from far off." He loosed his big hands and dropped them limply to his sides. His shoulders straightened and he looked at the car-tender wistfully. "Did I thread on yer fut?" he asked. "I was thinkin' av the Ould Counthry. 'Twas somethin' come over me tonight."

The car-tender smiled—it was as a man smiles at a boy. "Come wit' me," he said. "I'm goin' to take a stroll an' watch the train come in. I've a letter to mail."

When the car-tender had gotten his letter in the bunkhouse he found Tom bending over a wooden chest which he had dragged from beneath his bunk. He had thrown back the lid, his arms were elbow deep in the interior. As the car-tender came he drew out a coat. It was of homespun cloth, a coat with two long, narrow tails, which dangled oddly, with a row of large buttons down its front.

Tom held it over his forearm and he passed the thick fingers of his other hand over the rough fabric, caressing it. He laid it softly down on the bunk and began groping again in the chest. Finally he brought out a hat. It was a curious hat of stovepipe pattern, thick, coarse, gray felt, narrowing toward the crown, with a flaring brim. He brushed the crown around with his fingertips, smoothing it, and his fingers lingered on it fondly. Then he shut the chest and rose.

The car-tender watched him curiously as he threw off his working-coat and began donning the homespun garment. It fitted his huge shoulders tightly, so that he had to struggle a little, working his arms into the sleeves. The two narrow tails dangled from his waist. They were surmounted by two of the large buttons. The car-tender's eyes widened as Tom turned his back to him. Then his broad mouth grew broader; he started to articulate, but stopped. His heavy face became very grave. Tom picked up the hat. He placed it on his head carefully so that the tall crown was well back and to one side. He faced the car-tender, who was gazing at him now in silence.

"Ye brought them over?" the car-tender asked politely.

"Yis," said Tom very soberly; "they were me faather's."

"Ah, yes," said the car-tender thoughtfully. There was a pause, and the car-tender shuffled one of his feet irresolutely.

"There's a bit av a shtick in the chist," said Tom. "A bit av the thorn. 'Twas me faather's, too. But I notice that they do not be carryin' a shtick on a walk av an avenin' here."

"No," said the car-tender. "No, they do not." He scratched his head so that his hat tilted forward over one eye, and he struggled inwardly.

"'Tis a pretty pace av cloth," said Tom.

"The coat?" asked the car-tender.

"Yis," said Tom.

"Ye do not see them often here," said the car-tender. It was his maiden effort at taet; it left him confused, doubtful whether he had said too much.

"No," said Tom; "ye do not. I don't raymimber seein' wan since I landed." His eyes came to the car-tender's, and the car-tender smiled into them squarely, very kindly.

"I like ut," he said. "My father had wan like ut. I mind him wearin' ut when I was a kid in the

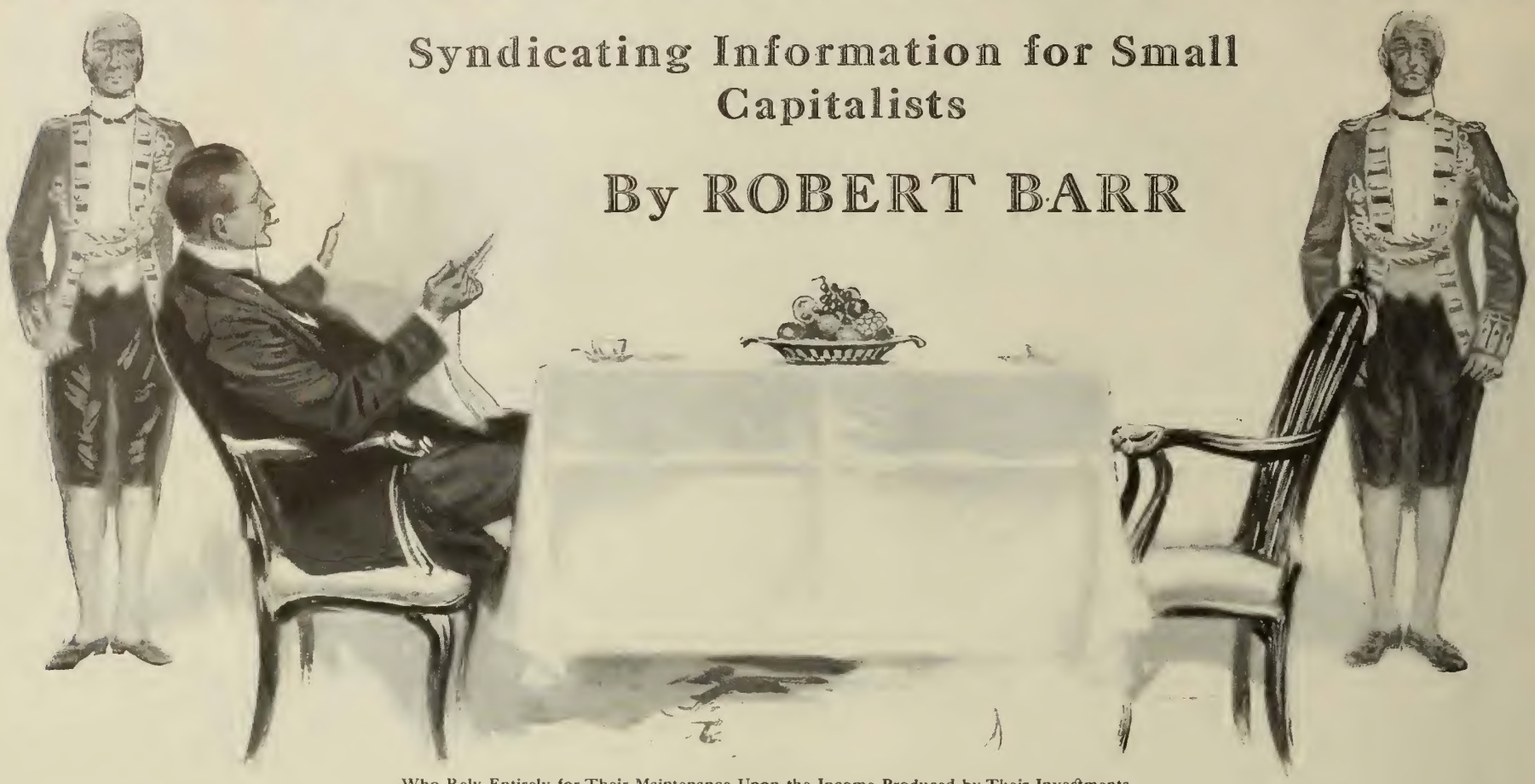
(Continued on Page 36)

He Realized Now What the Others Had Been Laughing At

A NEW INVESTMENT IDEA

Syndicating Information for Small Capitalists

By ROBERT BARR



Who Rely Entirely for Their Maintenance Upon the Income Produced by Their Investments

MANY years ago a friend of mine was walking down Broadway, New York, with an elderly person accounted at that time one of the richest men in America. Two motives actuated the millionaire in this promenade: first, he saved the five cents that would have been expended on a street car; and second, he desired to make a purchase. He wished to acquire that harmless, necessary article we call braces in England, and which are termed suspenders in America. He made inquiries at one shop after another, but Broadway prices ruled, and these prices were too high to suit one who had made his millions by buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market. Finally he said to his companion:

"Let us cross over to Sixth Avenue and see if we can't do better there."

The wisdom of this move was soon illustrated, for the pair of braces he ultimately purchased was six cents cheaper than the price asked on Broadway.

My friend, who was a poor man, was amazed at this action on the part of the millionaire, who had spent as much time and worry on the outlay of fifty cents as another man might have done on the disbursement of ten thousand dollars.

"Do you mean to say that you have taken all this trouble merely to save six cents?"

The millionaire stopped and looked at his companion as if he could not credit him with the recklessness implied by that statement; then he drew from the pocket of the trousers ultimately to be held up by these newly-purchased braces a silver dollar, and holding it visibly in the palm of his hand, said solemnly:

"Merely to save six cents? Young man, do you realize that one of the most difficult things in this world is to make that silver dollar earn six cents in the course of a whole year?"

Something to Fill a Long-Felt Want

AT THE time this walk was taken down Broadway there was being formed in London a company which was eventually to tackle what the plutocrat called one of the most difficult things in the world. I very much doubt if either chairman or directors know that what their company is doing today in carrying out a plan of world-wide scope, a plan organized to the last decimal of perfection and worked for the greatest good of the greatest number, was practically set in operation by the unnamed American with equally remarkable success, but with a view solely to his own aggrandizement.

When a new project is brought to the attention of the public it usually promises to "fill a long-felt want." Thirty years ago the investors of capital in the United Kingdom were experiencing a long-felt want. They were grievously dissatisfied with the London Stock Exchange which, in its juggling with money, added greatly to the perplexity of the moderate man who loathes speculation and merely desires a legitimate return upon his capital.

The British Government appointed a Royal Commission in 1878 which in due time made recommendations that were ignored by the Stock Exchange Committee; so the last case of the unfortunate investor was as bad as the first, and the long-felt want remained unsatisfied.

The original intention of the company was to give advice to large private investors, and to institutions like the Army and Navy Stores, formed for the purpose of supplying their shareholders with goods at prices more resembling wholesale rates than could be obtained in the shops of London, and on these lines it enjoyed a reasonable prosperity. Its clientage, however, was limited, and its advice must also have been restricted chiefly to the securities dealt in by the London Stock Exchange.

After the Boer War there came upon Britain not a financial panic exactly but a very drastic object lesson. All British securities fell, some tumbling down as much as fifty per cent. It must be confessed that this took the public by surprise, for there had been a general belief that the moment peace was declared South African stocks would jump instantly, and other securities would rise in sympathy. It is still fresh in English memories how disappointingly the reverse of this actually occurred.

I remember at the time talking over the situation in a London Dramatic Club with a very well-known theatrical manager. He said:

"Britain is in like case with the town of N. a dozen years ago while I was managing a touring company. The town of N., as you know, depends entirely on one trade. It possesses a good theater and we always enjoyed a reasonably prosperous week if we had a decent company and attractive plays, both of which were mine on this occasion; but the fact that I had an excellent company and excellent plays increased the cost considerably, so I was rather anxious that N. should do its duty by increasing the receipts. Imagine, then, my dismay when I learned on the Saturday we were to leave for N. that a general strike had been proclaimed to begin on Monday!

"I set the telegraph at work and tried to get out of my week's engagement, but was compelled to fulfill it. I could scarcely believe my ears, on going to the theater at noon on Monday, to hear that every seat in the house had been sold for that night, while bookings for the rest of the week were away above the average. Indeed, the house was filled to the doors nights and matinées together. The theatrical patron saint has said:

> *"There is a tide in the affairs of men*
> *Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.*

"I took this tide at its very flood. The company which was to follow me at N., being panic-stricken as I was, on account of the strike, had canceled its engagement. I telegraphed its manager and, not letting him know I'd struck a gold mine, offered to exchange my next week's stand for his abandoned pitch, to which he agreed as quickly as electricity could bring back his message.

"I then billed the town of N., announcing the second week's performances, to accommodate, as I proclaimed, the thousands we turned from our doors the previous six nights. On the second Monday not a seat was engaged, and there were not half a dozen people in the house when the curtain went up. Now that I couldn't retreat, the manager of the theater was quite frank about the situation.

"'The town of N.,' he said, 'is in pawn. The strikers have spent every penny they possess in one riotous week. Now everything portable has gone this morning into the pawnshops. The amount they received will last them for another week, with economy, but no surplus is left for the theater. On the third Monday they'll go back to work—they always do—and on the third Saturday they will get their things out of pawn.'

"England today," concluded the manager, "is like the town of N. a dozen years ago. England is in pawn."

Why Good Bonds Went Down

THE state of things in 1900 caused all financial institutions seriously to ponder over the situation, and in no London director's room was the subject thrashed out to such practical purpose as in that belonging to the company of which I write. There were features pertaining to the crisis that required more explanation than was forthcoming by a casual examination.

The fall of British stocks was easily accounted for. Britain had simply been spending more than she was making during the previous few years, and the result was inevitable; but it was more difficult to fathom the fact that securities in the London market entirely unconnected with Britain's excessive expenditure, bearing no share of responsibility either through taxation or otherwise, depreciated in salable value almost as seriously as did British securities. Take, for instance, Canadian Government bonds: there was no reason why they should fall and every reason why they should rise. Canada was coming into her own; the great Dominion was prosperous from the Atlantic to the Pacific; mines of fabulous riches were being discovered and exploited; wealthy farmers were pouring over the borders from the United States and buying the rich districts of the Northwest. Canada with difficulty was suppressing a boom, and her great businesses were legitimate and sound; yet down came Canadian Government bonds, when logically and intrinsically these securities should have risen in price.

What was the reason? The reason appeared marvelously simple when you got down to it. It is the same

reason that causes a surefooted man to fall when walking along a slippery pavement in company with a man who is not surefooted. The latter slips, grasps the other and brings him down in company.

What is the remedy? The remedy is equally simple. Let the surefooted man walk alone, and if you wish a basket of eggs carried, do not intrust that basket to a man, however surefooted, who is walking with some one weak in the knees.

And this brings us to the Great Idea—an idea great in its simplicity and great in its effectiveness. The most potent motive power in this world is an idea, and when that idea is born of deep thought and matured information there seems scarcely any limit to what it may accomplish.

Let us, then, investigate this vital idea. A few months ago the cable informed us that fine rain fell upon the city of New York, and before it ceased the thermometer dropped suddenly below zero, with the result that the big city was sheathed in glare ice. All vehicular traffic stopped, and of those who ventured out on foot two hundred and fifty were carried to the hospital with broken limbs. At the same time London was enduring gray, muggy weather, but traffic was going on as usual; while in Tokio the inhabitants were enjoying brilliant sunshine.

Physical conditions have their counterpart in financial conditions. Start from London and travel round the world, and you will find that you pass out of the trade influences of London through zone after zone, each zone being dominated by a differing financial center. The root idea, then, is that you invest your money in various zones, no one of which is seriously affected by what happens in another. This the large investor would find difficult to do for himself, while to the small investor, acting alone, the plan is impracticable; but coöperation, assisted by efficient organization, makes anything possible.

Ten Zones of Investment

IN FURTHERANCE of this idea, the world of stocks is divided into ten divisions: first, British; second, British Colonies; third and fourth, Europe, North and South; fifth, Asia; sixth, Africa; seventh, eighth and ninth, America, North, Central and South; tenth, International stocks.

It must not be supposed that this scheme came into being instantaneously, as one might say. It is rather the result of a slow building up that took years to bring into maturity; for, although the idea germinated twelve years ago, it has been in full operation for five years only, yet in that time there have been placed investments to the important total of a hundred and ten million dollars by this single company alone, while similar organizations working on similar lines are now in operation.

I have given here, in my own words, merely the root idea. Its ramifications are important and intricate. For example, the investors themselves are divided into zones, as one might say, and each is classified according to his needs. It must be remembered that this company has nothing whatever to do with speculation. It holds no opinions, but merely places facts before its patrons. It owns no shares and is interested in none. It cannot afford to allow its judgment to be biased by an interest in any stock in the world. It does not even hold stock for its client, but passes it over to his bank, receiving the money only when the securities are thus in his own possession.

It classifies investors into three groups: the first composed of investors who rely entirely for their maintenance upon the income produced by their investments; group second, those who live partly on their present efforts and partly on the money derived from interest; group third, investors who live entirely upon the results of their present efforts. In group one there are four divisions; in groups two and three there are three divisions each. Thus investors, like the world, are divided into ten zones.

It is impossible, within the space of a short article, to show with any degree of completeness what the company does for an investor belonging to any one of the ten divisions into which his answers to its questions place him, and how in turn investors are divided among two or more of the ten geographical zones.

I walked through the extensive premises of the largest of these investment agencies in London to see the wheels go round. The first and second floors resemble those of a bank. The first room entered on the third floor has its walls decorated with pasteboard file cases that open like a book, hanging, overlapping each other in rows extending from ceiling to floor. Visible in strong black letters at the top of each is the name of the city to which it pertains. A girl stands ready with a hooked pole in her hand with which she can nip out very deftly any portfolio called for. These cases represent every city in the world that possesses a Stock Exchange; they are all there, from San Francisco to Singapore and back again the other way round the earth. In each is filed the printed daily report of its Stock Exchange, and these files are added to day by day. Here are card catalogues also representing every city in the world where shares are publicly sold.

Picking out a town remote, or one near at hand, the card that bears its name gives the title of the agent or firm representing the company in that city, states in what language the letter to the firm must be written, gives a list of the stocks in which the firm principally deals, adds cable address and names of the codebooks to be used and whatever other information may be thought necessary.

The center of the room is occupied by, perhaps, a score of typewriter girls with their machines, and they are an interesting coterie. One is French, another Portuguese, a third Spanish, a fourth German, a fifth Italian, a sixth Russian, and so on, each language represented by its girl and typewriter, and here, for once, the babel of tongues is merged into one universal language, the purr of rapidly-run American typing machines.

In another room are files containing the latest balance sheets of practically all the limited liability companies in the world. Name a city anywhere, and any company in that city—that is, any company that is paying dividends, for all non-producing concerns are eliminated—and the latest balance-sheet of that company is at your disposal within a few seconds.

The First Act of a New Client is to Submit a List of His Securities for Criticism

But before a balance-sheet comes to rest in this file-room it has to pass through a preliminary section of the Day of Judgment. It enters a silent computing-room upstairs, a room inhabited by men who are expert mathematicians. One or other of these men analyzes the balance-sheet as a metallurgist assays a specimen of ore submitted to him. If there is any latent defect in that balance-sheet the mathematician spots it. He writes his report in a paragraph anywhere from fifty to five hundred words long. Each day these reports are set up and printed on slips; a printed slip is pasted on a form, which is posted to the president of the company it concerns, with a request to examine, correct any errors he may perceive, and return.

"England is in Pawn"

If the president protests against the analysis or complains of its unfairness, a correspondence ensues; more detailed information is asked, and when furnished must be convincing, otherwise its unsatisfactory nature is noted and filed away with the balance-sheet. Meanwhile, if any client is interested in this company, the final facts are instantly placed before him. The client then acts or not, as he sees fit. No advice is given; no comments are made; the cold facts only are placed before the client.

In the Chamber of Criticism

THUS in the archives of this organization the reputation, one might say, of various companies rises or falls automatically, and if it falls too low the company ceases to be represented in those files, a fact communicated to all clients concerned.

As one passes through room after room, into each of which information is pouring from all directions, it seems as if the whole world were at work merely for the purpose of pouring statistics into this silent, smooth-running machine.

Nothing interested me more than the room away up at the top among the silences, where few except those who belong are permitted to enter. It might be called the Chamber of Criticism. Here all companies, great and small, are finally brought to a fraction, down to the thousandth part of a unit. The mathematicians, with the full report of a company sent to them from another department, set down everything pertaining to that company that can be expressed in numerals, one column containing figures to the company's advantage, the other the figures to its disadvantage. There is recorded the amount of capital subscribed, the amount paid up, the dividends that were earned, the assets, the liabilities—every mortal thing pertaining to the company that can be expressed by figures.

The first act of a new client is generally to submit a list of his securities for criticism. The list is sent up to this room, where prices of shares and everything else are taken into consideration, and the client receives in return the exact mathematical standing of the stocks he already possesses, and the names of other stocks, at or about the same price, which will yield him a larger return or give him a better security.

The new plan by which British capital is now invested means merely the adoption, under conditions of expert information, of the old adage: "Don't put all your eggs in one basket." Your money is placed in zones that, so far as possible, do not financially influence each other. If one portion of your securities is falling in London, another may be rising in New York or in St. Petersburg. Then you can sell the stock that is high and reinvest in stock that, though intrinsically worth more, is temporarily depressed.

LAMONT, WINNER

By Edwin Lefèvre

ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER RALPH

THE perfect piece of road-making serpentined its way around giant elms, past judiciously decorative boulders and stretches of sheep-cropped turf, by massed shrubs and well-grouped trees—a triumph of engineering and of landscape gardening. The owner himself had set no limit to expense, but he had seen to it that the money was well spent and the work well done. The same inveterate habit of ruling in person that had made him Czar of the East Shore Railroad, that had made the system grow from four thousand miles to twelve thousand miles, had changed nine worn-out shore farms into the most beautiful estate in the most beautiful county in New York.

A young man walked slowly up the drive. He was about thirty, well built and easy-gaited. His hair was almost black; his forehead high; his nose straight and a trifle large; his chin firm without pugnacity; his complexion clear and hinting at out-door life. His eyes were dark brown and steady of gaze. There was, moreover, a curious persistence about his look, as if he were prepared to keep on looking unblinkingly a year or two. It made his eyes seem extraordinarily deep, as if the real thought were a mile back in his head. He was aware of this and to conceal his purposes he sometimes affected a flippant manner of speaking. But this merely increased the perplexity of observant people. As part of the equipment of a poker-player those eyes should have been worth untold wealth to the young man.

It was a warm day. He had walked nearly two miles. He muttered:

"I should have known Hull went in for founding an ancestral estate, being himself an ancestor with fifty Wall Street millions."

He crossed a rather elaborate masonry bridge that spanned a beautiful little brook, and a minute later came in sight of the house—an Italian villa. Because of its good architecture it escaped the reproach of ostentation to which its elaborate magnitude justly entitled it. If it was a palace it was a palace that one would delight to live in.

The young man nodded appreciatively, as though recognizing its fitness to be a home. He walked on toward the main entrance. A young woman sat in a rocking-chair in a loggia on the east. She was reading a book. She looked up indifferently at the young man and resumed her reading. He looked at her quite differently—and kept on looking. To do so comfortably he halted.

She was, he decided, a pippin! Her cheeks, pink to the sight, must be smooth to the touch. Her hair was either golden brown or rusty gold; at all events, the precious metal glinted there. Her eyes were of the justly famous sky-variety—sky-colored and sky-deep. They gave back two little dots of light, somewhat as if coming from suns beyond the two skies.

He had no doubt whatever of her complete satisfactoriness; nevertheless, he nodded with the unsubdued triumph and proud acquiescence of a man who says to himself: "I told you so!" and answers: "You certainly did!"

It did not take him long to think all this. Then he spoke. He said:

"I beg pardon!"

She glanced up. There was in her look a calm question. She did not open her lips. She didn't have to, he agreed, with those eyes.

"Is this Mr. Hull's house?" he asked, so respectfully that no excuse was left for anything but a mild answer.

"Yes," she said, and resumed her reading.

"I beg pardon!" he said again. After a pause, effectively deliberate, she again looked at him interrogatively. She did not even raise her eyebrows.

"Are you his daughter?" His voice, somehow, was just right.

"Yes," she answered, and returned to her book.

"I beg pardon," he said a third time. There was in his tone so gentle a patience, so patient a gentleness, that all fangs were withdrawn in advance from every possible retort. The pause before she looked up, however, was longer. To her silent inquiry he said:

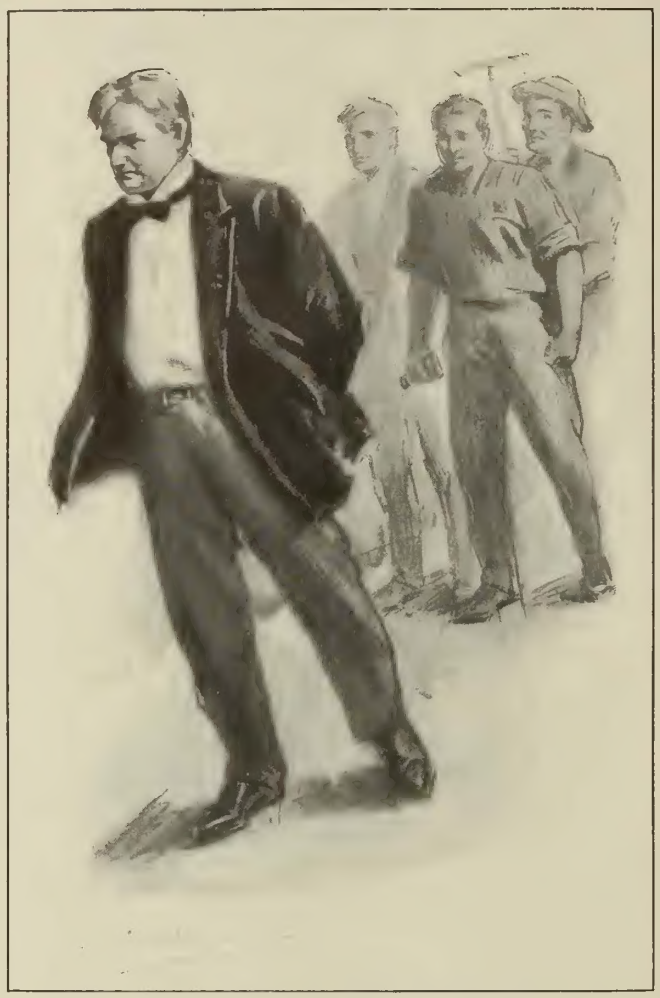
"Have you any sisters?"

"No," and immediately resumed her reading.

"I beg pardon!" This time the apology in his voice would have excused forty-six capital crimes. But she did not look up. He waited until her silence was longer than any pause need be for dramatic effectiveness. She read on. And so, again:

"I beg pardon!" It became evident that until now his voice had been colorless; his latest effort positively dripped pathos. You thought of tears as big as robins' eggs.

She raised her head slowly and looked at him. Her eyes were wells of light, and said: "Well?" But he merely looked into them steadily. Perhaps it was because of the respectful meekness that she saw in his, suggesting a strong man's surrender; perhaps merely to end an annoyance; at all events she made a human being of herself by speaking. She said:



Ben Hull Was Not Awed by Any One

"You spoke to me?"

"I did," he admitted gratefully. "I asked you to forgive me for interrupting your reading. I desire to ask you a question."

Her eyes bade him ask it. But he was silent. She thought it was diffidence. It was; he dared not tell her he wished to see the pearls show against the rose leaves, which happened only when she spoke. So he waited.

"Another question?" she said finally, with the slightest emphasis.

"Yes." He again waited, his face calmly patient, his eyes—— It struck her, as it did many others who had dealings with this young man, that his eyes had the curious faculty of not blinking. It was almost as if his eyelids were out of commission. And yet he never stared rigidly. The girl somehow felt compelled to speak.

"I am listening," she told him.

"Have you any brothers?"

She hesitated, but did not frown. Then the girl answered: "No."

"Impossible!" he exclaimed quickly.

The conviction in his voice made her raise her eyebrows.

"I beg a thousand pardons. I did not mean to doubt your words."

She resumed her novel.

"I am sorry!" he said. She went on reading.

"I am," he pursued, in an emotionless voice, "sorry—for your father!"

Her eyes remained turned bookward. But he stayed, a sentinel at his post, until he saw her face and neck and ear slowly grow red. Then he went on to the door of the railroad magnate's house and rang the bell.

A lackey in livery appeared.

"Tell Mr. Hull I wish to see him," he said.

"Who shall I say, sir?" inquired Jenkins respectfully.

"Say a stranger."

"I—ah—I'm sorry, sir," stammered the servant; "but Mr. Hull doesn't see——"

"Tell him I'm here on business."

"Yes, sir; very well, sir. You have an appointment, sir?" Jenkins was not really asking; far be it from him, a worm, to doubt that. But he was a martyr to duty, as the young man must see.

"No."

"Then, sir, I'm—I'm afraid, sir——" Jenkins paused. He had a flash of inspiration. "One moment. Just a moment, sir." He disappeared and presently returned. "Mr. Hull," he announced stonily, "is not at home, sir."

The girl in the loggia was not reading. She was listening, her head bent slightly the better to hear; which showed the young man had succeeded. He always did. That was the worst of him. And now she marveled that Jenkins did not bluntly tell the young man to go away.

"I shall wait for him."

But Jenkins liked the place and wages. He made a grimace of pain and said:

"I'm very sorry, sir, but it's against my orders, sir——"

"I'll walk about. Come and tell me when he returns."

"Yes, sir. But——"

"Yes?"

"These are private grounds, sir——"

"I know it"—and the young man turned away and strolled calmly toward the garden. The girl watched him. One of the gardeners went up to him and spoke. After a brief colloquy she saw John walk away with a perplexed look on his face. He presently returned with the head gardener, who spoke, was answered, spoke again. The young man answered and strolled leisurely toward the house. One of the gardeners went to the servants' entrance. The other scratched his head.

The young man walked past the loggia without a glance in her direction, and halted. He took in the view of Long Island Sound.

"Great!" she heard him say.

The crunching of steps on the gravel made him turn. Her father was walking toward the young man. Close behind him were the two gardeners and a third man, the chauffeur, who carried a large monkey-wrench and a fierce look. He was French.

"You wish to see me?" asked Mr. Hull sharply.

"Mr. Hull?"

"Yes." From the tone of voice it was evident that Mr. Hull was not awed by the young man. But then, Ben Hull was not awed by any one.

The young man bowed. She recognized the bow of a man who has learned to bow young, and learned it in foreign countries. She was sure, from his accent, the stranger was an American.

"Mr. Hull, I have come on an errand of mercy." The young man spoke very calmly and distinctly. He paused; and then, without the slightest trace of a menace but, nevertheless, in a way to compel attentiveness, he finished: "To whom the mercy will be vouchsafed it remains for you to determine."

Mr. Hull frowned. Then he left off frowning and answered: "If you will write or call on my secretary he will investigate the worthiness of the——"

"Pardon me if I interrupt. I am not, I regret to say, officially connected with any charity. I am here to do you a service."

"To wit?" Ben Hull seldom wasted words.

"The station master at Aspen, on your road, has been discharged after thirty-two years of service. He has an invalid wife. He is himself rheumatic. He has served you faithfully in all sorts of weather; hence the rheumatism. I have come to give you his name and address, that you may pension him."

"You are," said Mr. Hull, not at all admiringly, "a philanthropist?"

The young man considered a moment.

"A philanthropist? N-no; I scarcely think so. No, sir. That is not altogether my reason. You see, Mr. Hull"—musingly—"by granting a pension to Pat McCarthy you will enable me to win a bet."

The railroad magnate flushed.

"I think," he said angrily, "that you are——"

"Mr. Hull, I have heard that your valet shaves you on the train in order to save one minute and forty-two seconds a day. I now save you precious moments by admitting that I am somewhat familiar with my own history and character. If you pension McCarthy you will do a Christian deed. That is something. Does the idea appeal to you?"

"I don't think so."

"I didn't, either. Battles, Mr. Hull, and tempers are bad things to lose." He paused. "Now for the *argumentum ad crumenam*."

"I don't wish to listen——"

"It is always wise to listen, Mr. Hull. You yourself paid a large fee to a wise man who advised you to put a sign at your grade crossings. Five thousand dollars a

word, I am told, you paid for the advice, which is: STOP! LOOK! LISTEN! The eminent lawyer charged you ten thousand dollars too much. LISTEN! was enough; for a man who is told to listen always stops and looks. Suppose you now listen. Thank you. By pensioning this old servant of yours you do something wise."

"Thank you," said Mr. Hull, with too much gratitude.

"You and your road," pursued the young man calmly, "are types of the most unpopular institutions in America today the millionaire and the corporation. The pension would bring you popularity. But popularity, to be valuable, must be achieved before the actions that breed it are tainted by suspicions as to motives. The man is well liked by patrons and fellow-employees. The company's action is severely criticised because men see not the discharge of a man too old to perform his work efficiently but the starvation of a nice old chap who has always served the company faithfully. Men are as they are and you can't change them, and you can't make them think in terms of labor efficiency. Now, the prevailing discontent among the men may not crystallize into a strike, but since the principle is bad it is safe to say your road will be guilty of other—er—thoughtless acts. The cumulative effect of grievances, real or fancied, is serious, and so is the development of a point of view toward an employer. Suppose you spontaneously, without petitions or letters, pension old McCarthy? Can't you see what a fine thing that would be? You'll have to establish a pension system sooner or later ——"

"We are not ready ——" began Mr. Hull.

"The ablest managed of all American railroads has already adopted such a policy. If you, with your unfortunate reputation for considering a railroad merely a transportation machine, pension McCarthy, you will get much more than the deserved amount of free advertising—and I, Mr. Hull, who said I could bring you about to my views, will win my bet."

"Well, you lose," said Mr. Hull curtly.

"It is quite a bet." There was a gentle remonstrance in the young man's voice. Mr. Hull frowned.

"I thought you might be as deaf to appeals to cold wisdom as to warm-heartedness. I am, therefore, prepared to submit a third proposition. This: Unless you pension McCarthy I will, myself, cause you to lose to me a sum of money so large that the interest on it would support a hundred McCarthys."

The young man looked meditatively at Mr. Hull.

"Yes, sir," he added; "that is what I will do."

"Why, you ——"

"It is too warm, really, Mr. Hull. I wouldn't, if I were you." He paused to let the famous railroad magnate cool off, and went on, even more gently: "When I saw this house, these beautiful grounds, I felt very kindly toward you. All the good that I have ever heard about you was uppermost in my mind. Am I to infer your friends have deceived me and that you are greatly overestimated in every respect?" He held up his hand warningly: "Listen! Remember the railroad crossings! So! Now, you ought to have a large family and I discover you have but one child—and that a girl! You, therefore, have been remiss in your duty as a citizen; your heart is insensible to appeals for justice, and you are obviously not the far-seeing railroad president the world believes you to be. Do you know—I leave it to you, now—do you know any reason why I should show you any mercy in Wall Street? I confess I don't. Still, I will listen to what you may have to say."

The girl had followed the conversation intently. Her vague alarm had not crystallized into fear. Nevertheless, she now arose and walked toward her father. She stood beside him, wound her right arm about his left and stared curiously at the young man. He did not look like a bomb-thrower. In his eyes there was no maniacal gleam -only that curious depth. He was looking straight at the great Ben Hull.

The railroad magnate, feeling his daughter beside him, subdued himself. He loved her devotedly. He said calmly: "You'll oblige me by leaving these grounds, sir."

"I'll oblige myself even more, sir, by so doing—when I have finished."

"You will do so at once."

"Very well. But I play fair, Mr. Hull, even in Wall Street. I admit you cannot on the spur of the moment commit your company to a policy the wisdom or expediency of which is not clear to you. I would remind you that I am not blackmailing you. I am not threatening you with a strike or with dynamite. I am unarmed. My desire to serve you makes me once more state my proposition. Unless you pension Pat McCarthy at once I will make you lose a great deal of money. A great deal! I now hand you this card. It reads: Patrick J. McCarthy, 122 Grove Street, Aspen."

The railroad man made no motion to take the card the young man held out to him. He remarked coldly:

"I have already told you, twice, that I would thank you to leave these grounds." He was an irritable man, but he loved his daughter.

"Sir, you have kept an accurate tally of the times you have so asked me. It grieves me that you should have been obliged to repeat yourself. How was I to know you would not accede to my request? I ask you that in all fairness. Yet, it is not for me to speak of fairness when I have not told you who I am."

"I don't give a damn if you are ——" He checked himself as his daughter clutched his arm.

"Yes or no, Mr. Hull?"

"No!"

"You will lose a million dollars within three days. Indeed, sir, if you will permit me to use the telephone in your house I'll begin operations at once. That would be," he smiled pleasantly, "a modern instance of the French officers at Fontenoy. *Messieurs les Anglais*, shoot first! Your chivalry would be recorded in the annals of Wall Street forever."

"John," said Mr. Hull, turning to one of the men—the huskiest.

"Stop!" commanded the young man, so sharply that husky John promptly made a marble statue of himself.

"Mr. Hull, after I have licked you out of your boots in the financial war I am about to have the honor of waging against you we shall have an honorable peace. The million you will lose will benefit you educationally. I may forgive you for compelling me to spend three days in Wall Street, and even for having to give Pat McCarthy fifty thousand dollars as his rake-off. But I could not forgive quite unforgivable stupidity. I have every reason," and he looked full at Miss Hull, "for not wishing to dislike you." He looked on. "Quite the contrary; I need you and your good will in my business." He finished heartfully: "In fact, Mr. Hull, you could not possibly like me too much!"

He was looking unblinkingly not at the magnate but at Miss Hull, as if he saw in her eyes that which greatly pleased him. It annoyed her to imagine—she knew not why—that the young man's eyes seemed to offer her an alliance. Could he imagine for an instant that she could ever side with him against her father? He seemed to be appealing to her as to the highest tribunal. There was a subtle expectancy in his expression that interested her. The incident gradually took on an unusual character. She began to compose descriptions of it and of the young man. And these descriptions, duly dramatic, she began, in her mind, to repeat to entranced friends.

"If you would allow me," said the young man, his voice full of disarming respect, "to speak privately to Miss Hull, sir ——"

"No," broke in Mr. Hull. "And unless you ——"

"What I shall tell her concerns your future happiness, Mr. Hull, as well as hers. I'm not going to kidnap her before your eyes or do her bodily injury. I shall not abuse you to her. She is all the child you have. In God's good time you will remove to the golden shore that has no railroad. She should begin to learn something about this shore and its railroad. Don't misunderstand me; I don't ask you to die soon. Miss Hull, if you will allow me to sit by you in the loggia and explain ——"

Her friends would gasp admiringly, enviously, on hearing how calmly she had listened to the man. Grace Melton would shudder at her danger; Dorothy Welliver would exclaim "Judith!" and her eyes would become turquoise saucers. Flora Campbell, whose father had almost been dynamited by an anarchist, would cease to be heroic in and out of season.

"Papa, I'd like to hear what this—what Mr. ——" She paused and looked inquiringly at the young man.

"I cannot tell you my name. I fear your father, if he knew it, would grant my request," he told her, with a pleasant smile.

"You need not fear it," Mr. Hull assured him politely.

"I am sure it must be a name"—she took her cue from her father—"that when once heard ——" She could not finish the sentence strikingly, so she paused.

"It is," the young man assented imperturbably. "You don't know what a pleasure it is to do business with a quick young mind! Suppose we sit down and talk it over. You are only a princess now. In the natural course of events you will become a queen. It is time you began your education in the railroad queen business."

It was a new thought, a great phrase to repeat. She went up in her own estimation. She felt she now must pick her words for future use.

"Sir," she began almost majestically, "I am sure you ——"

"Don't mention it; delighted to be of service. Shall we sit down and ——"

"Judith, please go away, and ——"

"Suppose," said the young man coldly to the famous railroad president, "you leave us alone!"

"I've had enough of this nonsense," shouted Mr. Hull.

"You ought to," agreed the young man judicially. "Look at her! Never mind the complexion; just observe the shape of the forehead, the intelligence in the eyes. Why, she'll know more about the proper policies for your road in five minutes than you could grasp in six months. One woman will vote this year—at the meeting of the board of directors of the East Shore Railroad; and later on, at meetings of companies you don't control but she will. Miss Hull, I must part your father from one million dollars by next Thursday. I'd like to talk to you about it. Come!"

He led the way to the loggia. The girl followed.

"Judith, I insist that ——"

"Go away, Papa; do!" And she said to the young man, delighted with her rôle:

"Sir, kindly be seated. Will you be good enough to explain the operation?"

"Do You Think You are Always Going to be Twenty? Have You Ever Seen Yourself at Thirty, at Forty, at Fifty, at Sixty?"

She sat down and pointed to another chair languidly.

"Great work!" said the young man admiringly, and took another chair—the nearest.

Mr. Hull looked at the young couple doubtfully. The stranger seemed inoffensive enough and to carry concealed nothing more serious than a large supply of words. But Judith was so obviously enjoying the situation that he turned to his hirelings.

"Keep within easy call," he told them, and waved his hand dismissingly.

He went to the loggia, where the young couple sat, and said: "I'll hear what this young man has to say."

"Not now. Go away, Papa!" said Judith impatiently. She did not wish him to spoil the great story, to end abruptly the experiences she was dramatizing so thrillingly. The magnate had always humored her. He loved her so deeply that he had never wished she had been a boy; though at first he had hoped she might have a brother. But change her, not for worlds! And yet, at his death, the great East Shore system ——

It would be hers, trusteed and safeguarded beyond all risk of diminution and decay. He had built permanently; he had discounted the future. For these things he had travailed —for the Work, the child of his brain, and for his Judith, the child of his love. He walked slowly away, glancing from time to time at the young couple. He saw that Judith was listening with an intent seriousness. He never before had seen that look on her face.

For the first time in his life he saw that she was a woman. It almost startled him; and the thought of it pushed his mind into a new world of speculation.

"Miss Hull, what fools call wisdom, wise men call common-sense. Inspiration is merely seeing what is sensible and seeing it very quickly. I'm going to appeal to your common-sense. There will be no mystery about it, no high-sounding claptrap or striking epigrams. Let us realize that we are not writing advertisements together." The stranger paused and looked at her for confirmation. She nodded.

"Thank you," he said, and went on: "It is no trick to win hearts. Silly girls with silly little ways have made great men act like fools. But when a woman has both beauty and brains there is nothing she may not do! There have been thousands of queens. Only a few have been great. Do you know why those few were great? Because there was no king to meddle; they had to be queens and so they became immortal. Centuries of wrong education and unpropitious environment, the absence of opportunity, have made women prize pearl necklaces instead of iron scepters. And so, woman today ——"

"Are you a suffragette?" she inquired coldly. It behooved her to remember her words and tone of voice.

"Yes. But I merely wished to make clear why I am talking to you. Your father is a remarkable man—but he is no longer young. He has done a great constructive work; from four thousand to twelve thousand miles; from eight thousand men to thirty-six thousand; from two million dollars to fifty million dollars. Do you know why he did it? Because he couldn't help it. He had to use his brains or die. Having used his brains he does not wish to die. He must live forever—in his work! To build; but there is more—to build permanently. Your father is a dynast, by the grace of God. You are his heiress; you must succeed to the money—and to the work! The kingdom is always greater than the king; the people more important than the monarchy. So the railroad is greater than your father, and the public's rights more important than your wishes for quiet comfort. The founders of dynasties live strenuously and usually die with their boots on. Their successors are powerful only as the nations they rule are made powerful. This is common-sense. You are a queen-to-be. To succeed you must go forward, or the people in their progress will grind you to ignoble dust. It is not a nice end, to be the detritus under the feet of the mob; what? That you may live your life you must, under God, be the servant of the people. You will take greatly from men, but you must give greatly to more men. It is a good job because it is a big job. You cannot shirk it. It's in your blood. The shape of your head shows it. Your eyes prove it. You will not be content to be styled the beautiful young railroad queen. You will rule—or I've another guess coming!" He looked at her steadily. Her cheeks were smooth and delicately pink. Between the sensitive red lips showed the even teeth. Her eyes ——

"I am not interested in business," she said. But she had, nevertheless, clearly visualized the reign. It was thrilling, merely to think of it. Even her voice now sounded to her royal, in its patrician frigidity.

The young man shook his head dissentingly and murmured as if to himself:

"That's what Grace said. I told her she was blind."

"Grace?" She could not help it.

"Grace Melton."

"Do you know her?" She frowned at him.

"Like a book. She is the silliest ——"

"She happens to be my best friend."

"She happens to be a—well, I've known her many years and she hasn't grown since she was twelve. She will die twelve. If that's the kind of friend that's going to meet all your requirements you might as well ——"

"I thank you for your entertaining conversation," she said, and bent her head politely, but dismissingly. Grace

She Was, He Decided, a Pippin!

was silly. A great situation had somehow been made commonplace. She rose.

"Sit down!" he commanded almost rudely. "I'll tell you my name before I go and then ——"

"As a threat, it seems almost ladylike," she interrupted with a drawl; "as promising information that does not interest me ——"

"How can you carry on that silly way when I see in your face every indication of intelligence and ——"

"Mr.—ah—I really am not ——"

"No; you certainly are not commonplace. I can't talk drivel to you. You must listen. I don't want you to have a mission in life. I merely advise you to use your brains. Do you think you are always going to be twenty? Have you ever seen yourself at thirty, at forty, at fifty, at sixty? Money, position, health, beauty—you have them all. But they have been given to you; you have won nothing! You will want to win something some day. Your husband must win you. So, what is there left to you to win? Look at the matrons. Do you love to think of Judith Hull at forty-five, intent on imitating that fat Mrs. —— Oh, I forgot she's your aunt. What will content you at fifty that contents the half-centurions in your set? Will you be different? No; unless you begin now!"

She sat down and laughed ripplingly—she almost knew how many ripples. That was to hide the resentment against him—and herself!

"My dear young man, I cannot say that you talk like a lunatic, quite. But I believe there is progressive ——"

"My dear young woman, I cannot truthfully say that you talk like an idiot, quite. But there certainly is progressive ——"

"When you give a realistic impersonation of an ill-mannered bore ——"

"Every time a silly woman is accused of having common-sense beyond her years she reaches for her longest hatpin. Lots of fools are beautiful and young. Beauty and youth are like money—and it doesn't require much brains to make money. When a man has brains and also makes money he is somebody. Your father is not as rich by two hundred millions as Angus Campbell, late of Pittsburgh. Who is the bigger man? You are not as rich as Flora Campbell, so she could outplay you at spending. But every time she goes out unveiled the clock-menders go into gentleman-farming to use up their incomes. You are not as beautiful as Dorothy Welliver. Would you swap intellects with her? Her brain would make a dried pea look like a mountain. No! You must use your intellect or you will die young and ugly. Sure thing! Want to hear any more?"

"I would not have you miss your train," she said anxiously, "for anything!"

"I came in my yacht. There she is. No. Don't look. Please! Not yet! You'd recognize it. Thank you."

The girl made no effort to turn her head. She said nothing. He went on:

"Let me tell you why I'm here. Sooner or later I must have met your father in business. I wanted to see how he would behave before an original character ——"

"You are very modest for your years."

"I overheard the other day a couple of trainmen discussing the case of Pat McCarthy at Aspen. I make it a point of mixing with such men. I am interested in railroads—that is, I own railroad stock. The study of men, of human nature in various circumstances and environments, is more important than questions of mechanical and engineering devices and efficiency and ton-mile costs and grades. This country is now on the eve of a readjustment of the relations between labor and capital and the recognition of the rights and duties of each toward the other and of both toward the public. The great railroad problem, therefore, is a problem of men. Your father may escape the storm, but his heirs won't. This man McCarthy, for thirty-two years a faithful servant of the railroad, disabled by illness, was discharged three days ago. He is poor, not because of shiftlessness, but because of his invalid wife. He has ceased to be a money-making cog: the money he helped to make is not considered. The wornout cog is replaced by a new one. Nature is ruthless, you will say. But civilization consists of efforts to protect man from Nature's ruthlessness. Your father is not popular, as you must know from the muckraking magazines and the yellow newspapers ——"

"I never read them."

"You must do so hereafter; they have the largest circulation, and their articles concern you more than they concern the mob."

"I don't see it," she disputed.

"How not to lose the money you have is more important than how not to spend the money you don't have. It was not Louis XVI that bred the Terror, but Louis XV. You will not do it; your father began it. The pension system is more than philanthropy, more than justice; it is common-sense—it is dollars invested for your children. The Keystone Railroad has adopted it. Others must follow. A discontented servant is a bad servant; you cannot discharge him, because you can't get another—so, eliminate the discontent. Your father pensions this man; five hundred dollars a year. Think of the joy of the McCarthys, who will die believing in a beneficent Providence; think of the pleased surprise of the other men on your road; think of the newspaper articles. Will there be one criticism? Will stockholders complain of the cost when it can be shown that the men will work better without the vision of the poorhouse at sixty? Think of it calmly. This is not a case calling for technical knowledge, but for common-sense. Moreover, you can tell your father this pension does not commit the company to a policy of pensioning all old men. It is the reward of faithfulness to duty granted to an individual. Thrilling? You bet! Can't you see the kind of articles that could be written about this? Can't you? Stop and think, Miss Hull. Don't let anybody sidetrack you or tell you that workingmen are this or the other thing. Men are men the world over, and you must work with averages. Look at me a moment and answer honestly: Do you grasp what I've told you?" He looked at her steadily, as if he would compel her to use her mind, her own mind. She no longer thought of the story she would tell to her friends. She understood that she was asked to decide. But she did not wish to decide quickly, to admit hastily.

"Do you?" he repeated.

"Yes," she said seriously.

"Assuming that the facts are as I have told you—bear that in mind—do you see the wisdom and expediency of pensioning Pat? Do you really see it clearly?"

"Assuming that ——"

"Yes; do you?"

"Yes, I do."

"Very well. You will tell your father to do it. It's up to you as the intelligent heir of the control of the East Shore. You don't have to begin as a brakeman. That was well enough thirty years ago. Today it is a question of men, of human beings. You have brains and youth."

"Thanks; but I don't have to interfere with his business," she said.

He looked surprised. "I thought," he said, "I had made that clear." He shook his head sadly. Then he said: "Am I right in assuming that you love your father?"

"Oh, yes," she said.

"Then speak to him, because if he doesn't pension Pat I'll take a million or two out of him in the stock market—millions that might as well come to you in time."

"I imagine my father, notwithstanding his feeble intellect, may in some mysterious way be able to protect himself." Her look boded ill for McCarthy's graft.

"History repeats itself, but the world is always surprised when the invincible champion takes the count at the hands of the obscure young fighter. I can even tell you how I'll do it. It will cost nothing to listen."

"I don't think it would interest me."

"My dear young lady, you won't skip a single word of the ten columns in Thursday's papers. I will convince you so completely that you yourself will urge your father to come to my terms. You will force him to." He looked at her challengingly.

"You have made me," she said, "almost curious."

"First, you must promise me not to tell your father either my name or my plans." Seeing that she hesitated, he taunted: "What? Are you afraid a talkative ass can beat your father at his own stock-market game?"

"No, I'm not!"

"Promise, then."

"I promise you," she said angrily. She realized that he had made her angry. That doubled the anger.

"*Amare et sapere vix deo conceditur!*" he said solemnly.

"What?" She looked vaguely alarmed.

"That's Latin. You will find it in the back of the dictionary. Now, let's get down to business. There's my yacht. Look!"

She followed his pointing index and saw a large steam yacht half a mile away, near the club anchorage. The owner's flag was not up.

"I arrived here an hour ago. That's why I walked up. It's the Missouri."

"Then you are ——"

"I am." He rose, bowed gravely and took from his pocket two letters.

"This," he told her, "is a letter from my father to yours. And this is from Grace Melton for you. I asked her for it. She insisted on sealing it. Silly!"

She took it, opened it and read:

Dear Judith: This is Tom. Look out.

P. S. I insist upon a church affair. GRACE.

She looked up at him. Then she laughed.

"So you are ——"

"Hush!" he interrupted. "I think a lot of your mind. For Heaven's sake, don't disillusionize me yet. I am fond of Grace and I'm grateful to her very. But she's enough of that kind. Do you wish to know how I'm going to do your poor unsuspecting father out of that million?"

"Can you do it?"

"Sure thing!"

"But why?"

"As a lesson."

"Yes, but ——"

"You see, Miss Judith"—he spoke the word lingeringly, as though it tasted well in his mouth "I've been cruising around the world for the past three years, studying people, all kinds of people, all nationalities and conditions. That was my job. Six months ago I returned and have been studying American people—men and conditions—in my own way, by myself. My father thought I'd been wasting my time; that I should be poring over financial matters. I don't know much about such details, but I know men—the essential thing. I talked to the men on our road. I sized them up. I made my father promote three unknown young men. It was like pulling teeth to get him to do it. I had to make them talk to him in my presence, so that they need not mince words or soften criticism of methods and superiors. But today he wouldn't know what to do without them. It was I who first suggested the joint purchase of the Midland by your father and mine, which will put an end to rate wars and needless hauling. And because it was my deal the stock purchases are in my name. Sooner or later I must have met your father. But I wanted to meet him as a stranger, under unusual circumstances, so that I could size him up properly. Hence these tears."

"It isn't fair!" exclaimed the girl hotly.

"No; not quite. But I can see his mind is losing the elasticity of youth; and, moreover, the habit of victory has made him careless. He will thank me for the lesson."

"I still don't admit that you can ——" she began defiantly.

"Oh, yes, I can. The Midland stock I've got will not now go into the combination. Without my holdings your father and mine can't possibly put the deal through. They are both banking on it, and as they propose to turn their Midland holdings over to their prospective companies at cost, to be paid by new issues of their own stocks, the price of East Shore has gone up. So has our Transcontinental. Well, I sell a big chunk of East Shore to your father. I then telegraph my father, who is out West, three days from New York, that your father refuses to deal with me and I, therefore, will call the whole thing off. My father and yours get to telegraphing; valuable time is lost in getting mutual explanations. I go around Wall Street swearing I'll have your father's scalp. It gets around; the room traders sell East Shore down several points and the reporters find me. I rave. I see your father making for the tall timber. War is declared between Lamont and Hull. Big front-page story in all the papers about the Battle of Financial Giants; all about the new Young Napoleon of the Street! The long feud between your dad and mine now a Fight to the Finish, and so on. Everybody sells East Shore; and our stock, too. I buy both, covering my shorts in East Shore and going long on Transcontinental. After three o'clock Wednesday I call it all a mistake. On Thursday all stocks open up five points; the shorts rush to cover. A million? I can make two. I'll give Pat McCarthy fifty thousand dollars in East Shore bonds and say they come from your father. Easy? Pie!"

The young man looked at her and laughed, not at all foolishly, she reluctantly admitted to herself.

"And afterward?" she said coldly.

"Your father and I will be great friends."

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The Practical Side of Dancing

By GEORGE M. COHAN

ABOUT the first serious bit of advice my father gave me was: "Don't learn to dance if you ever expect to do anything else."

And surely he spoke with authority. Besides being a great dancer he was an able writer. He produced many melodramas, comedies and farces. But he never was known as anything but a song-and-dance man.

One of the most revered axioms of the variety business is: "Once a dancer, always a dancer." The public, having fixed a man's status, resents any attempt he may make to promote himself. If it likes a man as a dancer it won't take anything else from him—except in the most grudging way. A good dancer who is also a good actor can rarely get a big part, since the public insists upon seeing him dance, and no important rôle will admit of his doing this. Even if he could play Hamlet as well as Sothern he would have to disguise himself and change his name to be accepted in anything but a jig or an eccentric dance. There is an analogy between the treatment accorded the dancer and that meted out to the comedian who aspires to tragedy.

Years later I realized that dancing in itself held no future for me and I began to lay plans to break away from it. It was then I was reminded of my father's advice in a most forcible manner. I had written a play called Popularity. It was my first attempt at serious dramatic work. By that time I had become known throughout the land as an eccentric dancer and had a very large following. Popularity was produced at Buffalo. I was with the show, directing rehearsals, and the newspapers gave due prominence to the fact that the play was the child of my brain. As a matter of fact, it was a very poor show, as I've since come to realize. But at that time I believed it would be a "knockout." Well, the opening night arrived and the curtain went up. As the play proceeded the audience grew more and more enthusiastic. I was much elated. Surely it was a winner, I thought. Great applause followed each speech. I confess this puzzled me a bit at times, since it seemed not wholly warranted by the merits of the lines. At the end of the second act there was uproarious shouting for the author and, as I appeared, yells of "Speech! Speech!" I was much affected. I had wrought my escape from the field dancing which promised me no future. I began to speak I told them how happy I was that the play had "caught on" so well.

Adeline Genée in The Silver Star

I reminded them that this was my first effort at a serious play. I told them that I was going to give up the musical end of it and devote myself to pure drama. I began another sentence, and then a fellow in an orchestra chair not in the gallery, mind you, but in an orchestra chair shouted: "Ah, cut that stuff out, Georgie; give us some of your steps." This was evidently the signal they'd been waiting for. Pandemonium broke loose the whole house roared: "Give us a dance give us a dance!" I raised my hand for silence, thinking to continue my speech, but they would have none of it. They only yelled the louder: "Dance, Georgie, dance!" And so I danced!

Then I made up my mind that the only way to do serious work was to go away and change my name.

In another play I was cast for the part of villain, but the manager kicked. However, he said he did not mind my playing the rôle if I would do a song and dance in addition.

On another occasion, when I was playing at Tony Pastor's in a sketch, I caught such a cold that my voice was quite gone. I went to Mr. Pastor and told him that on account of my throat I would not be able to play for a week.

"That's all right," said he; "never mind your voice. So long as you don't break a leg there's nothing to worry about."

In my recent trip through the South I gave the public a really big show, lots for their money—good people, many numbers, and all that sort of thing—kept them laughing and applauding continuously for a couple of hours. Even then they used to hand out approval with a string to it.

"Great show—enjoyed it very much—but why the deuce didn't Cohan dance more?" Others would completely ignore the merits of the show—and just grumble because I hadn't done more dancing.

A man's professional reputation will give him no rest. It follows him even into social life and very largely dictates the treatment he receives. If I go to a dinner they never ask me to make a speech they just push the table and chairs away and call on me for a dance.

The mere learning to dance on the stage is no detriment—on the contrary, it's an advantage. But it's the making of a reputation as a dancer that retards a man's progress. As a rule, men who follow this line of work do not elevate themselves. They perform in the big cities as long as they can hold their audiences. Then they drift into the provinces, doing smaller cities and big towns. When these are worked out some of them come back and do the rathskellers in New York, Chicago, Boston, and the other cities of the first class. But the vast majority of them pass out of sight and are forgotten.

It is like undergoing a surgical operation to break away from dancing. That's the reason so few do it, although the dancer realizes that there is nothing in it but a living; he is too indolent, as a rule, too lacking in initiative, to make the break.

However, we have some brilliant exceptions. Francis Wilson appeared first as a child in a dance called the Essence of Old Virginny. This gave him such a reputation

that he was impelled to go into song-and-dance work. But Wilson is both shrewd and decided. No sooner did he realize that he was on the wrong track than he quit teamwork which was paying him one hundred dollars a week and took a job at the Chestnut Street Theater, Philadelphia, at fifteen dollars, doing small bits in the legitimate. Mr. Wilson says that he never learned to read or to dance—that both came natural to him. However, he danced his way up the ladder till he got a firm grip on public sentiment, and then hazarded a sidestep on to the platform of the legitimate.

William H. Crane was another boy dancer. He was apprenticed to the manager of the company. They used to play every evening a small farce, a one-act operetta, a pantomime and a comedy. Besides playing a part in each of the pieces Crane did a song and dance between the acts. Small wonder he wanted to get away from dancing! I have heard he used to sing The Sexton and dance an accompaniment. Imagine!

Nigh to a grave that was newly made,
Rat-tat-te-tat-tat—um—tat-tat.

Another exception to prove the rule is William H. Harris, the father of Henry B. Harris. In 1865 Mr. Harris belonged to the team of Harris and Bowman, the first to do double song and dance. Mr. Harris did not grow from vaudeville gradually into the legitimate. He left the stage end of it and allied himself with the box-office. He is now interested in eight theaters in New York, five in Boston, and owns one in Chicago, besides having an interest in two more in that city. That's going some for a man who started as a dancer.

Mr. Henry E. Dixey, who has both the versatility of genius and the genius of versatility, used to dance the hind-legs of the heifer in Rice's Evangeline thirty years ago. Even before that he was a dancer. But he really danced his way into fame in Adonis, where he held the boards in New York for a year and a half, I think—a very long run for that time. Later, Mr. Dixey toured the country performing bits of necromancy, and again we find him doing splendid work in legitimate comedy. It is a question whether Mr. Dixey really ever found himself. He will always be remembered as a dancer. Even if his masterpiece were Richelieu, through the red robe of the Cardinal would be seen the graceful figure of Adonis—in tights.

The Vast Variety of Dances

JOE WEBER, who with Lew Fields originated Dutch eccentric dances in wooden shoes, in which he became famous, is now the proprietor of several entertainment enterprises and is largely interested in real estate. But what does the name Joe Weber convey? Dutch comedy!

. . . . . .

Dancing is an indefinite term. The practice began as soon as man learned to laugh, if not before. It was only another way of expressing emotion. But it is probable that man had laughed for many thousands of years before dancing had become an art. Dancing is at once cause and effect it both produces and results from levity. Thousands of years ago it betokened grief; wailing and beating of the breast were parts of weird dances. It figures in demonology. It was part of the horrible flesh-torturing orgies of our Indians. The medicine man drives out evil spirits by dancing and small wonder. The Iroquois faker does his dancing in the dark—which is a good thing. The Burmese do weird and foolish dances beside the coffin of the priest. In some parts of China they drive out the spirits of the old year and curry favor with the incoming administration of spooks by means of the dance of the Red Tiger Devil.

There's no end of devil and death dances that are meant to cast out or to cure, and the like, but which do little but torture the afflicted. There's the bear dance where they wear headpieces like Bruin and jump up and down much as he does on his hindlegs, but without the natural ponderous grace of that animal.

PHOT. BY NOTMAN, BOSTON, U. S.

Ruth St. Denis, American Girl Dancer, in the Cobra Dance

There are the sword dancer and the Maypole dancer, and the viking who dances around the sacred horn. Every one has heard of the nautch dance and the bolero. North, south, east, west, wherever one goes he finds characteristic dancing. He might almost trace the mixing of peoples by an analysis of their dances. Certainly climate is represented here. The Northerner dances vigorously—jumps up and down or skips about—while the Southerner, particularly the negro, does a languorous, sloping, bending dance. Much dancing is more or less serious, while much is hysterical and meant to express extreme emotion—religious, martial, and the like.

But all these are crude and ungainly affairs as compared with the dances of the stage, such as clog, jig, flatfoot, buck and wing, sword, and *ensemble* dancing—ballet and chorus.

There is no branch of stage work so little appreciated as dancing. The public knows practically nothing about it. It applauds the most easy and foolish steps and allows the most difficult ones to pass unnoticed.

Here is an illustration: Some sixteen years ago I was doing a turn in a show where there was a little fellow, Mike Forbes, who was the best dancer of his time. Forbes did some wonderful work and made but an ordinary success. I followed him two or three numbers later, did hardly any dancing at all and brought down the house. He used to marvel at it—so did I. It was my nerve that did it, I guess—he was the real dancer.

As a matter of fact, at the time they called me the best dancer in America I had practically done away with real dancing and was only doing unusual, eccentric things. Before that, when I really was a crackerjack dancer, the public paid no attention to me at all. I was but one in a thousand.

There's Barney Fagan, nearly sixty years old, I guess—an old-time minstrel man. He doesn't look to be more than thirty-five and is one of the prettiest dancers I've ever seen. But he doesn't give his best steps. He simply goes on and does a couple of simple dances and the people go crazy over them. If he wanted to he could have the greatest reputation in the world, but he doesn't bother about it—instead, he gives his time to producing.

In the Hitchcock show are two teams of dancers, of two boys each. Previously they had been in vaudeville, doing some wonderfully difficult steps. But nobody had heard of them. A few of the regular habitués of those shows knew them, perhaps, but that was all. In this show we put them at doing bits of eccentric dancing which any child of the street could have learned in a week's rehearsal. Just as soon as their act came on the audience went wild, would have nothing else, and would have kept them going till the fall of the curtain, if possible. These boys made the hit of the piece and, paradoxically, the hit of their lives in something that was, to these splendid dancers, nothing but foolish child's play.

An exquisite dancer will get one hundred dollars a week where one who can dance a little, sing a little and read his lines well will get five hundred dollars. It is equally true that a dancer without a personality amounts to nothing nowadays. If he be but an ordinary performer, funny and with a little magnetism, holding his hands oddly or smiling in a peculiar way, the people will go mad over him.

Curiously, the audience is not interested in watching the dancer's feet, if he have any magnetism at all. It is his face, his shoulders, his figure they look at. I went into Hammerstein's the other day and watched little Pat Rooney—who, by the way, is a great dancer—do his act. He did two or three steps of the simplest kind and a few eccentric things, and the audience gave him rounds and rounds of applause.

The most difficult steps are absolutely wasted, and the dancers, failing of appreciation, are discouraged. In disgust they do the paradoxical thing, the odd, eccentric thing which has no art, but which captures the public and brings the performers big reputation and money. It is for this reason we often find the best dancers away from the stage, some of them dancing in rathskellers. They know there is no future for them because they cannot give the bizarre effects that the public demand. It is said that the dancer's brains are in his feet, and as these men cannot invent new steps they prefer to dance in museums or for moving-picture concerns, or, better still, in rathskellers where actors and others who appreciate dancing gather and where the art of their beautiful steps will be recognized. Moreover, these men dance for the love of dancing rather than for the pay. How often have I experienced the irresistible impulse to dance, many a time going to a secluded corner when I could snatch a few minutes from conducting a rehearsal and dancing from the sheer delight of dancing!

Twenty years ago there were five hundred good step dancers to every dozen that we find today. There were so many good ones then that it was almost a dancing public. And they did great dancing, too. They would not cheat themselves as they do today—they were strictly on the level with their dancing. Mind you, they didn't have any greater knowledge of the art than the men of this generation, but they were truer to their art; and when they found it necessary to do something foreign to it they refused—consequently, they did not progress.

Inventing New Dance-Steps

THE lack of public appreciation is to blame for the small progress made in dancing during the last twenty years, if not for the actual deterioration of the art, just as it is responsible for the retrogression of other emotional arts that depend upon applause. And I don't think that dancing will improve any in the next ten years, because members of this profession have come to realize that there is nothing in conscientious, strenuous work.

The layman thinks a step comes to a dancer on the impulse of the moment and that he just gets up and reels it off. On the contrary, a dancer will think of a step for days before he tries it at all. He figures it out. Curiously, he can tell without trying whether a step can be done, so well does he know the laws of dancing. Or he can suggest it to another dancer as an invention and the other will say, after pondering it a bit, but without trying it: "It can be done" or "It cannot be done"—and he s usually right. This is the practice in planning out what is called a routine of steps.

Not only must the step be feasible in itself, but it must harmonize with the steps that go before and follow. A routine must be as logically constructed as a bit of music. Probably the most wonderfully thought-out series of steps are those of the buck dance. Many of these, such as the Mobile Buck and the Bull Hunch, were invented by the negroes down South. But other dancers have added steps to the routine. Each one of these steps is

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Stone's Lariat Dance

WITH HIS HAND IN THE SACK

M. Archimbault is Nearly Caught Red-Handed

By MONTAGUE GLASS

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

Receiving the Weekly Board Money of Her Forty-Odd Guests

"ONE must be careful, Madame," Crépin Bodin protested; "everybody one cannot take into one's establishment."

"Everybody!" Madame Dorothée Arnaud cried. "Monsieur Archimbault is not everybody, Crépin. He is an artist."

"So he says," Bodin retorted. "Artist is an elastic word. To a garroter a picklock is an artist."

Madame Arnaud rose to her feet and summoned all the dignity at her command.

"You become unbearable, Crépin," she cried. "Because you are four years in my employ you assume a license to say what you please and you forget that I am the *patronne*."

Crépin bowed.

"I only remember that I am here *maître d'hôtel*," he replied humbly, "and I would fail in my duty if I did not scrutinize your guests. Nor is it for me to remind you, Madame, that *patronne* is a word to be spoken by the servant, not by the mistress."

The *patronne* commenced to perspire, for she could evidence her embarrassment in no other way, in that she was an energetic woman and the exertion of supervising her household had provided a permanent flush.

"Very well, Crépin," she said, "I will allow you the indulgence of an old servant. See to it that the front hall room on the third floor is made ready for Monsieur Archimbault."

Once more Crépin bowed and left the room. There was a jauntiness to Crépin's every movement that proclaimed the army man, and he possessed a suavity and a grace of manner that were completely thrown away on the guests of the Maison Arnaud. Fifty dollars a month with board, lodging and washing seemed no compensation at all for Crépin's talents, and no one knew this better than Crépin himself. But when one takes into consideration the circumstance of Madame Arnaud's widowhood there were possibilities in the situation, and Crépin reflected that the Maison Arnaud itself was susceptible of development. Much could be done by the taking away of the front stoop and the addition of a *porte cochère*, while with only a couple of hundred dollars' worth of alterations the basement dining-room might be converted into a café with lounges along two of the walls, and service *à la carte* at little marble-topped tables. And then, Crépin declared to himself, let Martin and Mouquin look to their laurels, for with Madame Arnaud—that is to say, Madame Bodin—behind the cashier's desk, and himself, Crépin, in charge of the purchasing, there would be no leakage. As for the cuisine—well, good cooks are common enough, and in America, where the public palate is more or less untrained, a restaurant can gain a reputation despite the absence of a *cordon bleu*.

Hence Crépin swallowed the rebuke of the *patronne* and repaired at once to the third floor front.

"Marie," he called to the chambermaid, "is the hall room ready?"

"Why not?" Marie replied archly. Marie was no longer young, but when she compared herself with the *patronne* she had, if you please, a figure and a pair of very fine dark eyes. At thirty-eight, Marie argued to herself, one has good sense, anyway. Surely a man of Crépin's discretion placed no great value on mere prettiness, and with the eight hundred dollars that stood to Marie's credit in the savings-bank she and Crépin could open a *pension* that in two years' time would completely eclipse the Maison Arnaud.

"'Why not?' is no answer," Crépin declared. "Are there towels and clean sheets, and is there a cake of soap?"

Marie drew herself up haughtily.

"I do not need to be told such things," she said. "I know how to manage a house, Monsieur."

"That is the trouble here," Crépin grumbled. "Everybody knows how to manage here. The *patronne* she manages. You manage. Aristide manages. And for the *maître d'hôtel*, who really ought to manage, there is nothing left to manage."

He ran downstairs to the basement, where a pungent odor of onions and Spanish saffron marked the day of the week as Friday and the *plat du jour* as *bouillabaisse*.

"Aristide!" he cried as he entered the kitchen, "do I smell something burning?"

To Aristide it seemed that this inquiry was the *leit-motif* that announced Crépin's advent in the kitchen, for it issued from Crépin's lips just as infallibly as it provoked a tart rejoinder from Aristide.

"The smell is in your nose," Aristide replied. "Am I a novice that I burn things?"

"It is the novice that is careful," Crépin rejoined, "and it is my duty, if I think I smell carelessness, to warn you in time."

"Do you imply I am careless?" Aristide demanded.

"I imply nothing," said Crépin solemnly. "I am *maître d'hôtel*, and as such I exercise supervision."

"Of the serving, yes; but of the cooking, no," Aristide declared hotly. "Here is the kitchen and I am chef."

"So it would appear," Crépin retorted, folding his arms.

Aristide seized a stirring spoon and confronted the *maître d'hôtel*.

"You wish to provoke me to a violence," he said, "so that you may complain to the *patronne*. Well, you fail of your purpose."

He turned away and commenced to stir the *bouillabaisse*, while Crépin shrugged his shoulders and backed out into the pantry.

Aristide's assistant stood grinning his appreciation of the scene with a half-peeled potato in his right hand, and when Aristide looked up from his *bouillabaisse* the assistant had not yet resumed his peeling. Aristide rushed him with the dripping spoon, and a well-directed blow on the knuckles at once knocked the potato out of the assistant's hand and the ill humor from Aristide's round face, and he once more fell to his cooking with a half smile. As for the assistant, such things were part of the curriculum of his course in culinary instruction, and he evidenced no resentment. He knew that in a few minutes Aristide, as a corollary to Crépin's visit, would unburden himself of his grievances, his hopes and his ambitions.

"*Ma foi!*" Aristide declared in due course. "What airs that *farceur* gives himself! As if *maîtres d'hôtel* were not as plentiful as black beetles in a cellar."

The assistant nodded discreetly. For himself he had no hopes, no ambitions. Indeed, it was doubtful if he even had a name, for the *patronne* called him "You," Crépin addressed him as "Psst," and Aristide—well, Aristide had a vocabulary of profane invectives second to none, and in summoning his assistant he fairly surpassed himself.

"I took his impertinence into consideration when I accepted the berth," Aristide continued. "What is to me forty dollars a month, board and lodging?"

The assistant nodded again even more vigorously.

"I am to show this fellow what is what," Aristide went on, twisting the ends of his short mustache. "When my plan matures I will say to the *patronne*: 'My little rabbit, we will run things with a different scheme. I will still supervise the kitchen, and you will keep the accounts and direct the household; but for that poodle dog, Bodin, he can stay to blacken the boots, yes, but a *maître d'hôtel* we do not need at all!' You, filthy sewer rat that you are, you we will make *maître d'hôtel*—so much ability does it require for that office."

II

ALBEIT he was slightly bow-legged and hence constructed for the cello, M. Georges Archimbault performed on the clarinet. Moreover, he was short, half bald, and above his small, dark mustache his nostrils curved as though they continually discerned a bad odor. Nor did his eyes redeem the rest of his features, for they possessed the gray, round mistiness of Friday's cod on Monday morning. Nevertheless, when he made his appearance in the lobby of the Maison Arnaud he clicked his heels together and bowed jackknife fashion with so professional an air that Madame Arnaud thought she had never before seen such charming manners.

"Crépin," she cried, "take Monsieur Archimbault's portmanteau."

Let it be noted that in this instance Crépin failed not at all in the punctilio of a *maître d'hôtel*, and he at once relieved the newly-arrived guest of all his impedimenta, which included a portmanteau, a light overcoat and a case of two clarinets.

"I lead the way to Monsieur's room," he murmured as he started upstairs. Assuredly the case of clarinets was heavy, but not to be compared to the portmanteau, which almost dislocated Crépin's right arm.

"Flatirons it must contain without a doubt," he muttered as he struggled up the two flights of stairs. At length he deposited the portmanteau on the threshold of the third-floor front hall room and laid the overcoat and case of clarinets on the bed.

"They are not light in weight," Archimbault commented as he handed Crépin a nickel.

For one brief moment Crépin hesitated whether or not he should fling the coin in Archimbault's face, but the training of a decade is not to be lightly overcome by the sudden passion of a new-born jealousy, and Crépin pocketed the nickel with a "*Merci bien, M'sieu'*." He was about to hand Archimbault the leather-tagged key which reposed in his trousers pocket when a sudden thought possessed him.

"I have forgotten the key to the door," he exclaimed; "the maid will bring it immediately."

He bowed and left the room, closing the door behind him. Then he walked with resolute steps down the corridor and passed noisily downstairs. After he had reached the second floor, however, he paused and on tiptoe he retraced his steps to the third floor front. Hardly had he arrived at the landing when with a gasp of satisfaction he heard Archimbault shoot the bolt, and for three minutes Crépin remained motionless at the door of the little hall room. Then he applied his right eye to the vacant keyhole.

Carefully Archimbault removed his coat and vest and flung them on the back of a chair, after which he turned back his cuffs and proceeded to unstrap the portmanteau. It was the work of an instant, and the next moment its contents were disclosed to Crépin's bulging right eye. First Archimbault removed a pair of pajamas and some slippers. Then came a smoking-jacket and, finally, the clarinet player produced a round bundle wrapped in Canton flannel. Black tape bound it together, and this

Archimbault carefully unwound and threw back into the portmanteau. At length he unrolled the bundle and Crépin nearly fainted as the shining contents were revealed. Small files of various shapes appeared, together with tiny saws and hammers and chisels. Crépin's imagination had long fed upon Emile Gaboriau and the police reports of the daily newspapers, so that although he had never seen burglars' tools before he at once recognized Archimbault's kit to be a complete assortment of the genuine article.

Beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead as he struggled to his feet and sought the stairway with noiseless tread. Once more he descended to the second floor, and again he paused; but this time, instead of retracing his steps, he stood still and pondered for at least five minutes. Perhaps it was his duty without delay to inform the *patronne* of his discovery and let her decide the course to be pursued. But, after all, the *patronne* was a woman, and this was a job for men. If he could only advise with some one, he reflected; but in whom could he confide? At this juncture the kitchen door opened belowstairs and an appetizing odor of Spanish saffron and onions ascended and spurred Crépin to action. At once he descended to the basement and entered the kitchen, to find Aristide midway in the cleaning of salad.

"Do you smell burning again?" Aristide demanded, but Crépin shook his head.

"Aristide," he said in trembling tones, "come into the *salle à manger* for a moment."

He led the way toward the sideboard and, unlocking it with his private key, he produced a bottle of cognac and two wineglasses These he filled to the brim and handed one to the astounded chef, while the other he swallowed at a gulp. Aristide, still blinking his amazement, followed suit and wiped his mustache on the back of his hand.

"We need resolution," Crépin declared by way of explanation. "We are all of us in deadly peril."

"*Quoi!*" Aristide exclaimed, putting down the wineglass with almost force enough to break it.

"We may be murdered in our beds, all of us," Crépin continued solemnly. "We are none of us safe so long as the house contains him."

"Contains who?" Aristide cried.

"Archimbault," Crépin replied. "The newly arrived boarder. He is an *apache!*"

"An *apache!*" Aristide echoed. "The devil you say. Marie says he is a flutist. She says he carried a case of flutes."

"Of revolvers, rather," Crépin rejoined. "Of bombs and infernal machines. The man is a walking arsenal, Aristide. With my own eyes I have seen it through the keyhole."

Aristide sat down and wiped his streaming face on his sleeve.

"And what does the *patronne* say?" he asked.

"I haven't told her," Crépin replied. "It would kill her. To a woman of her weight apoplexy must be reckoned with." Aristide pondered.

"We are Harboring a Snake"

"The *patronne* is not so fat," he declared chivalrously. "She has still a fine figure."

"I mean no disrespect," Crépin hastened to explain. "I am only saying."

Aristide puffed out his cheeks and shook his head from side to side, as though to assist the process of cerebration.

"The police," he suggested. "Did you notify them?"

"That, too, I considered. If we would bring in a police officer, tramp, tramp, he plunges up the stairs like an elephant. Archimbault will hear him, and out of the window goes the burglar tools and the firearms. 'You must be mistaken,' he declares, and certainly there is no evidence to convict him, even to arrest him. Then in this free America he sues out a process against us all for false detention and we ourselves will suffer. I have seen the very thing happen before at a wine and spirits establishment on West Broadway, where I once worked. Not at all, Aristide! Both of us must devise some other scheme besides the police."

"Never, Madame; Never, Dorothée"

At this juncture the heavy footsteps of the *patronne* sounded on the stairs and Crépin and Aristide worked with the dexterity and haste of stage hands during a dark change, so that when Madame Arnaud reached the basement floor nothing but a faint odor of brandy remained in the dining-room to mark the interview just terminated.

Crépin was in the pantry polishing glasses and sucking a peppermint lozenge, while Aristide bent over his salad in the kitchen; and although the *patronne* sniffed significantly there was nothing to confirm her suspicion.

"Is everything ready, Crépin?" she asked.

Crépin nodded.

"Then ring the bell for dinner."

III

PONDEROUSLY the *patronne* seated herself at the head of the table that stretched the length of the basement dining-room, and when in response to the clang of Crépin's bell the guests trooped into the room she placed her fingers on the chair at her right hand and tipped it against the table.

"*Bonsoir, Madame. Bonsoir, M'sieu',*" she said with a dignified inclination to each arriving guest. She gazed anxiously at the doorway, but it was not until the soup plates had been whisked away by the two unshaven waiters that M. Archimbault entered. With a smile that spread itself wide on her red face the *patronne* beckoned him to the chair at her right hand, and Archimbault, lowering his fishy gray eyes, bowed gravely and sat down.

"You are very late, M'sieu'," the *patronne* began.

"One must accustom one's self to new quarters, Madame," Archimbault replied. "I have unpacked and I am now quite settled."

The *patronne* sighed heavily.

"It is a gift to make one's self at home anywhere," she hazarded. "For me, I am a stranger even in my own house."

"It is your privilege to make others feel at home," said Archimbault; and Crépin, who with his own hand had borne to the newcomer a plate of hot soup, vacillated between spilling it down Archimbault's back or placing it on the table in front of him. Discretion prevailed, however, and the *maître d'hôtel* withdrew to the sideboard within hearing of his mistress.

"You are very good to say so," the *patronne* replied.

"Perhaps Madame is too much alone," Archimbault suggested, with a tentative glance at his smiling hostess.

"*Blague!*" Crépin muttered, and then indulged in a harsh cough, whereat the *patronne* looked up sharply, but Crépin met her gaze unmoved.

"Crépin," she said, "some Pontet Canet; a pint will do."

Crépin returned to the kitchen, where Aristide was ladling out the steaming *bouillabaisse*.

"Already he begins," Crépin announced.

"*Comment donc?*" cried Aristide.

"He has just wheedled a half bottle of Pontet Canet out of her," said Crépin.

"For sixty-five cents, I suppose," Aristide commented.

"For nothing," Crépin added; "she stands treat."

Aristide shrugged despairingly.

"Very well, then," he declared; "you must expose him at once."

Crépin shook his head.

"This is an affair to be handled with delicacy," he rejoined. "If I denounce him he will simply put his tools into his portmanteau and decamp."

He strode over to Aristide and whispered in his ear.

"There is but one thing to do, my good Aristide," he said. "We must catch him with his hand in the sack." Aristide ceased ladling *bouillabaisse* and stared at Crépin.

"What do you mean?" he hissed.

One of the unshaven waiters appeared with a tray.

"In two hours I will speak to you again," Crépin whispered. "For the present, silence!"

He hastened off to the wine bin, and a few minutes later he uncorked the bottle by the side of his mistress.

"Do you perform on no other instrument, M'sieu'?" she was saying.

Archimbault nodded.

"Besides the clarinet," he said modestly, "I play the oboe, the *cor anglais*, the piccolo and"—he paused and sighed heavily—"and the saxophone," he concluded.

"The saxophone?" Madame repeated. "Pray, what instrument is that?"

Once more M. Archimbault sighed.

"Madame," he began, "you will forgive me if I speak with some feeling. I am, as you know, from the Midi. We of the Midi, we are patriots, yes, and of a sentiment also, Madame, I assure you. Two uncles"—he held up his fingers and regarded them affectionately as typifying the relationship—"three cousins and a half brother by the deceased first wife of my father, among the blessed—all of them fought in seventy."

The *patronne* nodded and, in lieu of a sympathetic tear, looked down her nose with becoming solemnity.

"My Uncle Adolphe expired at Sedan," he continued in husky tones; "my Uncle Frederic was wounded at Saarbrück. But what is the use that I continue the narrative? *Enfin*, I myself served in the army of the republic from eighty-nine to ninety-three. I played in the band. I played the saxophone."

"Tst! Tst! Tst!" Madame exclaimed and tried to conceal her curiosity beneath an expression of sympathetic concern, for to the *patronne* a saxophone might have been anything from a species of violin to an extra-sized drum. But M. Archimbault at once proceeded to enlighten her.

"Figure to yourself, Madame," he said, "that the saxophone is a brass instrument with the timbre of a clarinet, and it is the invention of a German."

His gray eyes grew less fishy as he spoke and might almost be said to have sparkled.

"In the army of France there are hundreds of military bands," he concluded, "and in all of them there are at least ten saxophones, the invention of a German, played by Frenchmen for the inspiration of their compatriots. Is it not a disgrace?"

Madame nodded.

"I see you are indeed a patriot," she declared. "Let us pledge the honor of France."

With a graceful gesture that the Duke of Sully might have envied Archimbault lifted his glass and touched that of his hostess. "The honor of France," he repeated, "unsullied by the saxophone."

Crépin yielded to nobody in the matter of patriotism, but this was too much. He turned abruptly and fled to the kitchen.

"Charlatan!" he cried. "Dirty swindler!"

Aristide dropped the fork and spoon with which he was serving the salad and glared at Crépin.

"Who the devil are you speaking to?" he demanded.

"That Archimbault," Crépin continued. "He a patriot! Pah!"

With a shrug Aristide resumed his fork and spoon.

"Calm yourself, Bodin," he said. "I have no time to hear you now, but doubtless it is irritating enough."

Crépin shook his head up and down.

"They can get along as best they may without me," he muttered. "I am going upstairs."

IV

UNCONSCIOUSLY Crépin's footsteps led him to the third floor front, where Marie was removing from Archimbault's room the towels with which he had performed his preprandial ablutions.

"Ha!" Crépin cried. "Now I will see what is what."

He fairly ran toward Archimbault's room, but at the threshold he stopped short, for on the bed lay the precious portmanteau, strapped and, doubtless, locked.

"What is the matter, M'sieu'?" Marie exclaimed. "Why are you not at table?"

He did not seem to hear her as with feverish haste he opened the closet door in the clarinetist's room. There hung the light overcoat, the pajamas and the smoking-jacket, and that was all. He pulled at the drawers of the chiffonier, but they, too, like the portmanteau, were locked.

"M'sieu', M'sieu'," Marie cried in wonderment, "what are you doing?"

He stared at her distractedly.

"We are harboring a snake," was all the explanation he vouchsafed, and to the flood of questions that Marie poured out upon him he made only evasive replies.

"Look, M'sieu'," Marie burst out suddenly, "you have injured your hand!"

She pointed to a scratch where his knuckles had grazed the sharp edge of the chiffonier, and taking her handkerchief from the pocket of her apron she tore it into strips.

"What are you up to now?" Crépin exclaimed, as Marie seized his hand in both of hers and commenced to bandage the wound. Her face was within a few inches of his spiked mustache, and she pouted invitingly; but this was no time to philander with women, and Crépin not only drew his hand away but stepped back with every appearance of impatience and disgust.

"Are you crazy?" he demanded, and Marie blushed a fiery red. That shaven cheek which but a moment before had been so close to her own seemed now to be a provoking target, and with her open hand she dealt Crépin a vigorous slap and banged the bedroom door behind her. Crépin immediately opened it and stepped out into the hall. He rubbed his cheek unconsciously, for his mind was awhirl with many reflections. Of course Marie must be discharged, but that could wait till the dénouement of the Archimbault affair, which in view of the clarinetist's growing intimacy with the *patronne* had now taken an alarming aspect. From his deep cogitation Crépin was aroused by the sounds of conversation in the lower hall, signalizing the conclusion of dinner, and the *maître d'hôtel* descended again to the dining-room for his own evening repast.

He ate but little, and found no consolation in the ordinary table wine which the *patronne* supplied her employees. Aristide, who dined in the kitchen, seemed to have lost no part of his appetite, however, and when Crépin sought him there he was greedily absorbing *bouillabaisse*.

"Ah, *mon cher* Bodin," he cried, "what now?"

"Aristide," Crépin said earnestly, "I have come to the conclusion that there is only one course for us to pursue. Of a surety this *apache* seeks but two things, money and jewelry. And where are they?"

Aristide nodded sapiently, but said nothing.

"In the safe in the *patronne's* office, of course," Crépin continued, replying to his own question. He tapped the table with his forefinger. "Very well," he concluded, "the safe must be watched."

Aristide nodded again and helped himself to some salad. It seemed impossible that so much lettuce could be balanced on one small fork, but Aristide eclipsed that feat of legerdemain by disposing of the entire forkload in one mouthful.

"The safe must be watched like a cat watches a mouse," Crépin declared; "every night until Archimbault blows it open."

Aristide swallowed his cud of lettuce with an effort, and drank a huge draught of *vin ordinaire*.

"The police," he said, cleaning his mustache with his tongue and his lower lip—"The police will attend to that."

"The police nothing!" Crépin exclaimed. "You and I must do this ourselves. You will watch one night and I the next."

Aristide's right hand was conveying a succulent piece of lobster to his lips, but it paused half-way from the table while the chef gasped his amazement at Crépin's ultimatum.

"Who, me?" he cried. "Me sit all night in front of a safe and wait for an *apache* to blow my head off? Do you think I am a lunatic—or what?"

"At most it will be one or two nights," Crépin declared. "You run no risk. You will sleep on the couch behind the portières that divide the office from the front parlor. Archimbault enters the office from the hall. He approaches the safe with a dark lantern and explores the combination. It does not yield, and so Archimbault stops to consider his next step. Here, Aristide, you assert yourself. With my forty-four caliber army revolver you step out from behind the curtain. 'Not a move,' you cry, 'or I will shoot!'"

Aristide stared at Crépin with bulging eyes throughout the narrative, his fork poised in midair.

"What the devil do you take me for?" he burst out. "I am a cook, not a *chasseur d'Afrique*. Let me tell you something, Crépin: I am no desperate character, nor am I a melodrama actor from the Porte St. Martin. I am—a cook. That is all."

Crépin rose to his feet with one hand on the table and the other thrust into his waistcoat between the first and second button.

"Then you refuse?" he asked.

Aristide emitted a loud guffaw.

"Don't be a fool, Bodin," he replied. "Of course I refuse. That *apache* would make cold meat of me in no time. Be sensible and leave the whole thing to Madame."

Crépin drew himself up to his full height—five feet seven—and cast a withering glance at the *chef de cuisine*.

"Aristide," he said, "if you will not help me do me a favor and let me handle this affair in my own way. I myself will watch alone, and mark my words, Aristide, it will be but one or two nights and I shall catch this *apache, avec sa main dans le sac*. As to my plans, you will have the goodness to say nothing to anybody."

"Behold, Madame and Messieurs, the Features of the *Apache*, Georges Archimbault!"

"Depend upon me as to that, and I wish you all possible luck," Aristide replied with a shrug. "But, for my part, I would rather be a live jackass than a dead lion."

V

IN THE salon after dinner the *patronne* arranged a soirée in honor of M. Archimbault, who sustained thereat the dual rôle of musician and patriot. To the accompaniment of one of his fellow-guests he rendered half a dozen solos on the clarinet, and concluded his performance with another disquisition on the use of the saxophone in French military bands.

"In my humble way," he declared, "I have done much to eradicate this crying disgrace. The use of an instrument invented by a German is a blot on the fair escutcheon of the French army."

His audience was with him, with but one exception—the bookkeeper, Antoine Sinagnan, whose levity of manner had more than once galvanized the deadly calm of the *patronne's* soirées.

"But, M'sieu', if I may be pardoned for the suggestion," Antoine said, "to follow out your scheme of patriotism to its logical conclusion we must forego a glass of bock because it is the invention of a German; we may not read printed matter because printing was invented by a German, and so on *ad infinitum*."

"Shame!" Madame Arnaud cried. "Shame upon you, M'sieu' Sinagnan, that you voice such unpatriotic sentiments."

A murmur arose from the assembled company like a well-directed mob scene in a "labor and capital" play, and M. Sinagnan retired to the hall with an elaborate assumption of jauntiness, lighting a cigarette as he went.

"Do not distress yourself, Madame," Archimbault protested. "The vaporings of so youthful a mind make no impression on patriots like ourselves. For my part nothing shall swerve my purpose to make the name of that German, Sax, a shameful byword in every regiment in the army of France."

Once more he performed a solo on the clarinet, but the social atmosphere of Madame Arnaud's soirée had been badly marred by M. Sinagnan's *faux pas* and the little party broke up early. One by one the guests departed until only the *patronne* and Archimbault remained.

For nearly an hour they sat together in the salon, engaged in earnest conversation, while Crépin walked up and down the hall outside and coughed and coughed again, but to no purpose. At length Madame Arnaud rose and walked to the parlor door.

"Good-night, M'sieu'," she said, "and good rest."

Archimbault bowed and, taking the *patronne's* pudgy hand in both of his, he bent low and swept its chapped surface with his stubby mustache. Crépin stood in the rear of the hall at the door leading into the *patronne's* office.

"Judas!" he hissed, and the *patronne* turned sharply, but Crépin had disappeared into her office. For five minutes he stood still until the doors had closed above-stairs, and then he put out the lights in the parlor and lay down upon the lounge, fully dressed, but in his oldest clothes, there to commence his first night's vigil.

Until nearly three o'clock he plunged and tossed in the anguish engendered of his jealousy. In less than one day this *apache* had accomplished more with the *patronne* than had been possible for him in four years, and if he, Crépin, had dared to kiss her hand she would have slapped his face, even as that jade, Marie, had done.

At length he fell asleep, only, as it seemed to him, to be immediately awakened by the early breakfast bell. He scrambled to his feet and glanced around him, but nothing had been disturbed during the night. Hence he repaired at once to his room on the top floor, where he performed a hasty toilet, and five minutes later he was entertaining Aristide with a vivid description of the *patronne's* behavior.

"If you will listen to me, Crépin," Aristide said, with a forefinger laid against the side of his snub nose—"If you listen to me you will prepare yourself for the worst."

"What do you mean?" Crépin asked.

"I mean that this *apache* idea of yours is all in your eye," Aristide continued. "For my part I see here a conspiracy on the part of this flute player to marry the *patronne*, and then where are our jobs?"

He blew a kiss in the direction of the back-yard door as though he already saw the situations in question floating in midair.

"Yes, Crépin," he went on, "I have already prepared myself. We have an understanding together, my fiancée and myself, that we will combine our savings, and in the event of a disturbance here we will ——"

"But, Aristide," Crépin interrupted, "I did not know you were engaged to be married."

Aristide grinned and nodded.

"It is a recent affair," he explained. "To be candid with you, it occurred last night. Marie and I, we were talking the matter over and ——"

"But are you and Marie engaged?" Crépin inquired.

Before Aristide could answer Marie entered the kitchen and with a defiant stare at Crépin she placed both her arms around the fat neck of the *chef de cuisine* and kissed him full on the lips. It was then that Crépin's sense of magnanimity asserted itself, and he forgot the blow of yesterday and remembered only the amiable association of four years' fellow-servitude.

"Marie," he said, extending his hand, "with all my heart I wish you joy. I only hope that Aristide's fears will not be realized and that the *patronne* will not succumb to this fellow Archimbault. Mark my words, Aristide, this Archimbault is an *apache* and we shall yet catch him *avec sa main dans le sac*."

Ten minutes afterward he stood behind the *patronne's* chair and watched, outwardly unmoved, the little affectionate glances exchanged between Madame Arnaud and

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SNOBS AND SNOBBERY

A POLITE INQUIRY INTO THEIR WAYS

By JOSEPH SMITH

ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER RALPH

"Do You Wonder We Love Our Kings and Peers?"

IT WAS a long time ago that the love of money was stigmatized as the root of all evil. Of course, there were evils before there was money; yet I am convinced that money and snobbery were coeval, and that the latter is one of the lustiest social weeds whose roots are in money.

Doubtless something akin to snobbery must have existed even before money was invented and when organized society began to take shape even in its most crude and primitive form. It is very possible that the dog-jawed gentleman who was a successful slayer of dinosaurs and other table delicacies had his admirers and imitators in the society that dwelt in caves in primeval days; and we can imagine certain ladies and gentlemen of that remote age gushing with well-simulated enthusiasm over the art of the fellow who scratched rude pictures on thighbones and shoulderblades.

The revelations of archeologists tell us that certain men in Nineveh petitioned the powers that were for permission to exchange the names they bore for others esteemed more euphonious, fashionable and aristocratic. As Massachusetts has a similar record of distaste for vulgar and inherited names and a like desire to get rid of them, Boston can reach back into the mists of time to Nineveh, in human fellowship, and glow with the thought that men meanly ashamed of their fathers have always existed.

How Marcus Tullius Kotowed to Dolabella

WE KNOW that Cicero, despite his intellectual eminence and honorable fame, was a classic snob, and doubtless excited the contempt of friends and rivals alike. He loved a lord; he looked up to his betters; he admired the Roman Four Hundred despite their greed, stupidity and lack of patriotism, and was eager—abjectly eager—to marry his daughter to Dolabella, one of the most distinguished blackguards in Rome. When Dolabella turned her out-of-doors to return to her father's house to die the Roman orator may have felt a father's anguish, but he knew his place and was not implacable, and he had Dolabella to dinner. Cicero the father might hate Dolabella the destroyer of the child of his heart, but Cicero the snob knew how to defer to his social superiors, even if they were scoundrels.

And from Cicero's day to ours the snob has been with us—the snob and his snobbery. Let us try to define them.

One lexicographer defines the snob as "one servile in spirit and conduct toward those whom he considers his superiors, and correspondingly insolent, condescending and patronizing toward those whom he calls his inferiors." Another authority says one who vulgarly apes gentility is a snob; but I suspect this fellow is a bit of a snob himself, since the word gentility is itself snobbery and a cousin german of that unmistakable verbal impostor—genteel.

Thackeray knew his snob; he was the annalist and analyst of the British snob, who is the social model of the American snob, and he defines the creature as one who meanly admires mean things, a definition which, to my mind, is more acute than broad, and lacking in descriptive finality. Thackeray's snobs are British and the product of social conditions in which class and caste are tolerably rigid and inhospitable to newcomers, while neither unchangeable nor impregnable. They are well-defined and easily-recognized types, the fruit of centuries of cultivation. Their fathers were snobs; their children will be snobs. The breed will neither diminish nor perish as long as monarchy exists, since monarchy is merely snobbery organized, subsidized, glorified and raised to the dignity of a cult.

An observant and philosophic sociologist—and not all sociologists are philosophical—lays down the rule that social unrest, the struggle to rise in the social scale, a noble discontent with fortune and conditions, is the secret of progress and civilization. Accepting this proposition, it is evident that the formula covers the activities equally of good and bad, strong and weak, the great and the mean, the true man and the snob; and our differentiations and classifications must be made upon the motives and ambitions of the strugglers. The true man is seeking eminence, the snob prominence; the one fame, the other notoriety; one struggling for a place in the heart and history of the age, the other for a position in the eye and ear of his generation. The true man is seeking the gold of life, the respect and reverence of his fellows; the snob satisfies his ambition to the full with the glitter of social brass and the envy of his contemporaries; and while the snob may invoke the clamor of all the brass bands of society and find it music in his ears, and stir the envy of a thousand rival snobs, he fails to excite anything more enviable or valuable than the contempt and laughter of the wise and worthy.

The thoroughbred and the mongrel are far apart, yet the same formula—the mixture of breeds—accounts for both; the gentleman and the snob are the products of the same processes, as I have indicated, but the final results are dependent upon another and Darwinian law or theory—the principle of selection.

It has passed almost into a proverb that, while man makes the money, the woman makes the snob. Whether we admit it or not, woman rules the roost. Man works for her and directly or indirectly obeys her. Woman is like the Government in Washington: soldiers fight battles, sailors annex distant lands, and diplomats negotiate treaties, bring about alliances and do the work of trade and commerce; we acclaim the soldier, the sailor and the diplomat, but the strings of all their actions are in an office in Washington, the spurs of all their activities are on the heels of bureaucrats. We see men fight, struggle, clamor, maim, wound, plunder and grow rich and powerful. The *raison d'être* is the woman in the house, and when the spoils of the man are laid at her feet she goes forth into the social battle, to purr and push, to struggle and scratch, in that campaign for prominence, publicity and notoriety which is snobbery.

Easy money is the fertilizer of the soil in which snobbery flourishes; easy money is the mother of vulgarity, pretense and ostentation, the maker of the habits and manners that clothe the newly rich like ill-fitting garments. Easy money, any money, has a capacity for evil; it also has a capacity for much good. Like a roaring river in freshet, it riots through the land, destroying and disfiguring; like the river dammed, penned and led into irrigating canals for distribution, it can turn the wheels of industry and refresh the fields that feed us. When the rivers have emptied the freshets we may build our dams and dig our canals; when the newly rich have splurged and freshened their wealth the normal world may utilize it for good ends. And, like the freshet, the snob, philosophically considered, may be disagreeable, but he has his uses in the economy of Nature; and after his first outbursts he and his generation may settle down into the quieter and more common forms of snobbery which merely amuse us or earn a contemptuous tolerance.

The imperialism of Alexander deluged Greece with easy money. The newly rich in Alexander's train, the soldiers, sutlers, contractors, slave dealers and camp followers, laden with the spoils of Asia, the plunder of Persia and the ingots of India, adorned with new and unaccustomed splendor, and accompanied by their slaves and parasites, must have filled Greece from Macedonia to the Cyclades with the clamor of their routs and extravagances. They must have excited the envy of the less venturous and audacious, the spleen and scorn of the Athens that feared the conqueror's heavy hand and despised the Macedonian's manners. These loud and lusty fellows set up establishments of their own, scattered their easy money, practiced their easy morals and brought on the days of splurge, sycophancy and snobbery, corrupting the simple and confounding the select.

Male Money-Makers and Female Snob-Makers

ROME repeated the experience of Greece. The plunder of Peru and Mexico gave Spain her years of surfeit and snobbery when every pigherd would be a Pizarro, every hind an hidalgo, and none would work; and the conquest of India brought easy money to England and lusty looters to swell the ranks of snobbery. Our commercial and industrial expansion for fifty years has had all the earmarks of imperialism, though our conquests have been peaceful and our plunderings domestic. But easy money has deluged the land and brought upon its flood the American snob, raw, raucous, rampant, resolute and reverberating.

The newly-rich American is not willingly a snob—he is a bandit, a looter, a splurger; he wants money and the power that goes with it. It is the woman, his ruler, who drags him at the chariot wheels of snobbery a captive, and transforms his sons and daughters into snobs. The man is indifferent to "society"; he feels as good as any man on the continent; he is elemental; he respects only success, the victor in the struggle; he sees no reason for conciliating men and women whose fathers and origins were no better and no worse than his. Their English and their table manners may be better than his, but his pile and his house are as big as theirs. Mrs. Newly Rich is more sophisticated than her mate; her ambitions are social; her dearest wish is to mix with the mob of rich who stridently proclaim themselves the best people, and who see to it that the press publishes and indorses their proclamations; and she will break into the mob if money, intrigue, service, sacrifice of self-respect, or any other means will accomplish it. Her reward and revenge will come when she gets in; she can repay the insult of today with the insolence of tomorrow when she herself has in turn become the envy of other struggling snobs.

Sacrificed to Her Mother's Social Ambition and Her Own Vanity

The first generation supplies the man and the money; the woman supplies the second generation and the snob. The man drives the wolf from the door; the

woman drives the bear from the table and the watchdog from the house, and she develops a fine taste for lapdogs and spaniels, which are sweeter-smelling and better groomed than the rough dog which drove off the wolf.

Having conquered America, the snob turns his eyes on Europe, and, while any royal and noble recognition is palatable, that of London is sweetest in the mouth, for there snobbery is a sacred institution, ascending in regular steps from the servants' hall to the throne. Things are done better in England. Our aristocracy is merely a temporary and transitory mob of newly rich, coming and going all the time—nothing fixed, nothing stable. Anglo-Saxony, which supplies us with grooms, butlers, husbands and humbugs, reverences law and order, loves and obeys its betters who kick and patronize it, and has learned that stable government, caste and snobbery go hand in hand.

The Briton knows his place; his children are trained and taught to bow to rank and station, and he has a pride in his kings and lords and masters pathetically touching. They furnish him with sartorial models and moral standards; the touch of the king removes his social handicaps; the smile of the lord gives him honor among his fellows; and life is better, brighter and more worth while that he stands on the same English soil and inhales the same English fog as do those exalted and noble beings, his masters. There is something stable and institutional about English snobbery that awes the American snob; it is a peaceful haven after the clamor, hustle, glare and worry of America's social scramble.

The Boot Royal

THE lower snobs bow to the upper snobs in each successive stratum without question, and the mockery and laughter of irreverent and scoffing America are absent. London, with its court, its nobility, its grand cult of all-pervasive snobbery and its hospitality to anything and everything bizarre, queer, novel or freakish, from the American millionaire to the Zambesi chieftain, is the Mecca of the American snob. There he may be at peace; there he may receive service and servility as long as his money lasts; and there his vogue endures as long as his money, or until, with the adaptiveness of America, he becomes a snob to the British manner born, losing his novelty and blurring his distinctiveness.

I have a friend who visited London years ago, who still tells with relish of a call he made upon a merchant—a simple, sincere, ponderous British snob—and of a dinner he ate in the gloom and stodgy splendor of his house. After the coffee and in the smoking-room the Briton unbent and spoke of his father, a tailor, and told with pride of the intimacy and friendship which existed between him and a certain royal duke. "His Royal Highness," said the merchant with emotion, "was a king's son, but a Briton; a prince of the blood, but an Englishman; a bit wild, perhaps; democratic in his royal fashion; and a joker—yes, a joker. My father made his breeches for years, and loved the prince like a brother; and his Highness always treated him with rare condescension. He seldom paid his bills—gentlemen in those days seldom did; but his patronage brought patrons in plenty of lesser quality who paid well, and my father became rich. The prince was a gentleman of the old school and made the money fly, and my father was often at the palace measuring and dunning; and though the prince laughed and joked, my father knew his place, as all Englishmen do. Those were the good old days before England was overrun with foreigners and republicans; yes, grand old days.

"One day my father presented a stiff bill to His Highness, and the prince, out of temper, damned him like a gentleman and kicked him downstairs. As I said, the prince was a rare wag, and when he recovered his good humor later in the day he had his royal boot packed in a box and dispatched to my dad by a servingman, accompanied by a note which read: 'Princes and tailors may be intimate when Englishmen. A prince sends the medium of intimacy to the tailor.'

"A stiff check went with the note, and my father was much touched and overcome by these evidences of his prince's favor and condescension. Do you wonder we love our kings and peers?"

This is the type our American snob seeks to approximate; he goes to London to sit at his feet and learn the perfect art of self-abasement, to acquire and bring home a brand of snobbery which makes the native snob green with envy. Your American snob would rather be a doormat in the house of a lord than dwell in the tents of democracy; and to be on the visiting list of some lord—any lord, from the one whose title was purchased from James the Canny to the brewer or stockbroker recently ennobled as payment for his contributions to campaign funds—is the open sesame to the halls of American snobbery. These are really international snobs, though they began their social campaigns at home, and they are not as interesting as our native and national snob unspoiled by foreign contact.

"Prince George; Poor, De-ar Prince George"

The genealogical is the commonest and most amusing of the genus snob. He is not necessarily a millionaire; he is found in villages, towns and cities of the second rank, and he is invariably a member of some of the many genealogical and historical bodies now so numerous in the Republic. In recent years a serio-comic society—the Descendants of Kings—has come to crown the cult of snobbery, and one is led to believe that every descendant of every monarch from Pepin to George the Fat has taken up his residence in America, and that the gorgeous creatures decorating European thrones are the veriest of impostors.

This order of kings had become a social necessity; the Mayflower and other sources of dubious social eminence had been overworked and, by their numbers, had ceased to be exclusive. One can fancy the surprise and emotion of the poor, half-starved, illiterate passengers of the Mayflower if they appeared on earth today and learned what remarkable people they had grown to be in the passage of years. Were they anything but British they would recross the Styx in a gale of laughter and rouse Homeric mirth among the shades of the dead past. The constant wonder to me is why the snob in search of an ancestor has neglected the captain, cook and crew of the Mayflower, sturdier folk than the depressed and seasick wretches they carried from Holland and England to dump on the Massachusetts sands.

Virginia has contributed generously to the genealogical myths and fictions of America, for it is a commonplace that Virginia was settled exclusively by noblemen and cavaliers. There are, of course, bilious and skeptical folk who will ask you of what earthly value the idle, ruffled, swaggering loafers of Elizabethan and Jacobite days were in cleaning up the wilderness. Those that came to Jamestown with Raleigh wore out the charity of even the generous savages; they wouldn't and couldn't work, and died off. The farmers, woodmen and other common persons who did open the wilderness, the redemptioners and black slaves who toiled and sweated, must have left some descendants; and it must be remembered that the legion of ladies and gentlemen who started from British bridewells and jails for the Virginias were adorned with more balls and chains than stars and garters. Distance may lend enchantment to a few, but social eminence based on the passengers of early colonial ships is apt to be a bit dubious.

Snobbery finds a very useful adjunct to the struggle for social eminence in the hyphen, and thus for social purposes the minus sign became an impressive plus. For example, Mr. John Henry Jones, the grocer's son, weds Miss Edith Robinson, the butcher's daughter; and as the grocery and butchery faded with the fathers, and the product of their toil descended to the children, they seek to escape the vulgarity of trade, since John Henry practices law and Edith was graduated from the Pumpkinville Seminary. In a new town they become impressive social figures as Mr. and Mrs. J. Henry Jones-Robinson.

The Spanish hidalgo, who retains all the names of a dozen generations and is Don Sebastiano Chilli y Carne y Frijoles y Tamales y Muchas Otras Cosas, is not a whit more awe-inspiring than the Jones-Robinsons. The hyphen is beginning to be worked with much success.

Ribbons for Lives

IT IS an honorable human ambition to seek distinction by deeds well done; it is the commonest weakness of American snobs to attempt to seize honor through distinctions that mean nothing. Men everywhere love titles; in the older civilization the distribution of titles and honors is a Government function; Europe knows the childish vanity of the average man and utilizes the title as a means of securing profits and paying debts. Men will risk their lives for a ribbon and a cross worth five dollars; titles are conferred on men for services done which cost the Government nothing and the recipient much, and these tinsel distinctions make him and his forever loyal and grateful bulwarks of dynasties.

The Fathers of the Republic, with foolish austerity, condemned titles and ran counter to human nature; but the common snob of America was not to be foiled by any foolish republican theories. He loves titles, and he gets them by hook or crook. Every year state governors add at least a thousand generals and colonels to our stock of titles; and once a general or colonel, always one. Secret societies have titles too numerous to mention to confer on their members, titles worn with a solemnity that an archbishop or a field marshal might envy. It is a peculiar or eccentric society which has not a military degree, each member of which has a title, a sword, a uniform and feathered hat; and the small snob, be he motorman or bartender, lawyer or merchant, who will not unbend and warm to you when you hail him as captain or colonel is the exception.

The existence all over the country of sham soldiers, bogus brigadiers, and all manner of comic dignitaries only shows how widespread is snobbery; and they also remind us that the noisy, ill-mannered ruck of parvenus who fill the press with their bad manners and worse morals, who are scoffed at at home and laughed at abroad, can be duplicated a thousand times from the raw material awaiting its time and opportunity. *(Continued on Page 50)*

TRUE CONSERVATION

HOW THE FACTORY CAN SAVE ITS HUMAN MACHINERY

By Maude Radford Warren

ILLUSTRATED BY B. CORY KILVERT

THE factory inspector is a relatively new force making for righteousness in these regenerating days of social reform. His is no easy position. He represents society, which is beginning to ask for a better kind of human being, objecting to men and women with anæmic bodies and dead souls, and still more objecting to having the power of children used up in shops and factories at a time when it ought to be going into brain and muscle. The factory inspector has to fight for the good of the child, often against its own parents, and only too frequently against the manufacturers. After a year, inspectors are likely to begin to lose weight under the human problems that confront them. The assistant factory inspector of Illinois, for example, has reduced from two hundred and twenty to one hundred and sixty pounds. This is the sort of problem that confronts him:

Into his office enter a small, slim man of forty and a small, plump woman of the same age with bleached hair and anxious brow. They are both as commonplace and kindly and human as two people can well be. Behind them walks a little, slender girl with pointed face and starlike eyes; temperament is written in every line of her; she is a delicate lily, sprung from homely soil.

"Oh, here is the gentleman," says the mother with the air of throwing her troubles upon the inspector. "It's this little girl, sir, and it isn't as if we weren't kind to her. She likes the stage and is perfectly happy doing the act, and we'd rather starve ourselves than illtreat her. But is it right that such talent should have only small dumps to play in?"

"When I was two years younger than her," says the father, "I was a headliner, and at the time of the Chicago fire I played for charity eight times to help the sufferers; and now I think it only right that Chicago should help me."

The Child Under Fourteen Should Not be Burdened With the Support of Its Elders

A Typical Case for the Inspector

"AND it is my one wish," adds the mother, "that my daughter shall become as great an artist as her father."

"My mother only lets me associate with the highest class of people," puts in the child, in a voice like a bird's, "and she teaches me to be very domesticated."

The inspector's heart sinks as he realizes how nice and human the three are; he knows only too well what he is going to hear, and he does not give a thought to the ounces he is going to lose over the little tragedy.

"Tell me all about it," he says sympathetically.

It appears that the three have been playing a one-act piece in Texas, where they have barely made expenses. Then they have received a chance from a Chicago manager to give their act for one week with no pay, but with the prospect of being engaged for country circuits. They have paid their fares from Texas, only to find that a big policeman forbids them to act because their child is under legal age.

We Certainly Destroy More Human Beings Than Any Other Nation

"It is a very moral act," says the mother; "a lesson to little children to be honest."

'How old is the child?" asks the inspector.

"Next June, please God, she'll be fourteen," replies the mother.

"The law is that no child under fourteen can play in the theaters at all, and no child under sixteen can play after seven o'clock."

"We aren't, so to say, playing the act," offers the father; "we are just showing it to different managers for nothing. Of course there's an audience, but ——"

"You wouldn't take the bread and butter from our mouths," says the mother, and she fumbles at her veil to hide her tears. The child comes over and arranges the veil for her with a little surreptitious caress that is not art at all, but pure nature.

The three little people, having pleaded in vain, prepare to leave.

"I'll never play for charity again, I swear," says the father, standing in the doorway.

The mother reënters to say brokenly:

"You know, sir, people say more than they mean when they feel hurt."

Pathetic little people; something should be done for them. But for the sake of other little Western children the law should not be broken. If necessary the three must be sacrificed. Doubtless the child is far better cared for than she would be if she were fourteen and working in a factory while her mother scrubbed for a living, the two of them together making half what the little girl could make alone on the stage. But no exception should be made, for fear that managers will take advantage of the loophole in the law in order to gratify the pleasure people take in seeing children on the stage.

The Wise Labor Laws of Europe

THUS the factory inspector, representing the thinking part of society, must, at considerable expense of spirit, see that greed and short-sightedness do not sap the strength of the wage-earners—children, women and men. His function is really not so much to inspect as to enforce the law.

Laws for the protection of the laboring classes are not new, but the organized enforcement of them is comparatively recent, especially in the United States. England had such laws more than a hundred years ago, and for some time she has been rigidly enforcing them, especially since the Boer War. In that war her common soldiers went down like wet paper, not so much under the assaults of the enemy as under the mere accidents of climate and diet. The men had no endurance and, as a consequence, England has been, as rapidly as possible, clearing away her slums and thoroughly inspecting her factories and workshops, and in every way attempting to put more stamina into the masses.

The factory codes of other European countries, like their industries, are more recent in origin than those of England, but are just as minute and effective in safeguarding labor. Germany, more compact in her system than the other continental nations, has an elaborate system of protection. The Trade Accident Associations, often acting in coöperation with the state inspectors, do much of the detailed work of enforcing the use of safeguards.

The method authorized by Imperial Insurance is to fine both employer and employee for negligence. The neglectful employer must pay a double contribution to the Trade Association. The employee must pay a suitable sum to the sick insurance fund. Moreover, the German industrial code insists on the employer's responsibility to protect the young workers from risks of all kinds.

The other countries are not far behind Germany, each having its own peculiar methods. In France, Belgium, Switzerland and England, as well as in Germany, no woman may work at night. The French law demands careful regulation of weights which are pushed, carried or lifted by persons under eighteen, and girls under sixteen must not be employed at machines driven by treadles. Children are entirely prohibited in a large number of processes scheduled as unhealthy. The inspectorate of Austria is very closely knit. Here, as well as in Belgium and Germany, great power is given to the health authorities. At the head of the Denmark system are a chief inspector and two expert secretaries, one trained in economic and one in technical questions.

Only America lags behind, to our great economic loss. We should not need a Boer War to teach us that we cannot afford to sap the vitality of our people. Some twenty-five years ago factory-inspection acts were passed, largely through some New York institutions devoted to the interests of women and children, such as the Children's Aid Society, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and the State Medical Society. Ever since, such laws have been nourished and insisted upon by trade unions and humanitarians, and by women philanthropists. When women are bent on reform they have such a direct way of going at things that they are hard to resist.

The War on the Glass Works

FOR example, in certain states some women made up their minds that they would not have children in glass factories. More children were employed in glass works than in any other of the fifteen divisions of the manufacturing industries except textiles. It has been stated that each man employed as a glass blower is required to furnish a boy as a helper, and that there exists a combination of the padrone system and veritable child slavery. Many boys have been placed in the families of glass blowers by orphan asylums of New York and Pennsylvania. But this is by the way.

The women of two or three states protested against children being handed over to the almost certain doom of consumption. First of all, the glass manufacturers ignored the women. Then, afraid of their lobbying, they tried soft words.

"You have such kind hearts," they said; "we are glad that you are alive, but you are impractical. We cannot make glass without using children."

This impressed not only the manufacturers who made the remark, but other business men, who all assumed that glass was a necessity. As the women showed no signs of weakening, the manufacturers threatened:

"You must stop; otherwise our industry shall leave the state."

This seemed a convincing threat to the business men, but not to the women.

"Then leave the state," they said; "we'd rather do without glass than without children."

It is this irritating single-mindedness that is helping the women philanthropists of the United States to improve the race. They would like to go much further and take out of Indiana the little ones working in wood; out of Illinois those in paper-box and soap factories and candy and tailoring shops; out of Michigan those in the knitting mills and cigar shops; out of Kansas those in the packing-houses; out of Ohio those in tobacco shops and stamping mills; out of Rhode Island those in textile works; out of West Virginia and Pennsylvania those in glass houses,

and out of Wisconsin those in breweries. They would like to remove the children from the fish factories of the Pacific Coast. They would like to do away with the disastrous laws in certain states which permit dependent parents to send their little ones to work earlier than the standard age. Probably, in their secret hearts, they would like to keep children in school till the age of fifteen or sixteen. For it is a fact that, though the illiteracy of our native white people is decreasing, that of the foreign-born whites is increasing. Schooling and ages aside, the women know that you cannot put tired eyes, pale faces and languid little limbs into statistics. And finally, women and reformers and sociologists alike have come to recognize that if the child's physical energy is overtaxed, his moral energy is sapped and he yields the more readily to temptation to commit crimes.

The helpful laws to protect not only the children but also men and women workers have, as a rule, been won from indifferent legislatures as a concession to the labor vote. The reason why so many kindly people have been lukewarm on the subject, why public opinion has been slow to educate, is not far to seek. The representatives of capital in our assemblies are not, as in some other countries, opposed by landed classes with an inherited resentment against the rich manufacturers and with an inherited sense of responsibility to their inferiors. Moreover, each state regulates its own labor and industry. In one state an industry may restrict the hours of labor for women and children and provide expensive safeguards for machinery, and may be competing with an industry in a neighboring state which does nothing for its employees except pay their wages. The Ohio manufacturers of glass are not allowed to employ children, but they must compete with men in some other states who do use little boys. One cotton manufacturer whose factory is regulated by humane laws must compete with others who pay low wages and use cheap women, and children as young as eight or ten. All Southern states and the newer Northern states are lax about factory laws, partly from indifference and partly because they have not really been educated in the complexities of modern industrialism.

How the Inspectors Work

OUR negligence is further explained by the fact that a large proportion of our lowest class will not permanently stay lowest. It is in accord with our democratic principles that they should rise. They advance into a higher industrial stratum, carrying with them, perhaps, seeds of national dissolution in enfeebled constitutions and leaving behind them ranks of dull immigrants who do not know enough to work for measures of safety for themselves. Most potent of all, perhaps, is our democratic notion that the private affairs of the individual must not be interfered with; that if an ignorant girl chooses to work two hours overtime in a laundry for nothing except "supper money," on pain of losing her position, it is her free-born right. For all these reasons and from a curious short-sightedness, or an "after us the deluge" philosophy, the average American manufacturer has, as a rule, fought against the enforcement of factory legislation, and especially has he balked at the child-labor laws and the ten-hour laws for women.

But the firmness of the factory inspectors is having its effect; the unwilling ones—unless they are very powerful politically—are beginning to keep the law; and besides, the example is potent of liberal manufacturers who, on the ground that it is good business policy, supply to their people protected machinery, eating-places, rest-rooms, a welfare worker, dwellings for employees and insurance systems.

The factory inspector begins his daily rounds at nine o'clock, hoping, if he lives in a city, to get through three inspections, because his state would like to cover seventy-five thousand or a hundred thousand inspections during the year. He must be well armed with credentials, which include papers, a card and a star. It is surprising the effect a tin star has on the human mind.

Some of the women inspectors who live in settlements lend their tin stars to the other residents when they rush out to quell an Italian who is beating his wife, or a small boy who is torturing a cat, with instantaneous results.

If the inspector is visiting a doubtful factory he is sure to have his star pinned prominently upon his coat. He may be received politely or gruffly, but what he is waiting for is the remark:

"Just stay here a few moments; I'll have some one show you through."

That means that a messenger is scurrying through the factory to hide away the children under fourteen and to close hatchways and clear obstructed passageways. In such a case the inspector does not wait to be shown through, but pushes upon his way unescorted, leaving the manager to rely on the astuteness of the children themselves or the adroitness of the foreman.

The Unhealthful Occupations

USUALLY the manager contrives to maintain under all discoveries a fair degree of politeness, but there is one time when his manners fail him, and that is during a rush season when he is working his people overtime at night, and, counting on the inspector's hours of nine to five, does not expect interruption. But inspectors themselves can work overtime in a good cause, and around Christmas certain paper-box manufacturers are very fair game.

One gray-haired, handsome gentleman swore violently at a woman inspector who came late in the evening to his factory and questioned a tiny girl as to her age. The inspector was a beautiful creature with the air of expecting deference from men, but with nerves seasoned to certain kinds of brutality, and she persisted in her duty. The manager switched off the lights and she had to stumble in the dark till she could feel her way to the upstairs rooms where women were violating the ten-hour law.

The next day he sent word to the chief inspector that he did not mind inspection, welcomed it, in fact, but he wanted the person who was inspecting to be a lady and not a rude, interfering female. This sort of thing, however, is all in the day's work and is atoned for by the courteous treatment of employers willing, though perhaps not anxious, to keep the law.

This same day's work may be full of variety. The inspector must visit stores, offices, laundries, mercantile establishments, theaters, concert halls, factories and workshops. Once inside, his nimble eyes go everywhere. He can almost tell by looking at the people what their occupation is, for some work soon writes disease in the faces of the toilers. In glass, china and earthenware works, rubber and textile works, horn, celluloid and pearl button shops, and dry-grinders' and stone-cutters' shops, if the law allows it, he is quick to demand that exhaust fans and blowers in good working order be provided to remove, so far as possible, the dust and particles of clay and flint which get into the lungs of the workers. The ratio of tuberculosis deaths to total deaths among textile workers is thirty-three per cent, and five out of every thousand grinders and stone-cutters die of consumption, probably after infecting their families. Without the blowers a man

They Would Grind Their Own People to a Pulp

is liable to die between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-five.

The inspectors find less difficulty now than formerly in enforcing sanitation, although it is still not always easy to oblige proprietors to furnish ample and separate toilet facilities for each sex, and to provide a separate eating-room in factories where white lead, arsenic or other poisonous substances or gases are present under harmful conditions. Perhaps the most unsanitary shops used to be some bakeries and ice-cream and confectionery and butterine shops. These were usually in cellars.

"Look here," not long since said an inspector to an Italian ice-cream maker in New York, who was working in a dirty cellar without drainage and lavishly tenanted with cats, "we can't stand this. I give you sixty days to get the place properly drained, ventilated and whitewashed, and the cats killed. If it's not all done by then you'll be arrested."

"My cream ver' nice and pretty; pink and white and clean," protested the Italian.

"It can't be clean."

"I maka with my hands. The baker next door he maka bread with his feet."

"That's all right; nothing against the law in making bread with your feet; it may be sanitary. This place isn't."

"The ladies that eat my ice cream they don'ta care where I make it when it is pink and ver' pretty. I give you five dollars and you nota come here again."

Perhaps the bribe was no worse than the indirection of a campaign contribution made by a big industry which may be correspondingly slow in carrying out the factory laws, but it is doubtless good for a little sinner not to escape.

Conditions in the Sweatshops

CLOTHING industries always wear on the nerves of the inspector. This industry has grown enormously, and has only recently been put on a sanitary basis. A few years ago a good deal of the clothing of New York was made in sweatshops with the slimmest of precautions for the wearers. Today no apartment for eating and sleeping purposes may be used for the manufacture of garments or feathers or artificial flowers or cigars except by the members of the family living therein. If a garment is in any way infected the inspector or the board of health has the right to condemn and destroy it.

What distresses the inspector is the system under which such work is carried on, due to rush and slack seasons. In rush seasons men, women and children—again with the assumption that the inspector's hours are from nine to five—are worked overtime under frightful pressure. If they diminish speed at all a foreman with a high-geared look of driving intensity claps his hands and shouts:

"Come on; come on; we've got to get this out."

In slack seasons the workers sit idle, perhaps nearly all day, afraid to go home for fear of missing the chance to sew fourteen rows of stitching on the lapels of a coat.

What the inspectors are keenest about is to see that no woman works more than ten

"If They Don't Want to Stand They Don't Have to Come Here and Work"

hours a day—though some states have not yet adopted this law; that no child under sixteen works more than eight hours a day, and that no child under fourteen works at all. As he passes through factory and workroom he keeps a sharp lookout for little ones who seem under age. For it is an unfortunate fact that the number of gainfully-employed children has grown faster than has the total population of those between ten and fifteen years of age.

The inspector may not ask an adult any question about his wages, but he may so question a child and, indeed, may say anything to it that will bring out facts about its age, the amount of schooling it has had, and the number of hours it works. The child must show its age and school certificate and its employment ticket issued by the school authorities.

Perhaps the inspector sees a little skirt whisking around a doorway, and he pursues and detains a little girl.

"How old are you?" he asks.

"Eight hours, eight hours," says the child excitedly, for just now there is more agitation about overtime work than there is about child-labor laws, and in the states where a child may be employed for eight hours between seven and seven it is not easy to detect violations.

"Come, come; don't be afraid," says the inspector. "I asked you your age."

"Fourteen," says the child, who is at most thirteen.

"What time did you begin work this morning?"

"Seven, sir."

"When will you stop?"

"Pretty soon, sir."

"At seven?"

"Yes, sir." Then the child realizes her mistake and quickly adds: "But I had two hours off for lunch."

"H'm," says the inspector; "when was your birthday?"

"Last October; fourteen last October."

"How old is your next oldest brother or sister?"

"My sister's fifteen—I mean sixteen."

"I guess you mean fifteen. That's all right; sisters are often just one year apart in age. She's fifteen, isn't she?"

"Yes, sir."

"When was her birthday?"

"March, sir."

"H'm; you were fourteen last October and she was fifteen last March! I think I'll have to look at your age certificate, little girl."

The age certificate is produced, and it appears that the dates have been altered. The child weeps and pleads and at last tells the truth about her age. The foreman and the manager disclaim all responsibility.

"It's not our fault," they say. "We supposed the age certificate was all right. We haven't the time to go into those things. Of course, we'll discharge the child."

In a day or two a woman with a dirty shawl outlining her worn face comes to see the chief inspector, bringing the little girl. She begs for reinstatement and tells a pitiful story. Her husband is sick; she is sick; her elder son is a drunkard; the other son can't get work, and she depends on the wages of this child and her elder sister.

In some states, notably in New York and in Illinois, there is a little provision for such cases. The New York Child Labor Committee and the Chicago branch of the Consumers' League give a scholarship to such a child, aggregating the amount it would earn in the factory. But there are many cases that cannot be so provided for because of lack of funds. One defect in the factory inspection system is that there is a connecting element missing; some factor like a welfare worker should be provided to look after real cases of want. It is discouraging or hardening to pass by this kind of misery and merely enforce the law.

On the other hand, the child under fourteen should not be burdened with the support of its elders. Frequently there is no real reason why it should not be in school; its parents simply look on it as a financial asset and want its earnings. In the old country they went to work at ten, perhaps, and they don't see why their child can't go to work at thirteen. They resent an interference which they cannot understand, and so does the child, who is proud of its earning capacity and tired of school. The employer decidedly wants the use of the child. He is pushed by his competitors, with wholesale prices tending to fall and cost of production rising. His wife wants a new summer home, and his son a year abroad. According to his standards he is as hard pressed as the poor parents, who, with the factory earnings of their little girl, could afford real meat twice a week. He, or his foreman for him, can get a child under age who will swear it is fourteen, for fifty cents a week less than a child of fifteen or sixteen costs.

Doubtless, if the manufacturer could see some of the concrete effects of his system he would hesitate. If between the employer and the employed there could be the same relations as between a farmer and his hands our industrial evils would be minimized and factory inspectors would be looking for other positions. But the foreman, usually an insensitive person, stands between the employer and his results. For example, in a certain clothing shop little girls, presumably fourteen, stood at work all day long, pulling out bastings; their only chance to sit

(Continued on Page 47)

THE VARMINT

By OWEN JOHNSON

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

XVII

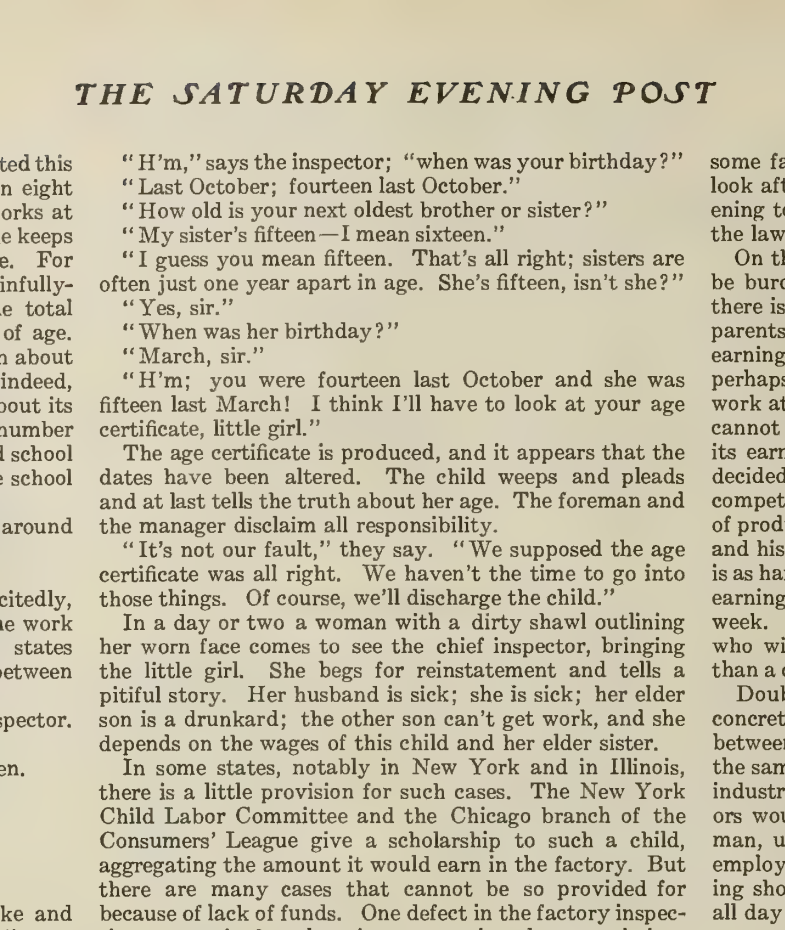
Oh, we'll push her over
Or rip the cover—
Too bad for the fellows that fall!
They must take their chances
Of a bruise or two
Who follow that jolly football.

SO SANG the group on the Kennedy steps, heralding the twilight; and beyond, past the Dickinson, a chorus from the Woodhull defiantly flung back the challenge. For that week the Woodhull would clash with the Kennedy for the championship of the houses.

The football season was drawing to a close; only the final game with Andover remained, a contest awaited with small hopes of victory. For the season had been disastrous for the Varsity; several members of the team had been caught in the toils of the octopus examination and, what was worse, among the members ill-feeling existed, due to past feuds.

Stover, in the long grueling days of practice, had won the respect of all. Just how favorable an impression he had made he did not himself suspect. He had instinctive quickness and no sense of fear—that was something that had dropped from him forever. It was not that he had to conquer the impulse to flinch, as most boys do; it simply did not exist with him. The sight of a phalanx of bone and muscle starting for his end to sweep him off his feet roused only a sort of combative rage, the true joy of battle. He loved to go plunging into the unbroken front and feel the shock of bodies as he tried for the elusive legs of Flash Condit or Charley DeSoto.

This utter recklessness was indeed his chief fault; he would rather charge interference than fight it off, waiting for others to break it up for him and so make sure of his man.



"Keep It Up, But Don't Come Up to Me With It"

Gradually, however, through the strenuous weeks, he learned the deeper lessons of football—how to use his courage and the control of his impulses.

"It's a game of brains, youngster, remember that," Mr. Ware would repeat day after day, hauling him out of desperate plunges. "That did no good; better keep on your feet and follow the ball. Above all, study the game."

His first lesson came when, at last being promoted to end on the scrub, he found himself lined up against Tough McCarty, the opposing tackle. Stover thought he saw the intention at once.

"Put me against Tough McCarty, eh?" he said, digging his nails into the palms of his hands. "Want to try out my nerve, eh? I'll show 'em!"

Now McCarty did not relish the situation either, foreseeing as he did the long weeks of strenuous contact with the one boy in the school who was vowed to an abiding vengeance. The fact was that Tough McCarty, who was universally liked for his good-nature and sociable inclinations, had yielded to the irritation Stover's unceasing enmity had aroused and had come gradually into something of the same attitude of hostility. Also, he saw in the captain's assigning Stover to his end a malicious attempt to secure amusement at his expense.

For all which reasons, when the scrub first lined up against the Varsity, the alarum of battle that rode on Stover's pugnacious front was equaled by the intensity of his enemy's coldly-calculating glance.

"Here's where I squash that fly," thought McCarty.

"Here's where I fasten to that big stuff," thought Dink, "and sting him until the last day of the season!"

The first direct clash came when the scrubs were given the ball and Dink came in to aid his tackle box McCarty for the run that was signaled around their end.

Tough made the mistake of estimating Stover simply by his lack of weight, without taking account of the nervous, dynamic energy which was his strength. Consequently, at the snap of the ball, he was taken by surprise by the wild spring that Stover made directly at his throat and, thrown off his balance momentarily by the frenzy of the impact, tripped and went down under the triumphant Dink, who, unmindful of the fact that the play had gone by, remained proudly fixed on the chest of the prostrate tackle.

"Get off," said the muffled voice.

Stover, whose animal instincts were all those of the bulldog, insisted on pressing down more firmly.

"Get off of me, you little blockhead," said McCarty, growing furious as he heard the jeers of his teammates at his humiliating reversal.

"Hurry up there, you Stover!" cried the voice of the captain, unheeded, for Dink was too blindly happy with the thrill of perfect supremacy over the hated McCarty to realize the situation.

"Stover!!!"

At the shouted command Dink looked up and at last perceived the play was over. Reluctantly he started to rise, when a sudden upheaval of the infuriated McCarty caught him unawares and Tough's vigorous arm flung him head over heels.

Down went Dink with a thump and up again with rage in his heart. He rushed up to McCarty as in the mad fight under the willows and struck him a resounding blow.

The next moment not Tough, but Cockrell's own mighty hand caught him by the collar and swung him around. "Get off the field!"

"What?" said Dink, astounded, for in his ignorance he had expected complimentary pats on the back.

"Off the field!"

Dink, cold in a minute, quailed under the stern eye of the supreme leader.

"I did sling him pretty hard, Garry," said Tough, taking pity at the look that came into Dink's eyes.

"Get off!"

Dink, who had stopped with a sort of despairing hope, went slowly to the side-lines, threw a blanket over his head and shoulders and squatted down in bitter, utter misery. Another was in his place, plunging at the tackle that should have been his, racing down the field under punts that made the blood leap in his exiled body. He did not understand. Why had he been disgraced? He had only shown he wasn't afraid—wasn't that why they had put him opposite Tough McCarty, after all?

The contending lines stopped at last their tangled rushes and straggled, panting, back for a short intermission. Dink, waiting under the blanket, saw the captain bearing down upon him and, shivering like a dog watching his punishment approaching, drew the folds tighter about him.

"Stover," said the dreadful voice, loud enough so that every one could hear, "you seem to have an idea that football is run like a slaughter-house. The quicker you get that out of your head the better. Now do you know why I fired you? Do you?"

"For slugging," said Dink faintly.

"Not at all. I fired you because you lost your head; because you forgot you were playing football. If you're only going into this to work off your private grudges, then I don't want you around. I'll fire you off and keep you off. You're here to play football, to think of eleven men, not one. You're to use your brains, not your fists. Why, the first game you play in some one will tease you into slugging him and the umpire will fire you. Then where'll the team be? There are eleven men in this game on your side and eleven on the other. No matter what happens don't lose your temper, don't be so stupid, so brainless—do you hear?"

"Yes, sir," said Dink, who had retired under his blanket until only the tip of the nose showed and the terror-stricken eyes.

"And don't forget this. You don't count. It isn't the slightest interest to the team whether some one whales you or mauls you. It isn't the slightest interest to you, either. Mind that! Nothing on earth is going to get your mind off following the ball, sizing up the play, working out the weak points—nothing. Brains, brains, brains, Stover! You told me you came out here because we needed some one to be banged around—and I took you on your word, didn't I? Now, if you're going out there as an egotistical, puffed-up, conceited individual who's thinking only of his own skin, who isn't willing to sacrifice his own little, measly feelings for the sake of the school, who won't fight for the team, but himself ——"

"I say, Cap, that's enough," said Dink with difficulty; and immediately retired so deep that only the mute, pleading eyes could be discerned.

Cockrell stopped short, bit his lip and said sternly: "Line up now. Get in, Stover, and don't let me ever have to call you down again. Tough, see here." The two elevens ran out. The captain continued: "Tough, every chance you get today give that little firebrand a jab, understand? So it can't be seen."

The Varsity took the ball and for five minutes Dink felt as though he were in an angry sea, buffeted, flung down and whirled about by massive breakers. Without sufficient experience his weight was powerless to stop the interference that bore him back. He tried to meet it standing up and was rolled head over heels by the brawny shoulders of Cheyenne Baxter and Doc Macnooder. Then, angrily, he tried charging into the offense and was drawn in and smothered while the back went sweeping around his unprotected end for long gains.

Mr. Ware came up and volunteered suggestions:

"If you're going into it dive through them, push them apart with your hands—so. Keep dodging so that the back won't know whether you're going around or through. Keep him guessing and follow up the play if you miss the first tackle."

Under this coaching Dink, who had begun to be discouraged, improved and when he did get a chance at his man he dropped him with a fierce, clean tackle, for this branch of the game he had mastered with instinctive delight.

"Give the ball to the scrubs," said the captain, who was also coaching.

Stover came in close to his tackle. The third signal was a trial at end. He flung himself at McCarty, checked him and, to his amazement, received a dig in the ribs. His fists clenched, went back and then stopped as remembering he drew a long breath and walked away, his eyes on the ground; for the lesson was a rude one to learn.

"Stover, what are you doing!" cried the captain, who had seen all. Dink, who had expected to be praised, was bewildered as well as hurt.

"What are you stopping for? You're thinking of McCarty again, aren't you? Do you know where your place was? Back of your own half. Follow up the play. If you'd been there to push there'd been an extra yard. Think quicker, Stover."

"Yes, sir," said Stover, suddenly perceiving the truth. "You're right, I wasn't thinking."

"Look here, boy," said the captain, laying his hand on his shoulder. "I have just one principle in a game and I want you to tuck it away and never forget it."

"Yes, sir," said Dink reverentially.

"When you get in a game get fighting mad, but get cold mad—play like a fiend—but keep cold. Know just what you're doing and know it all the time."

"Thank you, sir," said Dink, who never forgot the theory, which had a wider application than Garry Cockrell perhaps suspected.

"I Fired You Because You Lost Your Head; Because You Forgot You Were Playing Football"

"You laid it on pretty strong," said Mr. Ware to Cockrell, as they walked back after practice.

"I did it for several reasons," said Garry; "first, because I believe the boy has the makings of a great player in him; and second, I was using him to talk to the team. They're not together and it's going to be hard to get them together."

"Bad feeling?"

"Yes, several old grudges."

"What a pity, Garry," said Mr. Ware. "What a pity it is you can only have Second and Third Formers under you!"

"Why so?"

"Because they'd follow you like mad Dervishes?" said Mr. Ware, thinking of Dink.

Stover, having once perceived that the game was an intellectual one, learned by bounds. McCarty, under instructions, tried his best to provoke him, but met with the completest indifference. Dink found a new delight in the exercise of his wits, once the truth was borne in on him that there are more ways of passing beyond a windmill than riding it down. Owing to his natural speed he was the fastest end on the field to cover a punt, and once within diving distance of his man he almost never missed. He learned, too, that the scientific application of his one hundred and thirty-eight pounds, well timed, was sufficient to counterbalance the disadvantage in weight. He never loafed, he never let a play go by without being in it, and at retrieving fumbles he was as quick as a cat.

Meanwhile the house championships had gone on until the Woodhull and the Kennedy emerged for the final conflict. The experience gained in these contests, for on such occasions Stover played with his House team, had sharpened his powers of analysis and given him a needed acquaintance with the sudden, shifting crises of actual play.

Now, the one darling desire of Stover, next to winning the fair opinion of his captain, was the rout of the Woodhull, of which Tough McCarty was the captain and his old acquaintances of the miserable days at the Green were members—Cheyenne Baxter, the Coffee-Colored Angel and Butsey White.

This aggregation, counting as it did two members of the Varsity, was strong; but the Kennedy, with P. Lentz and the Waladoo Bird—and Pebble Stone, the Gutter Pup, Lovely Mead and Stover, all of the scrub—had a slight advantage.

Dink used to dream of mornings, in the lagging hours of recitation, of the contest and the sweet humiliation of his ancient foes. He would play like a demon, he would show them, Tough McCarty and the rest, what it was to be up against the despised Dink—and dreaming thus he used to say to himself, with suddenly tense arms:

"Gee, I only wish McCarty would play back of the line so I could get a chance at him!"

But on Tuesday, during the Varsity practice, suddenly as a scrimmage ended and sifted open, a cry went up. Ned Banks, left end on the Varsity, was seen lying on the ground after an attempt to rise. They gathered about him with grave faces, while Mr. Ware bent over him in anxious examination.

"What is it?" said the captain, with serious face.

"Something wrong with his ankle; can't tell yet just what."

"I'll play Saturday, Garry," said Banks, gritting his teeth. "I'll be ready by then. It's nothing much."

The subs carried him off the field with darkened faces—the last hopes of victory seemed to vanish. The gloom spread thickly through the school, even Dink, for a time, forgot the approaching hour of his revenge in the great catastrophe. The next morning a little comfort was given them in the report of Doctor Charlie that there was no sprain but only a slight wrenching, which, if all went well, would allow him to start the game. But the consolation was scant. What chance had Banks in an Andover game? There would have to be a shift; but what?

"Turkey Reiter will have to go from tackle to end," said Dink, that afternoon, as in football togs they gathered on the steps before the game, "and put a sub in Turkey's place."

"Who?"

"I don't know."

"I guess you don't."

"Might bring Butcher Stevens back from center."

"Who'd go in at center?"

"Fatty Harris, perhaps."

"Hello—here's Garry Cockrell now," said P. Lentz. "He don't look particular cheerful, does he?"

The captain, looking indeed very serious, arrived, surveyed the group and called Stover out. Dink, surprised, jumped up, saying:

"You want me, sir?"

"Yes."

Cockrell put his arm under his and drew him away.

"Stover," he said, "I've got bad news for you."

"For me?"

"Yes. I'm not going to let you go in the Woodhull game this afternoon."

Stover received the news as though it had been the death of his entire family, immediate and distant. His throat choked, he tried to say something and did not dare trust himself.

"I'm sorry, my boy—but we're up against it, and I can't take any risks now of your getting hurt."

"It means the game," said Dink at last.

"I'm afraid so."

"We've no one to put in my place—no one but Beekstein Hall," said Stover desperately. "Oh, please, sir, let me play; I'll be awfully careful. It's only a House game."

"Humph—yes, I know these House games. I'm sorry, but there's no help for it."

"But I'm only a scrub, sir," said Stover, pleading hard.

"We're going to play you at end," said Cockrell suddenly, seeing he did not understand, "just as soon as we have to take Banks out; and Heaven only knows when that'll be." Dink was aghast.

"You're not going—you're not going ——" he tried to speak, and stopped.

"Yes, we've talked it over and that seems best."

"But—Turkey Reiter—I—I thought you'd move him out."

"No, we don't dare weaken the middle; it's bad enough now."

"Oh, but I'm so light."

The captain watched the terror-stricken look in his face and was puzzled.

"What's the matter? You're not getting shaky?"

"Oh, no, sir," said Dink; "it's not that. It—it seems so awful that you've got to put me in."

"You're better, my boy, than you think," said Cockrell, smiling a little, "and you're going to be better than you know now. Now you understand why you've got to keep on the side-lines this afternoon. You're too fragile to take risks on."

"Yes, I understand."

"It comes hard, doesn't it?"

"Yes, sir, it does; very hard."

When the Kennedy and the Woodhull lined up for play an hour later little Pebble Stone was at end in place of Stover, who watched from his post as linesman the contest that was to have been his opportunity. He heard nothing of the buzzing comments behind, of the cheers or the shouted entreaties. Gaze fixed and heart in throat, he followed the swaying tide of battle, imprisoned, powerless to rush in and stem the disheartening advance. The teams, now more evenly matched, both showed the traces of tense nerves in the frequent fumbling that kept the ball changing sides and prevented a score during the first half.

In the opening of the second half, by a lucky recovery of a blocked kick, the Kennedy scored a touchdown, but failed to kick the goal, making the score four to nothing. The Woodhull then began a determined assault upon the Kennedy's weak end. Stover, powerless, beheld little Pebble Stone, fighting like grim death, carried back and back, five, ten yards at a time as the Woodhull swept on.

"It's the only place they can gain," he cried in his soul in bitter iteration.

He looked around and caught the eye of Captain Cockrell and sent him a mute, agonizing, fruitless appeal.

"Kennedy's ball," came the sharp cry of the umpire.

Dink looked up and felt the blood come back to his body again—on the twenty-five-yard line there had been a fumble and the advance was checked. Twice again the battered end of the Kennedy was forced back for what seemed certain touchdowns, only to be saved by loose work on the Woodhull's part. It was getting dark and the half was ebbing fast—three minutes more to play. A fourth time the Woodhull furiously attacked the breach, gaining at every rush over the light opposition, past the forty-yard line, past the twenty-yard mark and triumphantly, in the last minute of play, over the goal for a touchdown. The ball had been downed well to the right of the goalposts and the trial for goal was an unusually difficult one. The score was a tie, everything depended on the goal that, through the dusk, Tough McCarty was carefully sighting. Dink, heartbroken, despairing, leaning on his linesman's staff, directly behind the ball, waited for the long, endless moments to be over. Then there was a sudden movement of McCarty's body, a wild rush from the Kennedy and the ball shot high in the air and, to Stover's horror, passed barely inside the farther goalpost.

"No goal," said Slugger Jones. "Time up."

Dink raised his head in surprise, scarcely crediting what he had heard. The Woodhull team were furiously disputing the decision, encouraged by audible comments from the spectators. Slugger Jones, surrounded by a contesting, vociferous mass, suddenly swept them aside and began to take the vote of the officials.

"Kiefer, what do you say?"

Cap Kiefer, referee, shook his head.

"I'm sorry, Slugger, it was close, very close, but it did seem a goal to me."

"Tug, what do you say?"

"Goal, sure," said Tug Wilson, linesman for the Woodhull. At this, jeers and hoots broke out from the Kennedy.

"Of course he'll say that!"

"He's from the Woodhull."

"What do you think!"

"Justice!"

The Tennessee Shad Now Returned From the Wars, Covered With Mud and the More Visible Marks of the Combat

"Hold up, hold up, now," said Slugger Jones, more excited than any one. "Don't get excited; it's up to your own man. Dink, was it a goal or no goal?"

Stover suddenly found himself in a whirling, angry mass—the decision of the game in his own hands. He saw the faces of Tough McCarty and the Coffee-Colored Angel in the blank crowd about him and he saw the sneer on their faces as they waited for his answer. Then he saw the faces of his own teammates and knew what they, in their frenzy, expected from him.

He hesitated.

"Goal or no goal?" cried the umpire, for the second time.

Then suddenly, face to face with the hostile mass, the fighting blood came back to Dink, something cold went up his back. He looked once more across them to the shadowy posts, trying to forget Tough McCarty, and then, with a snap to his jaws, he answered:

"Goal."

XVIII

DINK returned to his room in a rage against everything and every one, at Slugger Jones for having submitted the question, at Tough McCarty for having looked as though he expected a lie, and at himself for ever having acted as linesman.

If it had not been the last days before the Andover match he would have found some consolation in rushing over to the Woodhull and provoking McCarty to the long-deferred fight.

"He thought I'd lie out of it," he said furiously. "He did; I saw it. I'll settle that with him, too. Now I suppose every one in this house'll be down on me; but they'd better be mighty careful how they express it."

For as he had left the field he had heard only too clearly how the Kennedy eleven, in the unreasoning passion of conflict, had expressed itself. At present, through the open window, the sounds of violent words were borne up to him from below. He approached and looked down upon the furious assembly.

"Damn me up and down, damn me all you want," he said, doubling up his fists. "Keep it up, but don't come up to me with it."

Suddenly, back of him, the door opened and shut and Dennis de Brian de Boru Finnegan stood in the room.

"I say, Dink ——"

"Get out," said Stover furiously, seizing a pillow.

Finnegan precipitately retired and, placing the door between him and the danger, opened it slightly and inserted his freckled little nose.

"I say, Dink ——"

"Get out, I told you!" The pillow struck the door with a bang. "I won't have any one snooping around here!"

The next instant Dennis, resolved on martyrdom, stepped inside, saying:

"I say, old man, if it'll do you any good, take it out on me."

Stover, thus defied, stopped and said:

"Dennis, I don't want to talk about it."

"All right," said Dennis, sitting down.

"And I want to be alone."

"Correct," said Dennis, who didn't budge.

They sat in moody silence.

"Pretty tough," said Dennis at last.

Stover's answer was a grunt.

"You couldn't see it the way the umpire did, could you?"

"No, I couldn't."

"Pretty tough!"

"I suppose," said Dink finally, "the fellows are wild."

"A little—a little excited," said Dennis carefully. "It was tough—pretty tough!"

"You don't suppose I wanted that gang of muckers to win, do you?" said Stover.

"I know," said Dennis sympathetically.

The Tennessee Shad now returned from the wars, covered with mud and the more visible marks of the combat.

"Hello," he said gruffly.

"Hello," said Stover.

The Tennessee Shad went wearily to his corner and stripped for the bath.

"Well, say it," said Stover, who, in his agitation, had actually picked up a textbook and started to study. "Jump on me, why don't you?"

"I'm not going to jump on you," said the Tennessee Shad, who weakly pulled off the heavy shoes. "Only—well, you couldn't see it as the umpire did, could you?"

"No!!"

"What a day—what an awful day!"

Dennis de Brian de Boru Finnegan, with great tact, rose and hesitated:

"I'm going—I—I've got to get ready for supper," he said desperately. Then he went lamely over to Stover and held out his hand: "I know how you feel, old man, but—but—I'm glad you did it!"

Whereupon he disappeared in blushing precipitation.

Stover breathed hard and tried to bring his mind to the printed lesson. The Tennessee Shad, sighing audibly, continued his ablutions, dressed and sat down.

"Dink?"

"What?"

"Why did you do it?"

Then Stover, flinging down his book with an access of rage, cried out:

"Why? Because you all, every damn one of you, expected me to lie!"

. . . . . .

The next day Stover, who had firmly made up his mind to a sort of modified ostracism, was amazed to find that over night he had become a hero. By the next morning, the passion and the bitterness of the struggle having died away, the house looked at the matter in a calmer mood and one by one came to him and gripped his hand with halting, blurted words of apology or explanation.

Utterly unprepared for this development Stover all at once realized that he had won what neither courage nor wit had been able to bring him, the something he had always longed for without being able quite to name it—the respect of his fellows. He felt it in the looks that followed him as he went over to chapel, in the nodded recognition of Fifth Formers, who had never before noticed him, in The Roman himself, who flunked him without satire or aggravation.

Not yet knowing himself, his impulses or the strange things that lay dormant beneath the surface of his everyday life, Stover was a little ashamed, as though he did not deserve it all.

That afternoon as Dink was donning his football togs, preparing for practice, a knock came at the door which opened on a very much embarrassed delegation from the Woodhull—the Coffee-Colored Angel, Cheyenne Baxter and Tough McCarty.

"I say, is that you, Dink?" said the Coffee-Colored Angel.

"It is," said Stover, with as much dignity as the state of his wardrobe would permit.

"I say, we've come over from the Woodhull, you know," continued the Coffee-Colored Angel, who stopped after this bit of illuminating news.

"Well, what do you want?"

"I say, that's not just it; we're sent by the Woodhull I meant to say, and we want to say, we want you to know—how white we think it was of you!"

"Old man," said Cheyenne Baxter, "we want to thank you. What we want to tell you is how white we think it was of you!"

"You needn't thank me," said Stover gruffly, pulling his leg through the football trousers. "I didn't want to do it."

The delegation stood confused, wondering how to end the painful scene.

"It was awful white!" said the Coffee-Colored Angel, tying knots in his sweater.

"It certainly was," said Cheyenne.

As this brought them no further along the Coffee-Colored Angel exclaimed in alarm:

"I say, Dink, will you shake hands?"

Stover gravely extended his right.

Cheyenne next clung to it, blurting out:

"Say, Dink, I wish I could make you understand—just—just how white we think it was!"

The two rushed away leaving Tough McCarty to have his say. Both stood awkwardly, frightened before the possibility of a display of sentiment.

"Look here," said Tough firmly, and then he stopped, drew a long breath and continued: "Say, you and I have sort of formed up a sort of vendetta and all that sort of thing, haven't we?"

"Yes, we have."

"Now, I'm not going to call that off. I don't suppose you'd want it, either."

"No, I wouldn't!"

"We've got to have a good, old, slambang fight sooner or later, and then, perhaps, it'll be different. I'm not coming around asking you to be friends, or anything of that sort of rot, you know, but what I want you to know is this—is this—what I want you to understand is just how darned white that was of you!"

"All right," said Stover frigidly, because he was tremendously moved and in terror of showing it.

"That's not what I wanted to say," said Tough, frowning terrifically and kicking the floor. "I mean—I say, you know what I mean, don't you?"

"All right," said Stover gruffly.

"And I say," said Tough, remembering only one line of all he had come prepared to say, "if you'll let me, Stover, I should consider it an honor to shake your hand."

Dink gave his hand, trembling a little.

"Of course you understand," said Tough, who thought he understood Stover's silence; "of course we fight it out some day."

"All right," said Stover gruffly.

Tough McCarty went away. Dink, left alone, clad only in his voluminous football trousers, sat staring at the door, clasping his hands tensely between his knees, and something inside of him welled up, dangerously threatening his eyes—something feminine, to be choked down instantly.

He rose angrily, flung back his hair and filled his lungs. Then he stopped.

"What the deuce are they all making such a fuss for?" he said. "I only told the truth."

He struggled into his jersey, still trying to answer the problem. In his abstraction he drew a neat part in his hair before, perceiving the *faux pas*, he hurriedly obliterated the effete mark.

"I guess," he said, standing at the window still pondering over the new attitude toward himself—"I guess, after all, I don't know it all. Tough McCarty—well, I'll be darned!"

. . . . .

Saturday came all too quickly and with it the arrival of the stocky Andover eleven. Dink dressed and went slowly across the campus—every step seemed an effort. Everywhere was an air of seriousness and apprehension, strangely contrasted to the gay ferment that usually announced a big game. He felt a hundred eyes on him as he went and knew what was in every one's mind. What would happen when Ned Banks would have to retire and he, little Dink Stover, weighing one hundred and thirty-eight, would have to go forth and stand at the end of the line? And because Stover had learned the lesson of football, the sacrifice for an idea, he too felt not fear but a sort of despair that the hopes of the great school would have to rest upon him, little Dink Stover, who weighed only one hundred and thirty-eight.

He went quietly to the Upper, his eyes on the ground like a guilty man, picking his way through the crowds of Fifth Formers, who watched him pass with critical looks, and up the heavy stairs to Garry Cockrell's room, where the team sat quietly listening to the final instructions. He took his seat silently in an obscure corner, studying the stern faces about him, hearing nothing of Mr. Ware's staccato periods, his eyes irresistibly drawn to his captain, wondering how suddenly older he looked and grave.

By his side Ned Banks was listening stolidly and Charlie DeSoto, twisting a paper-weight in his nervous fingers, fidgeting on his chair with the longing for the fray.

"That's all," said the low voice of Garry Cockrell. "You know what you have to do. Go down to Charlie's room; I want a few words with Stover."

They went sternly and quickly, Mr. Ware with them. Dink was alone, standing stiff and straight, his heart thumping violently, waiting for his captain to speak.

"How do you feel?"

"I'm ready, sir."

"I don't know when you'll get in the game—probably before the first half is over," said Cockrell slowly. "We're going to put up to you a pretty hard proposition, youngster." He came nearer, laying his hand on Stover's shoulder. "I'm not going to talk nerve to you, young bulldog; I don't need to. I've watched you and I know the stuff that's in you."

"Thank you, sir."

"Not but what you'll need it—more than you've ever needed it before. You've no right in this game."

"I know it, sir."

"Tough McCarty won't be able to help you out much. He's got the toughest man in the line. Everything's coming at you, my boy, and you've got to stand it off, somehow. Now, listen once more. It's a game for the long head, for the cool head. You've got to think quicker, you've got to outthink every man on the field, and you can do it. And remember this: No matter what happens, never let up—get your man back of the line if you can, get him twenty-five yards beyond you, get him on the one-yard line—but get him!"

"Yes, sir."

"And now one thing more. There's all sorts of ways you can play the game. You can charge in like a bull and kill yourself off in ten minutes, but that won't do. You can go in and make grandstand plays and get carried off the field, but that won't do. My boy, you've got to last out the game!"

"I see, sir."

"Remember there's a bigger thing than yourself you're fighting for, Stover—it's the school, the old school. Now, when you're on the side-lines don't lose any time; watch your men, find out their tricks, see if they look up or change their footing when they start for an end run. Everything is going to count. Now, come on."

They joined the eleven below and presently, in a compact body, went out and through Memorial and the Chapel, where suddenly the field appeared and a great roar went up from the school.

"All ready," said the captain.

They broke into a trot and swept up to the cheering mass. Dink remembered seeing the Tennessee Shad, in his shirt-sleeves, frantically leading the school and thinking how funny he looked. Then some one pulled a blanket over him and he was camped among the substitutes, peering out at the gridiron where already the two elevens were sweeping back and forth in vigorous signal drill.

He looked eagerly at the Andover eleven. They were big, rangy fellows and their team worked with a precision and machine-like rush that the red and black team did not have.

"Trouble with us is," said the voice of Fatty Harris, at his elbow, "our team's never gotten together. The fellows would rather slug each other than the enemy."

"Gee, that fellow at tackle is a monster," said Dink, picking out McCarty's opponent.

"Look at Turkey Reiter and the Waladoo Bird," continued Fatty Harris. "Bad blood! And there's Tough McCarty and King Lentz. We're not together, I tell you! We're hanging apart!"

"Lord, will they ever begin!" said Dink, blowing on his hands that had suddenly gone limp and clammy.

"We've won the toss," said another voice. "There's a big wind; we'll take sides."

"Andover's kick-off," said Fatty Harris.

Stover sunk his head in his blanket, waiting for the awful moment to end. Then a whistle piped and he raised his head again. The ball had landed short, into the arms of Butcher Stevens, who plunged ahead for a slight gain and went down under a shock of blue jerseys.

Stover felt the warm blood return, the sinking feeling in the pit of his stomach left him; he felt amazed, a great calm settling over him, as though he had jumped from out his own body. "If Flash Condit can once get loose," he said quietly, "he'll score. They ought to try a dash past tackle before the others warm up. Good work!"

As if in obedience to his thought Flash Condit came rushing through the line, between end and tackle, but the Andover left halfback, who was alert, caught him and brought him to the ground after a gain of ten yards.

"Pretty fast, that chap," thought Dink. "Too bad. Flash was almost clear."

"Who tackled him?" asked Fatty Harris.

"Goodhue," came the answer from somewhere. "They say he runs the hundred in ten and a fifth."

The next try was not so fortunate, the blue line charged quicker and stopped Cheyenne Baxter without a gain. Charlie DeSoto tried a quarterback run and some one broke through between the Waladoo Bird and Turkey Reiter.

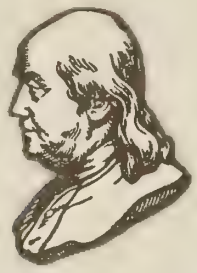
"Not together—not together," said the dismal voice of Fatty Harris.

The signal was given for a punt and the ball lifted in the air went soaring down the field on the force of the wind. It was too long a punt for the ends to cover, and the Andover back with a good start came twisting

(Continued on Page 52)

"Just a Little Wind Knocked Out, Youngster—Coming To?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 21, 1910

An Eighty-Per-Cent Waste

ABOUT a year ago Minnesota appointed a committee to study the subject of compensation for personal injuries resulting from industrial accidents. By a search of court records of Hennepin County, in which Minneapolis is situated, the committee discovered that the sum which the people of the county pay out yearly in court costs accruing from the trial of personal-damage cases exceeds the sum of all the verdicts recovered by the plaintiffs in such cases. By paying the damages out of their own pockets, without litigation, taxpayers could have saved money. And rather less than half the amount of the damages named in the verdicts actually reaches the injured persons or their dependents. Contingent-fee lawyers and trial costs absorb the remainder.

Official reports show that employers pay certain insurance companies about twenty million dollars a year to assume the liability for personal damages arising from accidents in their establishments, while in settlement of claims the companies pay out a little less than half as much. The remainder goes for expenses of litigation, and so on.

Based on Minneapolis' experience, and remembering that the insurance companies do not cover the whole industrial field, we may say that to meet claims for damages arising from accidents to workmen employers pay out twenty million dollars a year; to cover the court costs of trying the damage suits taxpayers contribute ten millions more, making thirty millions, while the victims of the accidents actually receive about five millions—a sheer waste amounting to eighty per cent.

The unconscionable waste—no less than its monstrous injustice—is condemning the present litigious, contingent-fee system in the minds of all thoughtful persons. New York, Wisconsin and Illinois, following Minnesota's lead, have appointed committees to study the subject and devise an intelligent, just method of dealing with it.

Hale and Aldrich vs. Radicals

AN IMMENSELY respectable contemporary, especially devoted to Wall Street interests, reconciles itself to the retirement of Senators Aldrich and Hale with the following luminous observation: "The two men have been conservative by training and temperament; but the truth is that, except in the matter of tariff legislation, they, too, some time ago, fell a prey to radicalism." By voting for the corporation tax and the Hepburn railroad-rate bill the young firebrands from Maine and Rhode Island gave indubitable proof, our contemporary thinks, of having lapsed into a political state hardly more dependable, from a truly conservative standpoint, than that of the new mayor of Milwaukee.

We imagine a moment of embarrassment on the part of Cummins, La Follette and the other insurgents as these two radical recruits are thus introduced to them. But it may set them to reflecting that no political party nowadays—with the possible exception of the Socialists—is satisfactory to any of its members. That a large and powerful element, traditionally Republican, is thoroughly disgusted with the major performances of that party during the last six or seven years—excepting the new tariff act—everybody knows. To this element pretty much everything bearing the Roosevelt trademark is nauseous. That another traditionally Republican element, even larger and more powerful, is disgusted with the party's most recent performances, especially the new tariff act, is also well known. A large section of the Democratic party holds its nose at Parker and Belmont. Another large section holds its nose at Bryan.

A new party alignment, that would really mean something, has long seemed desirable—and whenever Uncle Joe or Attorney-General Wickersham shoos the insurgents toward the door we see a gleam of hope.

The Clerk Who Isn't Young

HERE is a man forty-six years of age, diligent and skillful at his trade, but somewhat round-shouldered from bending over a desk for twenty-seven years. He wears spectacles, for the day-long glare of artificial light on white paper is trying to the eyes; he has a good many gray hairs, owing possibly to lack of fresh air and exercise. His corporate employer—a large concern affiliated with railroad interests—went out of business two months ago. The clerk has been industriously seeking a job ever since, but finds his gray hair, spectacles and round shoulders an insuperable bar; he might about as well go into an office bearing signs of leprosy. The answer always is:

"You're too old; we hire only young clerks and let them work up."

Mealtime comes around just as though he were only twenty-one. Food is rather dear nowadays. He might move into one back room of a tenement and save a little on rent; but he hates to because his wife is in poor health. The small savings account rapidly nears the vanishing point. If it reaches that point, and he is still "too old," what next?

No powerful charitable organization has "surveyed" him—partly, perhaps, because he is an American, tolerably educated, keeps his clothes neatly brushed and has nothing picturesque about him.

Of course, the savings account should have been larger. He was improvident in his years of comparative affluence; sometimes took his wife to the theater, bought a book or had a few friends in to dinner. In this way—and in paying for food, rent and clothing—his eighty-five dollars a month was mostly dissipated. The trouble was exactly that he was an American, tolerably educated and prejudiced in favor of decent living.

He is, probably, the most pathetic figure in the country; a type of the worst-exploited and most helpless class—the city clerk. It is time to "survey" him.

Competition and Telephones

IN FEW American cities is there now any competition in water supply, street-car service, gas or electric lighting. As to those prime necessities of urban life experience has shown that better results may be obtained from a strictly regulated monopoly than from competition. For the same reasons we expect that the newest urban necessity, the telephone, will eventually, in almost all cities, become a regulated monopoly also.

This is what we meant by some comments on competition in the telephone business which have provoked many rejoinders. From a dozen or more states we are assured that installation of competitive systems in cities has been followed by decided reduction in telephone charges; that frequently the second or competitive company has many more subscribers than the original company; that to independent companies is due, in large measure, the development of telephoning in rural districts.

This we do not doubt. Our point is simply that to set up a competitive system for the purpose of securing lower rates and better service is less economical in the long run than to compel the existing system to give lower rates and better service. No one, we suppose, would think of denying the benefits of competition as against an unregulated monopoly. But we need not be reduced to a choice between those alternatives. In certain fields we can, if we insist upon it, have the benefits that would result from competition and the economic efficiency of monopoly, too. Whether the Bell concern should ultimately swallow the independents, or the independents the Bell, or each the other, does not, of course, concern us. Possibly the services of the independents in spreading the use of the telephone and inducing lower rates have been about as valuable to the country as the original invention upon which the Bell concern was founded; but that much waste is involved in two competing, partly duplicate plants within the same district seems clear.

Grand Opera and Plain Sewing

AN EASIER feeling prevails in Wall Street. Since April 28, we learn from inside sources, the mighty houses of J. P. Morgan & Co. and Kuhn, Loeb & Co. have been viewing the future with heightened confidence. The senior member of the former and a junior member of the latter, it is well known, are leading spirits in the Metropolitan Opera House, and on the date mentioned Oscar Hammerstein announced his withdrawal from the operatic field. Being thus relieved from the grueling necessity of bidding against Mr. Hammerstein for fancy tenors and sopranos, Messrs. Morgan and Kuhn will face their humbler tasks of meeting the financial needs of the New York Central, Union Pacific and a dozen other railroads with comparative serenity.

Mr. Hammerstein's withdrawal proves anew that grand opera at five dollars a seat and tolerably full houses cannot pay its own way. Everywhere in the world it must be endowed because the singers cost so much. It seems also to prove that raising the price to six dollars and filling the house still fuller would do no good, because then, under competitive bidding by the different managements, the singers would cost still more.

It is quite clear, however, that if all the endowments were withdrawn the price of singers would fall proportionately and grand opera would stand on its own beautiful legs. The staple activity of the operatic press agent, in striking contrast to the present fashion, would consist in the outgiving of such items as these:

"Caruso, the world's greatest tenor, gets forty dollars a week and gives private lessons in drawing."

"Miss Garden takes in plain sewing on her off days to help pay the room-rent."

The best seats, probably, would cost a dollar and a half. We wonder whether grand opera would then be a less or a greater vital influence among us than it is today.

The Real Income-Tax Objection

A LEARNED lawyer defends oral arguments before the Supreme Court on the ground that scarcely any advocate has the nerve to stand up bodily before the court, looking it in the eye, and repeat the balderdash that he puts into his printed brief after he has put in the points upon which he actually relies. Orally, that is, he really argues.

This connection between legal print and balderdash is naturally brought to mind by the brief against the proposed income-tax amendment to the Federal Constitution which several distinguished attorneys have submitted to the New York Legislature. To let the Federal Government levy an income tax, without apportioning it among the several states according to population, might, they affirm, lead to great oppression of the richer states by the poorer—because the richer states would then have to pay Federal taxes not according to their population but according to their wealth, and a man in New York, worth three times as much as a man in Iowa, would have to pay three times as much taxes!

This, naturally, would be very disagreeable to the man in New York, and that is the gist of the objection to the income-tax amendment.

Governor Hughes' objection that the Federal Government might cripple the borrowing power of the states by taxing incomes derived from state bonds is more candid, but hardly more formidable. That the central Government should seek to destroy the states is unimaginable; and in any event it could accomplish that purpose only by the votes of the people who compose the states. Sometime ago New York State was able to borrow at three per cent. She now pays four. This addition of one per cent, borne with ease, is equal to an income tax of twenty-five per cent—a rate which also is unimaginable.

The Fruit-Crop Loss

OVER five million acres in the United States are planted to fruit, yielding their owners an annual income upward of a hundred and fifty million dollars. But this year the income from many thousands of acres will be small, and from other acres nothing at all.

Freezing weather over the whole central portion of the country, continuing two or three days, late in April, after an extraordinarily warm and forward spring, might make one temporarily discard the whole category of modern agricultural science and turn back to the Book of Ecclesiastes for images sufficiently powerful and gloomy to express his thoughts. The most approved methods of combating blight, scale and rot lose interest when fruit farmers, over immense regions, see a temperature below thirty descend upon trees and vines that are loaded with tender buds.

Devastation by fire, flood or earthquake, and those catastrophes that happen in Wall Street, have at least something dramatic about them. The victims have the consolation of being overwhelmed to a proper theatrical accompaniment of sound and fury. But killing frost descends in the most casual, matter-of-course way, as though it were nothing out of the ordinary. The farmer, so to speak, has to take his medicine in dead silence.

In few industries has there been a greater expansion of late years than in fruit, and in none has expansion on the whole been more desirable. Good and cheap fruit is better to have than the biggest battleship. It seems rather unfair, in a broad view, that many thousand Middle-Western fruit farmers, who have helped to give us good and cheap fruit, must stick mostly to potatoes this year.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

The Foe of the Beauty Parlor

MARK this well: so long as Robert Bruce Macon, of Arkansas, is on the job and can raise his good right hand and his good left voice in protest, none of this Government's money shall be squandered in building palaces abroad for our ambassadors and such, nor shall any commissioner, sent over there, take any joy rides on the Appian Way or get any haircuts, shaves, shampoos or shines at the expense of the proletariat.

Robert Bruce Macon is the Watchdog of the Haircuts and the Shines in the House of Representatives. Just let some junketer try to put over an expense bill containing items for laundry or headache powder or automobiles and see what happens. Robert Bruce will go into action valiantly. Why patronize a manicure, he will inquire, when one has a barlow in his jeans? Why visit a chiropodist when the family razor is always at hand?

It annoys Robert, as well it may, to see a statesman, sent across to look into the question of immigration, turn his thoughts to irrigation, from time to time, and try to get the Government to pay the checks for the fluid he uses in irrigating. Nor will he stand for any shampoos or massages or other methods or mediums of personal beautification—no matter how shy the statesman may be on beauty—which most statesmen are—when the same are included in the report made showing the disposition of the appropriation. You can have your head shampooed until it is rubbed up to point, if you choose, says Robert Bruce, at your own expense; but when it comes to using Government money for the process I balk. Whereupon Robert Bruce acquires merit in the eyes of discerning taxpayers.

Robert Bruce Macon is a stingy man when it comes to furnishing personal details to an inquiring world. All he permits the great, curious, pulsing public to know about himself, in his official biography, is that he lives in Helena, Arkansas, and has been elected to Congress four times. He even conceals the name of the misguided Republican who ran against him last time, being content to refer to him as his "opponent." Still, he cannot hide himself from fame in that manner. It is now time to drag him out into the open and hold him up to the admiring view of his countrymen.

When the House was debating the Rivers and Harbors bill, which not only helps the harbors but, usually, harbors a lot of help for the gentlemen who need it in their districts in the shape of pork, Hampie Moore, the rising young orator from Philadelphia—that is, he always is rising—was heartless enough to make some crack about the absence of the watchdogs of the Treasury when the appropriations for streams and harbors in the South were considered. Now Hampie named no names, but he looked hard at Robert Bruce Macon.

Never a Bark Out of Season

PRESENTLY Robert Bruce got in, through the time-honored medium of moving to strike out the last word, which provided him with a minute or two for explosion. He said, taking Hampie's allusion to himself, that he wanted it understood he is for river and harbor appropriations, and public buildings and all such, for they improve the country, and that he abhors the word sectionalism and knows no North, no South, no East and no West. But—and here the percussion was most rapid—when it comes to wine-junkets and military roads in Alaska he is against them to the last drop of blood in his militant, although somewhat spare, body. And, by the same token, there were a few things included in the bill for the Arkansas River.

However, that means nothing, except that the appropriations were there. The point is that being a watchdog Robert Bruce knows when to be a watchdog. You'll never find him baying or barking, or growling even, when it comes to improving waterways, especially when the Southern section is under consideration, he knowing no North and no South; nor will he make a fuss when it comes to public buildings and other appurtenances that can be used in his district. These are all for the upbuilding of the country, and there should be no sections, no sectionalism—nor any discrimination against the Arkansas River, by the way.

What Robert Bruce Macon is opposed to is this plan for building houses for American ambassadors, for example, so that men sent abroad to represent this country may be other than millionaires and not obliged to live in hall bedrooms, but shall be somewhat as well housed and provided for as the men they meet in their corps and the men with whom they must do business. There was a bill appropriating money to buy or build suitable residences for our ambassadors at various capitals, the sum set aside for each building to be five hundred thousand dollars.

PHOTO. BY CLINEDINST, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Watchdog of the Expense Accounts

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

When this came along you can imagine that Robert Bruce Macon was right there to greet and beat it. He was, and he did both. He moved an amendment to strike out the enacting clause of the bill, and he said: "It has been clearly shown that it is the intention of a few members of this House, backed up by outside influence, to build castles abroad in which servants of the people of this country are supposed to live. Sir, think of the toiling masses of this country—the man who follows the plow, the man who digs with the pick, the sewing woman who wears her life away in some garret den trying to eke out a living with her needle—being called upon to pay their proportionate share of the taxes of this Government, their proportionate share of the amount of money to be put into these buildings that are to cost five hundred thousand dollars apiece—castles, as I said a while ago, for servants of the American people to live in."

You see, Robert Bruce Macon has an acute appreciation of the temper of the people back home. What they want is river and harbor appropriations and public buildings and all such, and they do not care a hoot whether American ambassadors live in tents or sleep in the parks. Likewise, every time Robert Bruce goes to bat on an item of that sort he endears himself progressively to his people, and he knows it.

Once upon a time there was a man who lived in Washington, wore good clothes, patronized the best restaurants, apparently had money, but never was known to do a stroke of work. "How do you do it?" some one asked.

"Why," he replied, "I make it a practice to ask every man I meet, who looks as if he had it, to lend me ten dollars."

"But do you get it?"

"Well, I get it a good many more times than I would if I didn't ask."

The application of that story, so far as Robert Bruce is concerned, is that in watchdogging the Treasury as he does he lands things that redound to his glory and credit at home a good many more times than he would if he kept quiet. Occasionally he finds something. There was that time when he dug up the expense bills of the Immigration Commission and found out about the accounts that included automobile rides and carriage rides and other things such as tips, hotel bills, telegrams, wines, whiskies, mineral waters, lemonades, pills, citrons, cleaning and pressing clothes, shaves, shines, haircuts, shampoos and rubs. He found that the auditor had refused to allow the shines, shaves, haircuts and rubs, and the way he tore into that Commission and those bills was a caution. Young Mr. Bennet—one "t"—of New York, who was a member of the Commission, tried to answer Robert Bruce, and Robert took another session at it and made hash of young Mr. Bennet and the Commission, with much laughter on the part of the House. He had a high old time doing it.

That was one time when Robert Bruce, attending to his job of watchdogging and doing all kinds of plain and fancy guarding of the Treasury, when the State of Arkansas was not in question, struck twelve. He had a sympathetic House with him. And it seems a great pity that his was not the good fortune to have a whack at that item providing for a masseur for the baths in the Senate Office Building, wherein certain aged statesmen are prone to have themselves rubbed together each morning. Senator Bristow, of Kansas, attended to that before it reached the House, but if Robert Bruce Macon had had a chance you would have heard a few remarks about taxing the man with the hoe for a senatorial masseur that would have echoed down the ages and through the First District of Arkansas.

Even With the World

HENRY B. CHAMBERLIN, editor of The Voter, tells a story about Robert G. Ingersoll, told to him by former Senator Mason.

"How are you?" a friend asked Ingersoll.

"Oh," Ingersoll replied, "I'm about even with the world."

"How's that?"

"I figure that I owe as many people as I don't owe."

Temptation in Their Path

THE Kansas statehouse was rebuilt and enlarged when the Populists were in power. They constructed three big wings and, with every suite of offices in the building, put in ornate bathrooms, so the Kansas statehouse is probably the only building of its kind in the world where every state officer has a private bathroom. The Pops bought the best porcelain tubs and nickel-plated trimmings, and they were very proud.

"By gosh!" said one of them, when the work was done, "we'll show them people in the East that we know a few things out here in Kansas. Talk about a place having only one bathroom! This here statehouse has got a dozen, and some day, like as not, some of these here officials may take a bath in one of them."

Carbon Cased

SENATOR ELKINS, of West Virginia, let out a terrible roar when the coal schedule was up for discussion during the debate on the Tariff bill in the Senate.

A guide was showing some visitors through the Capitol. He took them to a Senate gallery and pointed out the celebrities. "That's Senator Elkins," he said. "He's an insurgent just at present."

"Insurgent?" said one of the visitors incredulously. "I supposed him a hide-bound Republican."

"Nope," answered the guide with great distinctness, "not hide-bound—coal-bound."

Bound to be Saved

SENATOR TAYLOR, of Tennessee, when he was Governor pardoned more men and boys from the prisons than any Governor the state has had before or since. He came to be known to the public as "Pardoning Bob."

There was a camp-meeting in one of the back counties, and an old man who had a bad local record was on the verge of conviction.

"Do it now," urged the evangelist. "Go forward now!"

The old rascal hesitated.

"Now!" shouted the evangelist. "Go forward now! The Lord will pardon your sins."

"I guess He will," sobbed the old man as he rose from his seat. "If He won't, Bob Taylor will."

The Motive for Moving

A MAN from Indiana moved out and homesteaded a quarter-section in the West.

"Friend," said a man who had a ranch hard by, "where'd you come from?"

"From Indiana."

"How was it you left that well-settled and fertile state to come 'way out here on these prairies?"

"Why," said the newcomer, "they got to slanderin' me back there somethin' frightful, sayin' all sorts of mean things about me, and I jist concluded to move."

"But why didn't you make them prove them slanders?"

"They did."

Yours truly
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PORK AND BEANS
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Your Grocer knows. Ask Him.

The Senator's Secretary

THE various paths leading into the High Grass and the Tall Timber are all cluttered up with Republican statesmen fleeing from the wrath to come.

Scarcely a day goes by without its announcement that ill health, or a desire to round out a life in the comfort of home, or business interests, or family ties, or a desire for travel, or some other excuse, makes it imperative that the undersigned servant of the people shall not again present himself for their suffrages, but rather shall retire to private life at the end of his present term, full of years, honors and a grouch, not unmindful of the flattering support that has been given to him, but inflexibly determined to separate himself from the payroll, however much it may grieve his constituents—and himself.

It is almost epidemic, this renunciation of public life by these gnarled and knotty old statesmen who have been guiding the ship of state for these many years. They are stern in their resolves. Having once determined on their future courses they can listen to no detaining word. It is all settled. They have decided and they will quit. It may be the country will go to smash, but they cannot help that. They have served long and faithfully, and they deserve a few years of repose and quiet before the last summons comes. Also, most of them would get said repose and quiet, anyhow, but of course no such ribald conclusion was a factor in determining their momentous acts.

Are they afraid they might not be returned? Oh, perish the thought! How could any constituency be unkind, unpatriotic, unintelligent enough to refuse these men reëlection so long as it was desired? How could it? Answer: I do not know, but most constituencies could. Anyhow, they are quitting, getting out, skedaddling. Most of them can see what is coming. But none of them will admit he can, or has. That is left for others to do, so I admit it for them all.

There are thirty Senators whose terms expire next March and who must be returned or rejected by legislatures to be elected this fall at the general elections. Twenty-four of these are Republicans and the list, until the renunciations of Aldrich and Hale, contained their names and those of Bulkeley, Beveridge, Burkett, Burrows, Carter, Clapp, Clark, of Wyoming, Depew, Dick, DuPont, Kean, La Follette, Lodge, McCumber, Nixon, Oliver, Page, Scott, Sutherland and Warner. Flint and Piles have announced they will not run. So have Aldrich and Hale. Others may make this announcement before this is printed. Flint and Piles made their announcements long ago. Aldrich and Hale came to bat in an affecting brothers' act not so long ago. Some of these Senators will have hard sledding to get back at all, and they know it. Others will be reasonably secure unless the landslide comes, and it is the opinion of many observers that the landslide is on the way.

Many a Slip 'Twixt Now and Election

Every member of the House who is a candidate for return must go before his constituents this fall. A large number of Republicans in the present House have already announced they will not run, giving various excuses. Many others have great difficulties at home. Some will have comparatively easy times. Still, they will all know they have been in fights before they get back, and there never was a more nervous set of politicians, a more shivery bunch of statesmen in this country, than those who are trying to get through this session of Congress and get home to tell the folks they are all right and to ask for support.

The most sensational retirements were those of Hale and Aldrich, admittedly the leaders on the Republican side—that is, Aldrich is the leader and Hale his first lieutenant. Now, two years ago Aldrich said he would retire, but nobody took him seriously and not too many people take him seriously now. Of course, I do not mean to say that Mr. Aldrich is not serious in his announcement that he intends to retire, or that he is not in good faith in making it, but I do mean to say that there are many people who are skeptical. It has come to pass in this country that the two great issues on which the insurgent movement rests are Aldrichism and Cannonism, the two comprising the third and greater issue of dissatisfaction with the tariff, because whatever dissatisfaction there may be with the tariff is due solely to Aldrich and Cannon, they having made the tariff. Cannonism has been eliminated partially by the overthrow of the Speaker and by the well-sensed opinion that he will never be a candidate for Speaker again. Indeed, it may be that he will not serve out his term as Speaker, for if he taunts the insurgents many times more about not having courage enough to remove him they may take his dare and show him. That may come, or it may not. If it does it is likely to come when legislation cannot be affected by the delay in electing a new Speaker.

Aldrichism is more vital than Cannonism as an issue of protest. The people held Aldrich to be the captain-general of the forces that represent the interests, and they intended to punish those who served under Aldrich even if they might not be able to get at Aldrich himself. The removal of Mr. Aldrich does not remove the issue of Aldrichism. It merely removes the leader of the people who stand for Aldrichism and help to make it effective. If Mr. Aldrich does go out of the Senate and the Republicans continue in power there through election or return of enough of the men who are going out next March, does any person think there will be any less Aldrichism—so called—in the Senate than there is now if the regulars can prevent it? Crane and Carter and Penrose and Warren and others will try to be the leaders, if they can maintain themselves. They are all Aldrich men.

After Aldrich, What?

Moreover, Aldrich reached over to the House and controlled Cannon. It is likely there will be an end to that, no matter what happens; but the scotching of Cannon and the retirement of Aldrich will not compensate, in the minds of the people, for the long years they have been in power and the things they have done while in power, which typify Aldrichism and Cannonism and against which the protest has arisen. Cannon was shorn of a part of his power, not by the men who helped him in the House, but by the men, a minority of the majority, who objected to his methods. There is no credit due the men who have stood by Cannon and belong to his machine. They are just as responsible now as they were before the insurgents, by combining with the Democrats, took Cannon off the Committee on Rules.

Thus the politics of the retirement of Aldrich and the assertion that Cannon has been eliminated, partially at least, is merely face-saving and personal, and nothing more. It will enable the candidates for reëlection to use the argument that these things are things of the past, and to point to Aldrich as out and to Cannon as down, and urge party regularity and standing by the organization. Furthermore, it is the intention of the President to take a hand and do some tariff talking in an effort to stem the tide. The President of the United States occupies a great office. He is a Republican. When he asks the Republican party to rally to his support and to the support of the men in the Senate and the House it will have a certain weight. Still, even the knowledge of that did not keep Aldrich and Hale in the struggle.

Likely as not, the retirement of Aldrich was made with a political advantage in view—that is, a party advantage. The retirement of Hale was purely personal. Aldrich is a smart man. He may have thought that by eliminating himself now it would help a lot in the broad, general sense all over the country. It may be, also, that he has intended to retire ever since he made his preliminary announcement two years ago. It is impossible to tell what the inner thoughts of a boss are, but if he did have those thoughts they were completely inner, for no later then the first week in April nobody in Aldrich's machine in Rhode Island knew he was going to retire, with the possible exception of Brayton, and he said nothing about it. The plan then was to send Aldrich back, and his supporters were working actively and knew nothing of what he intended to do. They had no word that Aldrich would get

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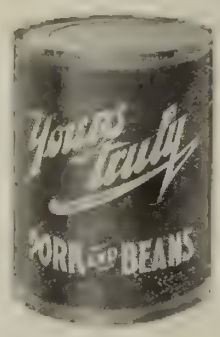

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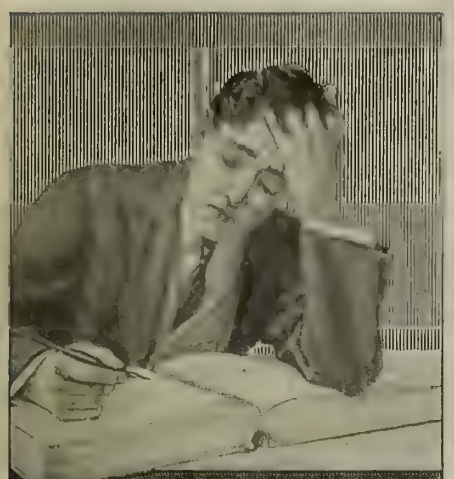


Fagged

Why is the office-worker more tired by mid-afternoon than the out-door man doing ten times more strenuous work?

Lack of pure air—that, and nothing else.

The average business office is poisonous with Carbonic Acid Gas exhaled from the lungs, and good work cannot be done in that deadening atmosphere.

Sturtevant

READY-TO-RUN

Ventilating Set

completely changes the air in ordinary sized rooms or offices every ten to twenty minutes. To a marked degree it *increases* the efficiency and comfort of workers, and *decreases* sick-leave. It gives positive ventilation in all weather conditions, either exhausting the dead air from a room or blowing in fresh air, which both *cools* and *ventilates*. Open windows do not ventilate unless there is a breeze. Desk and ceiling fans do not ventilate, they simply stir up the stagnant air and disease germs and make you feel a little cooler.

The STURTEVANT SET is suitable for offices, telephone booths, toilet rooms, kitchens, closets, smoking rooms, boat cabins, etc. In bedrooms it gives *all* the benefit of outdoor sleeping. Occupies half the space of a typewriter. Easily moved, runs from electric fixture, costs very little to operate.

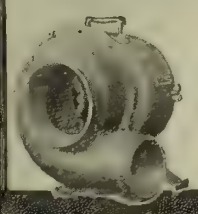
Size A, $35; B, $45; C, $55; delivered in U. S.

Send for booklet P-53. It tells facts you should know about *real ventilation*.

Trade terms to Electrical Contractors, Hardware Dealers and Power Companies

B. F. STURTEVANT COMPANY
Hyde Park, Mass.

BRANCH OFFICES:
50 Church St., New York; 135 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia; 329 W. 3rd St., Cincinnati; 300 Fullerton Bldg., St. Louis; 530 S. Clinton St., Chicago; 711 Park Bldg., Pittsburg; 1006 Wash. Loan & Trust Bldg., Washington, D. C.; 34 Oliver St., Boston; 529 Metropolitan Bldg., Minneapolis; 423 Schofield Bldg., Cleveland; 1108 Granite Bldg., Rochester; 326 Hennen Bldg., New Orleans; 36 Pearl St., Hartford.



MENNEN'S
BORATED TALCUM
TOILET POWDER

Superior to all other powders in softness, smoothness and delicacy. Protects the skin from wind and sun. Prevents chafing and skin irritations. The most comforting and healing of all toilet powders.

Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder is as necessary for Mother's baby as for Baby's mother.

It contains no starch, rice powder or other irritants found in ordinary toilet powders. Dealers make a larger profit by selling substitutes. Insist on Mennen's. Sample Box for 2c Stamp. Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.

out. Indeed, the word they had was that Aldrich must be elected at all hazards.

In view of this information it is hard to look on the announcement as other than political, nor does that imply a single imputation against Mr. Aldrich. He has been the packhorse as well as the leader in legislation in the Senate for many years. It is likely he is tired. It is likely he wants to quit and have some fun. It is likely he is entirely honest in his present desire to get out and in his statement that he intends to get out; but it is a long time until the Rhode Island Legislature meets to elect a successor to Mr. Aldrich, and a lot of things can happen in politics between now and January, including one very important thing—and that is a general election next November. And, by the same token, Mr. Aldrich has never been known to refuse to play politics.

The case of Hale is different. He quits because he is a sour, disgruntled old man who expected to be given the Senatorship again on a silver platter, and found, instead, that he would have to fight for it. He is an expert and useful legislator, but his going will not be of any particular harm to his party or to the Senate, either.

There has been a great deal of discussion as to what will happen in the Senate if Aldrich and Hale do quit. What will happen, in that case, will be only what will inevitably happen if both should stay. It will mean a shoving forward of a new control of the Senate. If Aldrich should remain in the Senate another six years he might continue in his leadership, with a Republican majority, for two or three years, but no longer. The progressive sentiment in the Senate of the United States is growing rapidly. The so-called insurgent spirit is developing every day. The time is almost here when New England will cease directing the destinies of the Senate and the destinies of the United States and when men from the West and the Middle West will take the control themselves.

A Revolution to Chase

It may be that Aldrich has seen this and that it is another reason for his retirement. If he has not seen it he is singularly deficient in those powers of observation and analysis for which he is famous. There has been a shift in the Senate in the past four or five years that has steadily encroached on the power of the leader. That shift continues and will continue. The elections this fall will send new men, in some instances, to the Senate, who, though not experienced in legislation, will be in thorough sympathy with the men who are called the progressives and who will act with them. This may not be true in all instances, but it will be true in some. With the nucleus now there, the changes in the present membership that will inevitably come, and the recruits, there is no question that the domination of the old crowd will soon be at an end and that the new crowd will be in the saddles.

It cannot be that Mr. Aldrich and Mr. Hale and the others who are not to be candidates again—they say—have only just come to a full appreciation of this fact, and a full appreciation of the further fact that what is happening in the Senate merely types what is happening in the country. No man who deserves the name of politician can be insensible to the spirit of unrest, of protest, of desire for new methods and new men that exists throughout the country. Like as not the men who are running before it are wise. They are not a part of it and cannot be. They might as well quit as be thrown out. Better, probably, so far as personal comfort is concerned.

It is more than an uprising in this country. It is a political revolution that is coming. And the old-timers, the men who have been in control for years, are standing about and discussing affrightedly measures for heading it off. They cannot head it off. It is past them. Perhaps some of them can catch it, if they hurry—some, but not many.

The Merchant Tailor Studies You

When you order a suit from a Merchant Tailor you become the *individual study* of a creative artist. Your *person* must not only be suited but your clothes must harmonize with your *personality*.

The suit made for you by a Merchant Tailor is a study in "good taste." It has style that is *correct* without being extreme or erratic. It has been made for *you*. It is characteristic of *yourself*.

A good tailor never makes two suits alike.

Every customer that comes to him has a different individuality. He seeks to fit each *individuality* as well as each *figure*.

Only in garments shaped to your figure—adapted to your personality—made from materials becoming to *you*, can you get the distinction and dignity which mark the *Merchant Tailored man*.

Merchant Tailor clothes are an *investment* well worth the cost. Apart from the *improvement* they make in your appearance, they retain their *shape* and their *style* as long as the garments are worn.

S. Stein & Co. Woolens

Ask your tailor to show you S. Stein & Co. Specials. Note the exclusive character of the patterns. Observe the richness and beauty of the colorings. Feel the perfect quality of the cloths.

Woolens bearing our tag with the word "Special" are designed by us solely for Merchant Tailors. This tag is your guarantee of *exclusive* patterns, absolutely pure wool, and fast colors.

The Protection of a Name

For 46 years leading tailors have recognized woolens bearing the name S. Stein & Co. as being the highest attainable standard of quality.

Our buyers are practical woolen experts. Every year they get the pick of the most famous woolen mills of America, England, Scotland and Ireland.

You can always identify S. Stein & Co.'s woolens by the tag with our monogram "SS&CO." on the Coat of Arms. On our *exclusive patterns* the tag carries the word "Special."

S. STEIN & CO.
Fifth Ave. and 18th St., New York

YOU needn't go to the country for that "right-out-of-the-garden" flavor.

You get all this in Campbell's Soups as truly as if you had just picked the vegetables yourself. We use only the choicest that grow. And we put them up immediately, so that we retain all their original freshness and flavor. Our tomatoes, for example, are growing on the vines at sunrise. And before noon they are made into

Campbell's Tomato Soup

Being hermetically sealed, and sterilized by heat alone, this soup keeps indefinitely. It provides you with an instantly-ready dish; spicy and invigorating; always delightful, and specially seasonable for a spring-time menu.

No matter where you live nor what you pay, you cannot obtain a finer and daintier soup; nor one richer in tonic value and pure nourishment.

All Campbell's Soups are sold with the unconditional guarantee of "money back if not satisfied." Could there be a higher recommendation than that?

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken Gumbo	Pea
Okra	Pepper Pot
Clam Bouillon	Printanier
Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consommé	Tomato Okra Vegetable
Vermicelli-Tomato	

Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

Look for the red-and-white label

Shall we send you Campbell's useful Menu Book, free?

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
Camden N J

Stop the swing! I hear them ring!
I hear the kettle humming!
I wouldn't wait for anything
When *Campbell's Soup* is coming.

Sense and Nonsense

Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¢ The song of the taxicab is long meter.

¢ If you want to be lonesome be prompt.

¢ The fool and his chorus girl are soon parted.

¢ Often the longest way between two points is a lawyer.

¢ Killing time is the easy way of becoming a dead one.

¢ The happiest place on earth is the better side of a bargain.

¢ The Lord made woman, but He is not responsible for her hat.

¢ When the egotist confesses his faults he expects you to call them virtues.

¢ The man who remains a bachelor from choice has not had much choice.

¢ Some men are so charitable that they are willing to contribute to any good cause every cent they can get their neighbors to give up.

Prophetic

"AND what are we to understand by the Biblical expression 'the four corners of the earth?'" asks the instructor in theology.

"Rockefeller's corner in oil, Havemeyer's corner in sugar, Carnegie's corner in steel and Patten's corner in wheat," answers the new student.

The Midnight Oil

The midnight oil is burning just before
commencement day,
A pallid female wearily and slowly works
away.
What? Writing essays? No, you'd better
have another guess.
It is the woman finishing the sweet girl
graduate's dress.

The Pig That Persisted

A COLONY up in Alberta consisted of a hundred or more young Englishmen who knew a good deal about bridge and golf but nothing whatever about farming. One of them had a pig. The animal was systematically overfed and grew to be so fat that it couldn't walk. But nobody in the colony knew how to slaughter it.

Soon after Dan Mann's Canadian Northern reached the colony the train hands got to know about the pig and fell into the habit of making daily inquiries. One evening, after the express had pulled in, the brakeman said to the owner of the porker:

"How's that pig?"

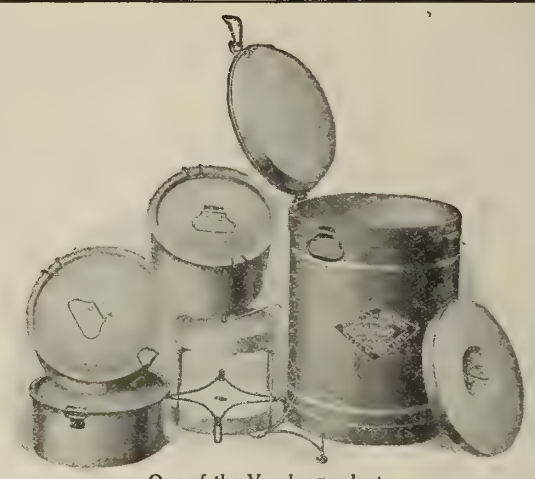
"You will not have to awsk about it any more," was the reply. "We got the cawpenter to cut a hole in its neck with a chisel this morning. It has bled a good deal all day and ought to be dead tonight. Tomorrow we will skin it."

The Unknown Muse

There is a strain that never stirred the lyre,
So oft by many a venturous poet strung,
A soul asleep in the unsleeping wire,
And where Pegasus' timbrel hoofs have
rung,
An Unknown Muse, upwinging, shall inspire
Themes unexplored and destinies unsung.
—*Calvin Johnston.*

Magnets in Salvage Work

SOME time ago a bargeload of kegged nails sank in the Mississippi River near New Orleans. How to recover the cargo cheaply gave the owners no little concern. Finally a clever electrical engineer hit on the idea of employing powerful electric lifting-magnets. He rigged up a magnet three and one-half feet in diameter, weighing three thousand pounds. The magnet was dropped into the stream, the current was turned on, and five or six kegs of nails were lifted at a time. The nails weighed two hundred pounds to the keg. Hence, twelve hundred pounds of nails clung to the magnet whenever it was raised. About ninety per cent of the cargo was thus recovered, valued at forty-five dollars a ton.



One of the Vac-Jac products

THE Vac-Jac

The one perfect fireless cooker

HERE'S the fireless cooker that you and everyone else who understands the principles of a fireless cooker have been waiting for; the cooker with a vacuum chamber; the only perfect way to retain heat. You know this from your knowledge of the vacuum bottle, so universally used.

The use of the Vac-Jac means to you

A saving of four-fifths of your kitchen fuel bill.
A saving of at least half of your time.
No cooking odors in your kitchen; not even when cooking onions or cabbage.
Never any scorched or over-cooked food.
All juices and flavors retained in the food because there is no evaporation.
More thorough cooking than by any other known method.
Does not heat the kitchen in hot weather.
Tough meats made tender and palatable.
Makes cheap meats good.
Cooking cereals over night, rendering them more delicious than in any other way.
And scores of other desirable things.
It bakes, roasts, boils, as you require.

The Vac-Jac fireless cooker is made entirely of heavy rust-proof metal.

No wood to warp or swell.

No pads or cushions of any kind to become saturated with odors of cooking.

Takes up less room than any other fireless cooker.

Scald it as you do your sauce-pans; it is always sweet, clean and ready to be used.

Ask your dealer or send to us direct for descriptive booklet and prices of the best fireless cooker—The Vac-Jac.

Vacuum Insulating Company
Manufacturers of Oyster Carriers, Display Cases and Refrigerators
1915 Peoples Gas Building, Chicago, Ill.

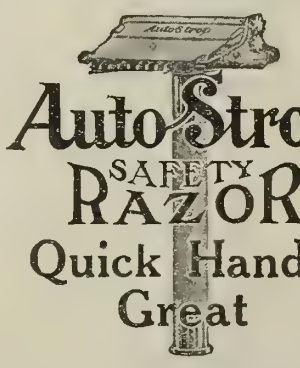
Years of Shaves for $5

Lawyers, doctors, clergymen, engineers, inventors, captains of industry, contractors, scientists, business men — celebrities of all kinds — write us constantly that they get from 150 to 600 shaves from one AutoStrop blade.

Nothing wonderful about this, for users of old-fashioned razors don't hone more than once or twice per year. They strop. That keeps their edge keen for a long time. Because of its ingenious automatic stropping mechanism, AutoStroppers are able to strop so expertly that 150 to 600 shaves from one blade is not at all surprising. $5 for an AutoStrop Safety Razor is your total shaving expense for years.

Try It Free
(Dealers Read This, Too)

Suppose you buy an AutoStrop Safety Razor from a dealer; then later ask him to refund your money. What happens? Dealer gladly refunds it, returns razor to us, and we exchange it or refund him his cost. Therefore, why should anybody be timid about asking a dealer to sell him an AutoStrop Safety Razor on 30 days' free trial? And he should not be timid about taking it back, either.



Quick Handy Great

Don't wait to call on your dealer. You'll forget it. 'Phone or write him to send you an AutoStrop Safety Razor on trial, and write or 'phone now, while it is in your cranium.

Consists of one self-stropping razor (silver-plated), 12 blades and strop in small handsome case. Price $5.00.

"The Slaughter of the Innocents"

Hundreds of thousands of men are having trouble with their shaving, because they have not read this book. Will you keep on having 100, 200, 365 shaving troubles per year, or will you send for "The Slaughter of the Innocents" now while you're thinking about it? Lively. Free.

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO., 341 Fifth Ave., New York; 233 Coristine Bldg., Montreal; 61 New Oxford St., London.

FAR QUICKER, HANDIER THAN A NO-STROPPING RAZOR

Strops, Shaves, Cleans without Detaching Blade

Manning-Bowman
New
Alcohol Gas Stove

The Cooking Power of a Range Burner

Alcolite Burner

For Chafing Dish, Coffee Percolator, General Cooking

A Manning-Bowman Chafing Dish and a Manning-Bowman Coffee Pot Style Percolator can be used interchangeably on this stove, or you can use it for any sort of cooking with your regular stew pan, frying pan, kettle, broiler, or other utensils.

Fine for summer cooking, for light housekeeping, for camping and picnics. Burns denatured alcohol at a cost of about two cents an hour. Safe, clean, odorless.

No. 350—88 Chafing Dish Mission Style

Sold with Manning-Bowman Chafing Dishes or separately by leading dealers. Write for Free Recipe Book and Catalog "E-22."

MANNING, BOWMAN & CO.
Meriden, Conn.

Also Makers of the "Eclipse" Bread Mixers

Over a Hundred Styles and Sizes.

There is a Solar Lamp for every vehicle need—and it's the best lamp that money, brains and skill can produce.

Oil and Electric Lamp.

The same care in construction, the same perfection in service, are apparent in the smallest tail lamp as in the largest headlight.

There are also a number of exclusive special-purpose lamps in the Solar line.

Solarclipse.

Send for our complete descriptive catalog.

Badger Brass Mfg. Co.

Kenosha, Wis.
New York City

(79)

Ideal Vacation Hat 50c

For Men, Women and Children

All sizes. Greatest hat bargain of the season. **Over 65,000 sold to pleased customers.** Guaranteed hand-woven in Mexico from palm fibre. Colored design brim, double weave, light, comfortable, cool and durable. Sticks to the head. Water will not hurt it. Just the hat for fishing, outing or gardening. Same hat but plain brim, 40 cts.—both, 75 cts. **Money back if not satisfactory.** Summer Sale Catalog of other Mexican and Panama Hat Bargains **FREE.**

FRANCIS E. LESTER CO., Dept. B 53, Mesilla Park, N. Mex.

CIVIL SERVICE, teachers' and college entrance examinations passed easily by our graduates. Rapid practical methods—Low rates. Write for catalogue.
BALFOUR JOHNSTONE SCHOOL, 1017 Schiller Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Oddities and Novelties

Wireless Telegraphy and Airships

SO SUCCESSFULLY has wireless telegraphy been employed at sea that its ultimate adaptation to aerlal navigation can be foretold without invoking the aid of a lively imagination. There are difficulties in the way of this adaptation, however, which are not immediately apparent. First of all, there is the danger of igniting the enormous volume of gas, upon which every airship is dependent for its buoyancy, by the sparks emitted by the wireless transmitting apparatus. Some experiments recently conducted in Europe have demonstrated the feasibility of overcoming this difficulty and of employing the wireless telegraph in the air successfully.

The balloon Condor made an ascension from Brussels last summer and maintained uninterrupted wireless communication with a station on the Brussels Palais de Justice, and, what is more, caught signals sent from the Eiffel Tower in Paris. Results equally encouraging were obtained in a series of tests made with the German military dirigible airship Gross II. Our own Signal Corps has made similar experiments, not quite so extensive as these, but also promising.

Communication with airships by heliograph or by sound signals has never been seriously considered, owing to the limited zone, because only the most meager information could be transmitted, and because a highly complex code would have to be employed for extensive communication. All these obstacles are at once overcome by the adoption of the wireless, with the result that not only is the radius of action of a military aerial scout-ship vastly increased, but the uncertainty which at present seriously hampers the military utilization of airships will be almost entirely obviated. Foggy weather, darkness, and the like, will give the future air pilot no more concern than if he were navigating the ocean on board a turbine liner.

The Chemistry of Insanity

ARGUING that we brew in ourselves poisons which circulate through the entire body and cause mental aberrations of greater or lesser degree in such diseases as typhoid fever, delirium tremens and rabies, a British psychologist formulates a theory that insanity may be simply the result of a chemical change in the blood. He sees no difference between a man babbling maudlin nonsense under the influence of alcohol and a man raving in the delirious stage of typhoid fever. Instead of treating a lunatic with a strait-jacket he would treat him with chemistry. According to his notion, physicians should be working at insanity as they have worked at diphtheria. He asks for a brain antitoxin, a tabloid of some organic extract, a sure and rapid cure.

Fantastic as such a doctrine must seem, it is not as new as it sounds. Old medical books are full of strange talk about gross and peccant humors which trouble the vital spirits. Nowadays we speak of neurasthenia and similar ills instead, and cure them by drugs. If these mental and nervous disorders are amenable to medical, in other words, chemical, treatment, why could not the grosser forms of brain maladies be so treated?

Few, if any of us, have absolutely normal brains. We are all just a bit mad, and our madness, according to this new teaching, is due to the poisons that we generate in our blood. Such mental aberrations as ill temper, melancholy, worry and the "blues" are legitimate subjects for chemical investigation. In the future the antitoxin syringe will play a greater part in the cure of insanity and minor mental ills than the sanatorium and the insane asylum. If, as every schoolboy is now taught, genius is a highly desirable and delightful form of insanity, the hope is enkindled that a Shakspere, a Molière, a Michelangelo or a Wagner may be created merely by the judicious employment of the hypodermic syringe.

In the absence of any experimental proof to substantiate this ingenious theory, the skeptically inclined are justified in believing that its curious tenets are more likely to furnish the novelist with good literary material than the alienist with a cure for insanity.

Artificial Precious Stones

A FRENCH association of jewelers, the Chambre Syndicale de la Bijouterie-Joaillerie, has petitioned the Minister of Commerce to declare as false and to brand as an imitation any mineral substance artificially produced by the scientist. Thereby hangs a tale.

For the last twenty years a distinguished French chemist has been trying to produce rubies in his laboratory, not mere imitations, but real rubies which the most practiced jeweler could not distinguish from the stones of Nature. At last he succeeded in producing his gems by crystalling a clay, called alumina, with traces of chromium in a mixture of fluorids and alkaline carbonates. By varying the amount of chromium, which is the coloring material, he obtains rubies that pass for pink topazes and the highly-prized pigeon-blood rubies of Burma. If the chromium is omitted altogether colorless drops are produced, corresponding with the white sapphire. Verneuil, the chemist in question, has established a ruby industry which has thus far produced about a ton of rubies in every way indistinguishable from natural rubies.

It is easy to understand the alarm of French jewelers. At present the price of the best synthetic rubies, as they are called, is about seventy-five cents a carat, whereas a natural ruby of one carat may cost more than two hundred and fifty dollars, and of two carats as much as two thousand five hundred dollars. Synthetic stones of ten carats and over can be produced almost as easily as one-carat stones.

Besides rubies, the chemist now produces blue sapphires, yellow Oriental topazes, violet Oriental amethysts, emeralds, and a number of semi-precious stones. Nearly all of them are made by modifications of Verneuil's method.

The attempt to compel the maker of artificial precious stones to sell his products as imitations, or at least as artificial reproductions, has precipitated an acrimonious controversy. One angry scientist who rose in defense of the synthetic gem sarcastically remarked that he had heard of a chemist who had succeeded in producing a synthetic granite and who ought to be restrained from injuring the trade of the Brittany quarries, which supplied the curbstones of Parisian sidewalks.

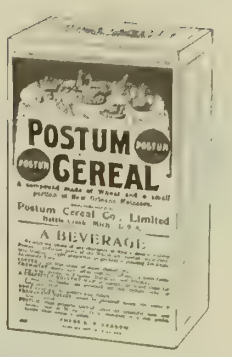
How Radium is Sold

PRACTICALLY the entire supply of radium in the world, or at least the pitchblende from which radium is laboriously extracted, is in the hands of the Austrian Government. The monopoly has been brought about largely by Nature; for although radium is found in many parts of the world, the largest deposits are those of Joachimsthal, in Bohemia. Every bit of radium that is mined must be turned over to the Government, and the Government, through the Minister of Public Works, doles out the precious mineral to a company, which bears the formidable title of "Bergwerksproduktenverschliess-Direktion." The Minister of Public Works fixes the selling price and is really the company.

Three different grades of radium are now on the market. The price of each milligram—0.015 grains—is 400 Kronen, roughly $84, which includes the little containing cell.

The packing of the minute quantities of radium for medical and chemical experiment is an art. The little cells in which the radium is contained measure three-quarters of an inch in diameter and one-quarter of an inch in height, and are made of brass, nickel-plated. On the bottom of each cell is a layer of lead, in which is a square recess for the reception of the radium. A mica plate serves as a closure for the cell. Each cell is stamped with the official Austrian eagle and with a series number. The cells are in turn packed in cotton batting and sheet lead in a small box, with a certificate in which the actual radium content of the preparation is given; for absolutely pure radium has not as yet been obtained.

Lead is employed in packing the radium because the powerful rays that emanate from the substance will pass through almost everything else, just as light passes through glass. Since the rays have a marked physiological effect, the utmost precautions must be taken in its shipment.



There's Sunshine

every day in the year when Postum is the regular breakfast beverage.

The toothsome, mild flavour of this "food drink" is something one quickly comes to enjoy—and it is more wholesome than any other breakfast cup.

There's "snap" and "tone" in a steaming hot cup of well-made

POSTUM

Postum is made of clean, hard wheat (including the bran-coat of the wheat berry) and a small amount of pure molasses.

This bran-coat of wheat contains the phosphate of potash (grown in the grain) which Nature uses in rebuilding worn out brain and nerve cells.

Postum quickly assists in rebuilding new cells, when it is used regularly in place of the habit-forming, nerve-destroying beverages.

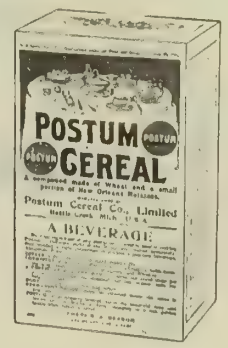
10 days' trial will convince the most skeptical that there's no drink more palatable, bracing and nourishing than —Postum.

But—boil your Postum according to directions on package.

"There's a Reason"

Read "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs.

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.



"EASY BOSS"

was what Winnie Horn, the Twenty-third Street news-girl called him when Senator Platt saved her news-stand from being taken away from her. Platt laughingly accepted the tribute, and it was adopted in the Amen Corner, that noteworthy gathering of state politicians who used to meet every Sunday afternoon at the old Fifth Avenue Hotel to discuss politics with Boss Platt.

The Reminiscences of Thomas Collier Platt will be published in McClure's Magazine beginning with the June number. In this number Platt tells in his own way how he nominated

ROOSEVELT

for Governor of New York because he was the only man who could beat the Democrats, and how he nominated him for Vice-President of the United States in spite of the objections of Roosevelt and all his friends, and, as Platt himself put it, practically kicked him upstairs to the Presidency.

Later on, in subsequent numbers,

in this case, the inside facts of many movements that made history. The July installment describes how Garfield was elected and how Conkling became his bitter enemy.

TAFT

Through George Kibbe Turner of the staff of McClure's, the President of the United States presents his own estimate of his first year in office and his program for the future. This is an unique accomplishment in journalism and a new method of discussing national issues. The President takes up in detail the much discussed tariff legislation, the corporation measures, his proposed railroad laws, his conservation policy and other big questions now before the country in

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

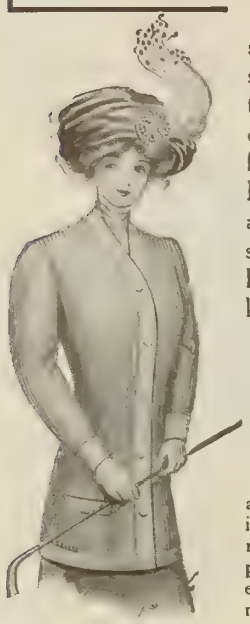
for JUNE

All news-stands—15 cents

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

A Caricature of
Thomas Collier Platt
Drawn by
Adrian Gil Spear

Enjoy the Comfort of a Sweater Coat



A light, warm sweater coat, smart and well fitting, is the ideal outside garment for summer wear. It won't wrinkle and get out of shape no matter how much you knock it around.

Schmidt-Knit Sweater Coats

are knit of the finest imported yarn, by master workmen; perfectly finished in every detail. If your merchant doesn't sell them write us direct, and any way send for our

Sweater Coat Style Book

It helps you decide at your leisure the design you like the best. This little book is free; write today.

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The Standard Knitting Co.
Dept. 22 (12) Cleveland, O.

D&M

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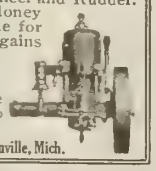

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Pumping Out a Principality

By WILLIS J. ABBOT

PUTTING IN CROPS BELOW THE WATER-LINE

OUT in the Northwest, where Uncle Sam is spending his millions to put water on soil that needs only that life-giving fluid to burst forth with crops of wheat, barley, oats, beets and fruit, I saw great dams towering over foaming torrents, great tunnels plunging through granite hills, great ditches distributing the water over broad fields yet covered with sagebrush.

But with me there was one who came from the far South, from the delta of the Mississippi River, that ravenous stream which seizes upon all that is best of the soil of its valley and carries it far down to deposit it in the sapphire Gulf, and there build up lands out of all of the best soil of the ravished commonwealths of the North and Northwest.

"Come," said the Southern man, "and see what we in the South are doing to get rid of superfluous water, just as here the reclaimers of land are trying to put water upon it." And so, a month later I was looking upon the very antithesis of the irrigated district of the Northwest—upon the saturated prairies of Louisiana, long held worthless, as once was the "Great American Desert," but now being rapidly reclaimed for human use and occupancy, a true principality in extent.

When you have reached New Orleans—no longer the sleepy and picturesque town of the past, but a busy city with that hallmark of metropolitanism, the skyscraper—you are within a few miles of a rich but practically unknown territory. Go out to Audubon Park, where twenty years ago an international exposition was held; cross the Mississippi on a ferry to where a great lock thirty feet or more in depth guards the entrance to the Canal; take a power boat, and in five minutes you seem as far from civilization as though the smoke of the city curling above the funereal cypress trees were the vapor rising from the abiding-place of the forever lost. Dark and moss-clad, the trees rise on either side of the stream, draped with the clinging Spanish festoons of gray and rooted in the dark-amber water of the bayou.

Big Crops on Drained Lands

New Orleans, with its more than three hundred and fifty thousand people, is not far away; but here is only the lonely camp of the crabber or the occasional shack of the concerns that pack shrimps, largely for the Chinese market. A little farther and the cypress brakes vanish. Here is a farm with broad acres of waving cane, of corn cut to the ground at this season, of sweet potatoes, onions and pumpkins. A houseboat moored in the bayou is the home of the farmer, and I find a picturesque touch in learning that it is the old boat of Paul Boynton, who in a rubber suit swam from St. Louis to New Orleans, and who later nearly precipitated an international episode by affixing a dummy torpedo to the bottom of a British man-of-war, in New York harbor. Peaceful and profitable purposes the houseboat serves now.

"Two hundred dollars an acre for my sweet potatoes," says the owner of the eighty acres, "and practically as much for onions. You see, we are within a few hours by water of New Orleans and I deal direct with the marketmen. The land? Oh, five years ago it was water-logged; but a levee three feet high and thirty days' pumping a year keep it dry. We get three crops a year. Never a day when we can't work, and no fertilizer needed."

We board our power boat again and make our way through a great brackish lake fourteen miles long and blocked in places with water hyacinths. For these aquatic floating plants, twenty years ago, people paid a dollar a plant, while now states and corporations are paying tens of thousands of dollars for their eradication. Soon we reach another canal and then the Bayou Lafourche.

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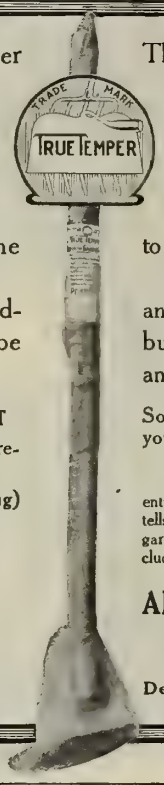

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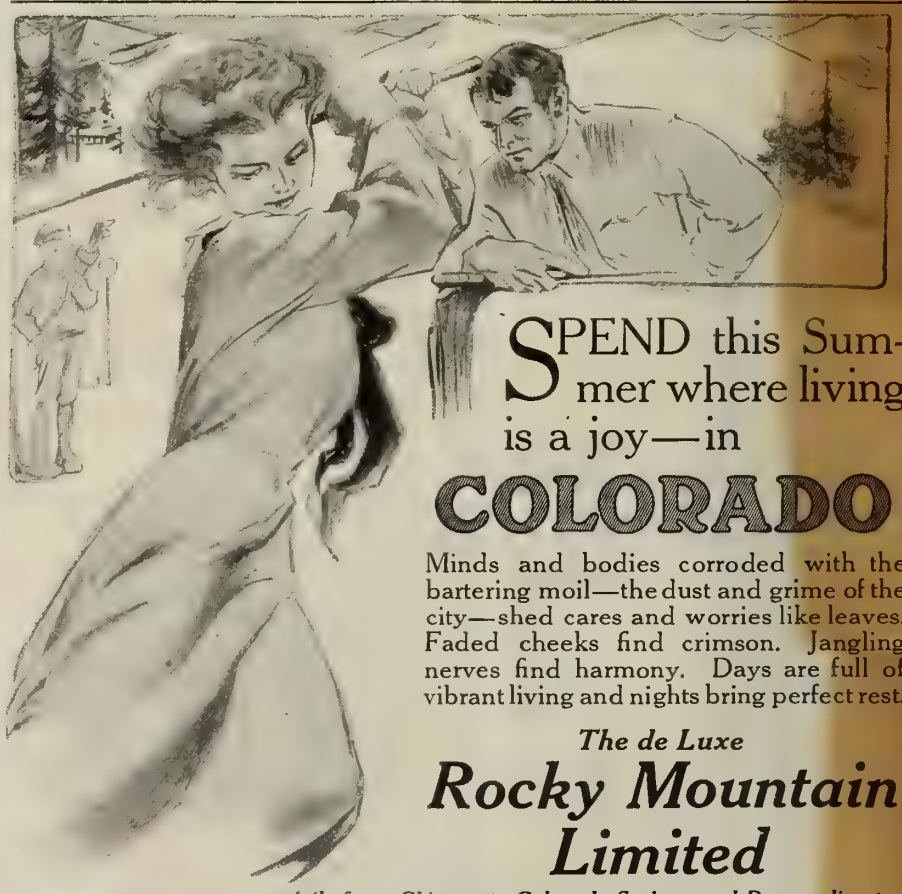

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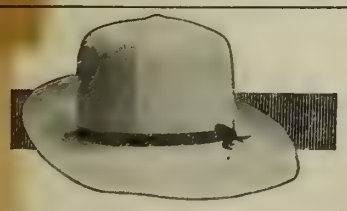

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Through the bayou stern-wheel steamers and tugs push along broad barges bearing one hundred or more tons of cane. In the old days this bayou was one of the mouths of the Mississippi River and a constant menace to the low-lying lands on either side. You can still see the remains of the levees towering nearly twenty feet above the sluggish tide. But the stream has been dammed at its connection with the Father of Waters, and the residents below its level no longer fear its spring rages. From it into the back country, the land of shallow lakes, cypress brakes, and what the French Acadians used to call the *prairies tremblantes*—trembling prairies—extends a series of canals dug by the enterprise of men farseeing enough to recognize the possibilities of a country where there was too much water—even as Uncle Sam and a host of private corporations are correcting the conditions of sections where there is too little water. I went through one of these canals in a power boat that was towing a great dredge presently to be used in digging more and more waterways. These artificial canals serve a double purpose: they drain the land and serve as arteries of trade. Railroads invade the territory, it is true, but their business is but little. Cane goes to the mills; vegetables, cattle and hogs go to market at New Orleans by water. You cannot get an argument on railroad rates out of the planter in the Lafourche Parish, even though he comes—as many of them do—from the contentious states of Ohio, Indiana and Michigan.

In the semi-submerged lands of Louisiana there are more than four million acres—a vast territory exceeding in area all that the Government expects to reclaim with irrigating arid lands. This veritable principality has lain fallow from all times, its value unrecognized even by the people who live about its borders. It is precisely the same sort of land as the city of New Orleans is built upon; but when the founders of that city dyked, drained and elevated its site it never occurred to them to deal likewise with the surrounding country, so that the gay metropolis of the South is hemmed in with quaking bogs and melancholy cypress brakes. All the Louisiana land south of Baton Rouge has been formed in the same way, namely, by the deposit of soil by the river and the bayous. Along the main streams the deposit has been heaviest, forming ridges that extend from half a mile to two miles into the interior, where they abruptly end in water-logged prairie or thick cypress swamps. These ridges are densely cultivated, but the possibilities of the back country have been ignored.

The Plans of the Crazy Yankees

A curious illustration is furnished by the settlement of the French Acadians—or Cajuns, as these remnants of Evangeline's sad days now call themselves—along the Bayou Lafourche. For sixty-five miles along the banks of this sluggish stream, from its birth in the Mississippi to its end in the gulf, the little white cottages of these simple people extend, forming what is the longest street in the world. The cottages are scarcely two hundred feet apart. The plots, extending back half a mile or so, the Cajuns plant with cane or garden truck, making a sufficient but modest living and building up a contented and thrifty, but not enterprising, community. Big things or new ideas are not for them. They look with amusement and compassion upon the Yankees who are rapidly draining and cultivating the lands that have marked the end of their dominion for centuries. Is there not twenty feet of water under that *prairie tremblante?* asks Pierre. Has he not seen a cow go through it to her belly, and have not hunters dropped from sight as though the earth had opened and swallowed them up? The Yankees are mad, *fou*, crazy. And so, as these lands are being reclaimed, made solid and fertile, the Cajun sticks to his little strip by the bayou, and the new territory is filling up with families from the agricultural states of the North—which, perhaps, after all, is not to its detriment.

From one of the little Cajun towns I drove over the prairies. The road was as solid as any well-packed dirt road in the United States. "Right along here," said the young engineer who accompanied me, "when I first ran the levels for the road and laid out the drainage ditches I could without effort thrust a twenty-foot pole its whole length into the soil, and as I

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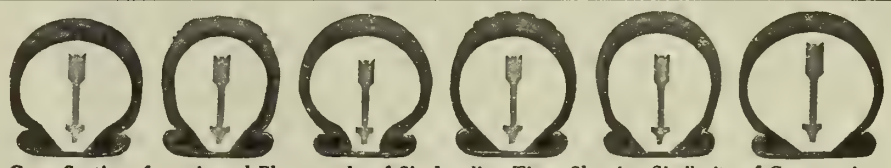
ANOTHER STYLE NEXT WEEK



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plodded across the prairie I was always up to my knees, and sometimes sank to my armpits, in the wet and mushy soil."

The method of draining these lands is simplicity in the extreme. To begin with, they are not really under the water-line, but practically on a level with the bayous that flow all about them. Take, for example, a tract of one thousand acres. From the bayou around the tract a canal is dug, usually about eight feet deep and forty feet wide, the dredge in digging the canal throwing up the spoil from the bed to form a levee perhaps six feet high, the top of which is smoothed off and used for a road. Within this is dredged another canal, called a reservoir canal, not so deep and with no opening into the big canal or the bayou. From this canal lateral ditches about three feet and one-half deep and some two hundred feet apart extend to all parts of the land to be drained. Canals and ditches are dug by machinery, huge floating dredges scooping out the former, and a curious machine, running on wooden "wings" three feet and a half wide, digging the latter at the rate of half a mile a day.

When the reservoir canal and the ditches are completed the water that has gathered in the former is pumped over the levee into the big canal or the bayou. Then the water in the ditches runs by gravity into the reservoir canal, and the land within a few weeks is as dry as could be desired. Thereafter all the pumping to be done is to remove the surplus rain-water; for none seeps back into the lands protected by the levee. Thirty days of pumping a year keeps this land dry, and the annual cost approximates thirty cents an acre.

Once drained, the land is ready for cultivation. This process is simplicity itself. For decades—centuries, indeed—tall, reedy weeds have grown up in the spring, died and fallen in the autumn and decayed to add their fertilization to an already rich alluvial soil. The settler who is ready to reduce his forty or eighty acres to cultivation sets a match to the weeds and when they are burned off puts in the plow, and the time for seeding is at hand.

Irrigation is doing, and will do, wonders for our Northwest and certain parts of the Southwest. It has enlisted Government aid to the extent of fifty million dollars and fills wide space in the discussions of public men and the public prints. But here in the South men have quietly begun the work of reclaiming land more extensive and quite as fertile as the irrigable territory, of peopling it with home-makers drawn from all sections of our country, and of converting what has been a wilderness into a great garden where the cane of the South bows to the corn of the North across rippling waterways bearing the abundant harvests to the greatest seaport of the Gulf of Mexico.

The Practical Side of Dancing

(Continued from Page 12)

related to the other. For instance, there is the Sunrise step, a soft, almost inaudible patter; Cincinnati; Jenny Cooler; Black Annie; World Fair with a Turkey Trot; *Pas ma la;* Git off my Money; Break the Chicken's Neck; Falling off the Log; Git your Gun; Chicago Salute; Back, Back, Back; and Bumbershay. All of these are remarkably descriptive.

Where several are dancing the leader may say: "Where you g'wine, you nigger?" The answering step is "To the World's Fair with a Turkey Trot." "You g'wine take anybody?" "Black Annie" is the step now. "What time you 'xpect to git dar, you nigger?" A soft, shuffling patter suggests the rising sun. "What you say to her?" "Git off my Money." And so on.

The Scotchmen do wonderful things in dancing. One will take two swords, cross them, and dance around and between the blades for five minutes without once looking at the swords or touching them. It may be they have wonderful sense of distance or that they have trained themselves to a mechanical accuracy of step. At any rate, that is their idea of dancing. If any one imagines this dance is a simple affair just because it looks so, let him try it.

The toe dance requires most practice of all and exacts most torture of the performer. A woman rushes on to the stage on her toes. She swishes and swirls and pirouettes so wonderfully that it looks as if her legs were twisted like a corkscrew. She will spring into the air and alight on the very tips of her toes as lightly as a cotton ball.

To be able to do that very simple feat she had to begin when she was a little girl. She went through the process known as being "turned out." She was taught to walk with her toes pointing absolutely to right and left until she was able to do this quite as easily as walking naturally. She stood on her toes. This developed the muscles that ran down her legs to the very end of her feet, making them enormously strong. And presently she could walk on her toes and keep her balance with as little difficulty as if she were walking on the flat of her feet. Almost all of the good toe dancers come from England. In that country they apprentice little girls to the ballet masters. It's a lifelong job once they become proficient, and they remain in the music halls until they're old women, unless they are very exceptional and strike out for themselves. Over there ballet dancing is an institution. But here it means little or nothing. On the other hand, the Englishman knows nothing about step dancing.

Skirt dancing is not in the same class with toe dancing or other difficult forms of the art. Swaying, moving with a rush from one side of the stage to the other and waving draperies like a bird that is trying to rise, or swirling great skirts with sticks under strong and varicolored lights until the audience is hypnotized into seeing something resembling a flower, is not dancing, in my opinion. It is simply another of those very easy things which make us marvel at their intricacy and apparent difficulty.

The barefoot dancer diverts the attention of the audience from her art to her feet. Most everybody is waiting to see her stub her toe. It's true that persons cannot dance so well in their bare feet as in pumps. They can neither glide nor slide so well; and again, the constant fear of getting tacks or splinters in their feet makes them nervous and deprives them of the abandon so necessary to free dancing.

As far as instructive dances go, the public doesn't want them so much as it wants the amusing ones. Of course, such dances and movements are intellectual, but they don't appeal to the emotions. If a man laughs others will feel his joy and laugh, although they don't know what he is laughing about. It's so with dancing—it's emotional.

The average person knows nothing about Genée's art—what she went through in creating it or what she still goes through to keep it perfect and make progress in it. I know for a fact that once in London she consented to dance only one matinée a week because one was the only afternoon she could spare from practicing. She devoted three to four hours every day for five days in the week to practice work.

As I said before, I did not begin to dance at all until I was ten or twelve. Dancing came very naturally to me. I discovered that I was a pretty good dancer and so didn't do anything else for a couple of years. Then I began to size up the situation. I observed that old-time dancers were making small progress, if any, and that where they did advance it was not in their art, but by sidestepping it. And so I made up my mind to sidestep.

The creation of my first successful dance was due to an inspiration. Some fourteen or fifteen years ago I was rehearsing at a Buffalo theater on a Monday morning. I asked the musical director to play me an "essence" of old Virginia. He started to play Comin' Through the Rye. But this did not satisfy me. Then he said he thought he had what I wanted at home and would bring it down in the afternoon. When he came to the matinée he brought the piece with him. It was an Indian dance. When he started playing the air I saw that I could not do it with ordinary steps, so I tried to follow the music as best I could. The melody suggested the throwing back of the head with a jerk, and other eccentric things. It was the talk of the town.

I used this same Indian tune afterward for so many years that every one thought it was mine and gave me credit for composing it. I continued along these lines, but was convinced that the only way to become a big dancer was to change

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constantly. So I invented what they call the Lazy dance. I did the part of a lazy boy with a feather duster a servant all tired out. I would dance part of a step in a sleepy fashion and then take a long leap and do the rest of the step at the other end. In this dance I began very slowly and languidly and let the music gradually inspire me from dull laziness to activity.

When I first played New York at Keith's Union Square Theater my dancing was a revelation. They'd seen nothing like it. But the dancers took it up. Inside of a season they were all doing it, and a good many men who had scarcely been making their salt were put in the way of making good money. Surely the innovation was a godsend to a lot of dancers. I really think I had much to do with bringing in the eccentric dance, because I was the first one who tried to get away from the standing-still dance.

Mr. Fred Stone, who is a wonderful dancer, long since agreed with me that the only way to make a hit with the public was to do something eccentric, something outside of the true art of dancing. His scarecrow dance in The Wizard of Oz made the town sit up and take notice. He was at once recognized as one of the greatest pantomimists of this or any other age. Later, when Mr. Stone was again looking about for a novelty, he chanced to attend a cow-puncher's show in Louisville. There he saw a Cherokee half-breed do some great stunts with the lariat, and at once realized that it would be a splendid eccentric bit to combine lariat work with buck dancing. So he offered the half-breed more than he was getting with the show and for five weeks the Indian instructed him in the subtleties and intricacies of lariat-throwing. Stone practiced from eight to ten hours a day at his new dance all of last summer, and even now he practices every day in order to keep up the tone of his work.

. . . . . .

One can't learn to be a good dancer unless he has it in him naturally. I have taken girls from the chorus and inside of a year they'd become great dancers. Not that I taught them to do it—I only developed something that they didn't know they possessed. If you understand you can tell by the way they go after it whether it is in them to dance. In *ensemble* work I can take a hundred girls I know and from them select thirty, and with these put on a new show with a dozen numbers in twenty-four hours. While with boys—even with those who have been with me and know my methods—it would require a week or more to get the same results.

The Young Man from Gotham

Another curious thing is this: you may put a splendid individual dancer into the chorus and he'll do miserable work every time. I suppose the philosophy of it is that he can't bring himself to dance by rote—in other words, it cramps his style. A dancer, like an actor, requires sympathy. He may do very well the first night and poorly after that. My sister was that way at times. At such times I used to tell her that there was some one in front that she was interested in, and this would always inspire her to splendid work. A great actor once said: "Always single out some person in the audience and play to him." It's so with the dancer. You see a fellow sitting in a box who seems to like your dancing. He pays keen attention, smiles approval or applauds, and no matter how tired you may be this acts like a tonic and sends you up into the air.

Still another curious thing about dancing is that one almost never finds a step dancer who is a good ballroom dancer, and vice versa. Perhaps it's because the professionals cannot bring themselves to take the waltz or that sort of thing seriously as a dance. The other evening at the Gotham a young man danced so beautifully with Billie Burke that we all withdrew from the floor, leaving it to them, while we looked on. Afterward the young man came to me and said: "Step dancing is my ambition—I'd give anything if I could do it."

Now floor dancing is not my ambition; I could not do it to save my life.

A good illustration of this is the case of Donald Brian. Brian had a song-and-dance number in our play, Fifty Miles from Boston. It was no good. People didn't like his dancing; wouldn't stand for it; told him to cut it out. In a few months all New York was raving over the same Brian's waltzing in The Merry Widow.

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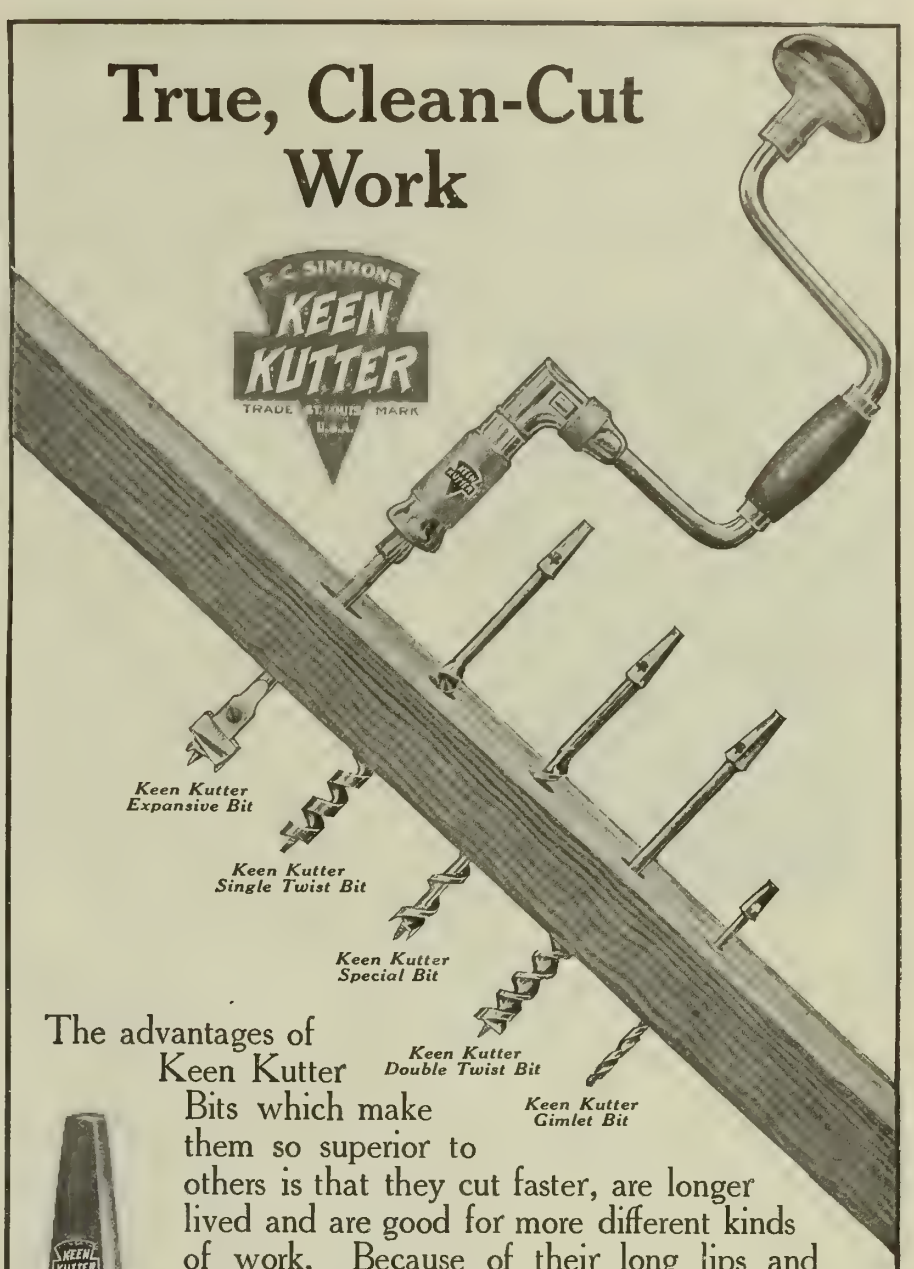

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TOM MORTON

(Continued from Page 5)

avenin'." He started toward the door. "We'd best be movin' on, I guess," he said cheerfully.

There were two trains a day at Snowslide, one from the East and one from the West. The latter came down over the switchback by which the road now crossed the mountain. It came from Seattle, arriving in the evening. It brought supplies in the express car and frequently new workingmen in the smoker. Besides these recruits, gathered in Seattle employment offices, there were usually one or two passengers of importance —engineers or bosses returning from brief vacations in the city. Also there was the bundle of daily papers. The train's brief pause was a main event of the day; it was like the halt of a passing civilization at which the crowd on the platform might gaze through the windows. When Tom and the car-tender neared the depot they saw that the place was jammed.

Half a dozen of the older drill-runners were laughing together on the edge of the platform; near them stood a few muckers, heavy-faced, silent, awkward in posture. There were a dozen or more from the town: the postmaster, a storekeeper, a pair of saloonmen and a group of gamblers — these last white-handed, long-fingered men with faces that bore an unhealthy pallor. Two civil engineers in khaki and laced boots gossiped in the baggage-room with Gunnysack Ryan. The superintendent was without his high rubber boots this evening. He wore in their stead shoes that shone lustrously and he had on a black suit with carefully creased trousers. His diamond glistened from a spotless linen shirt-front.

"He's come to meet his wife an' girl," said the car-tender. "He thinks the world of his women folk, does the Old Man. They're the only wans c'n boss him."

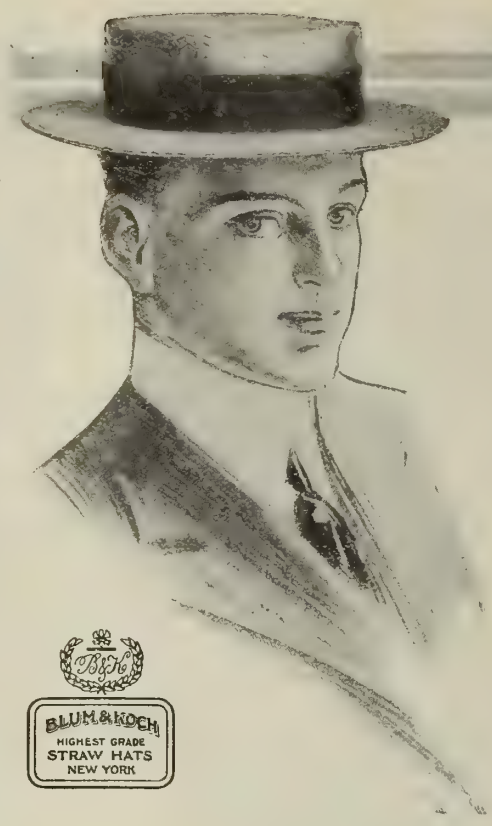
They were passing close by the hard-faced drill-runners now, elbowing their way into the crowd. Some one noticed Tom and exclaimed aloud. There was a laugh. Looking up, Tom saw himself surrounded by broadly-smiling faces. As he went by the wide door of the baggage-room he heard a sudden oath from Ryan. Glancing in he saw the intolerant gray eyes, intolerant no longer, wide with astonishment. A long whistle sounded up the track and his attention with that of the others flew to the approaching train.

A moment later it roared among them, halted with a grind of brake-shoes on wheels and stood, the locomotive panting, the air sobbing in the pipes. Baggage crashed upon the platform. Tom watched a handful of rough-clad men struggling with huge blanket-rolls on the steps of the smoker. They were hard-eyed men and they cursed wantonly as they fought with their luggage. Something made him turn his eyes toward the rear of the train.

The Old Man was helping two women from the steps of the nearest Pullman. As Tom looked Ryan handed a dollar to the bowing porter; then he kissed the two women, and the three of them walked together down the platform. Tom stood there transfixed; Ryan held him star'ng. Ryan had changed completely; his whole bearing was different. He walked between the two women, and the wide mastery had gone from his stride; he was trying to fit his steps to theirs. And his eyes had changed; it was as though they had been tamed, as though the intolerance that usually looked from them were a horse that had been suddenly broken and bridled and was now being driven sedately. He bent his head to talk and to listen, and every line of his huge figure spoke deference. These were his women.

Tom noticed the elder; she was tall and her shoulders were wide like a man's. She wore expensive ready-made cloth'ng. Her face was hard-skinned and red, as though it had been roughly rubbed. It was lined with the lines that come from years of work; the lips were very firm. She talked to the Old Man, quick, short words, and he hearkened, bending his head. Tom looked at the other, the younger woman, and his eyes dropped before hers. She was laughing at him.

Her full young lips curved mirthfully and her wide, brown eyes were alight with amusement. She was not more than eighteen; the unworn bloom was on her cheeks, and the laughing eyes beneath the mass of auburn hair still had that softness



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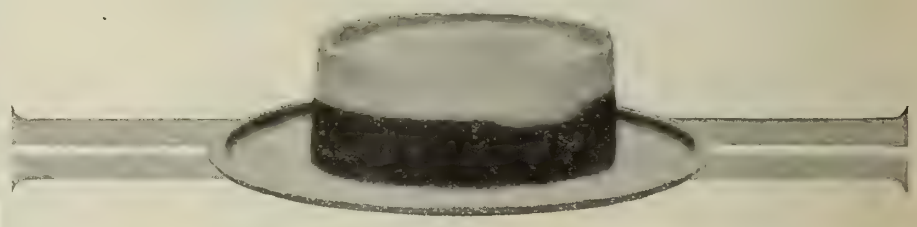

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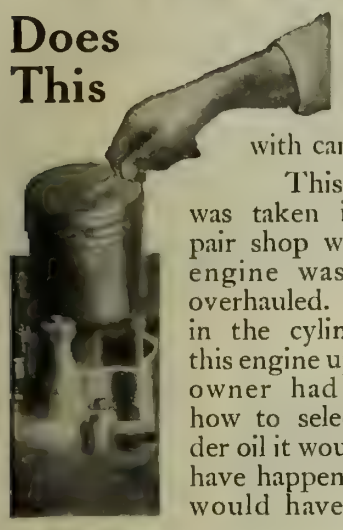

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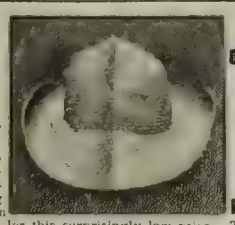

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which endures but a few years after childhood's passing. Hair and eyes and transparent skin, beneath which the color fluttered swiftly, were like a bit of his old land brought before him. And yet he saw that she was laughing at the things he wore—the hat and coat. He realized now what the others had been laughing at. The knowledge made him redden—a blush of mortification that was not shame, but anger. It was as though she had laughed at him for wearing a bit of green. He looked up at her, this thought in his eyes, and then he looked away, reddening again. This time the mortification was centered upon himself. For his glance had found her—still smiling—with wonder on her face, and it had left her half startled, half hurt. It was as though he, a stranger, had stepped up to her and had spoken a rude word of reprimand. He turned and walked away.

"Look at the hat!"

He whirled with narrowed eyes toward whence the voice had come, and faced the group of drill-runners. He scanned every face steadily. There were a dozen in the circle, some of them men whom he had heard "driving tunnel" around the bunkhouse stove. Among them were Big Jerry and the Gunner. They met his gaze with suddenly-aroused scowls. Finally he halted in his search; he had found the man. He was one of the rough-clad men whom Tom had seen leaving the smoking-car. His huge roll of blankets lay beside him on the platform. Near him stood a number of his fellows. Among the reckless-featured men of Snowslide these newcomers were a hard-faced crew, hard and reckless to the point of fierceness. And of their faces this man's was most deeply lined between the brows and around the lip ends. There was something wanton about its scowl. The heavy-browed eyes were a little bleared. It was not the blear of drink; rather that which goes before drink—the white-gray obscuration of violence. His black hair hung straight over his low, seamed forehead. He was bigger than any of them, bigger than Jerry Morley, as large a man as Tom. And the men around fell silent as these two looked at each other with heads thrust slightly forward.

They looked steadily; and then as Tom was opening his mouth to speak the word that would have brought issue, Jerry Morley clapped him on the back.

"Never mind, lad," he cried good-naturedly. "Ferget ut. That hat is better Irish than the man that said ut. I'd be proud to wear ut Saint Patrick's Day meself, an' so wud he."

The drill-runners laughed. The upper lips of nearly all of them were long, and their mirth was good-natured. But Tom's eyes still remained narrowed. It was the group of lead-faced gamblers that saved a clash. Standing near by they had heard everything, and now they crowded round, eager for the promised quarrel. Big Jerry turned on them.

"Anny of you tinhorns lookin' fer trouble?" he inquired e'aborately.

The other runners whirled with him. The most of them had good cause to dislike these men who came to the camp once a month and departed always with a good share of their earnings. They growled at the gamblers and forgot Tom.

The engine bell had ceased a brief interval of clanging. There was a sigh of air from the brakes; the train began to move. The car-tender came hurrying from the mail-car where he had posted his letter. The gamblers were leaving now in close order, pursued by the gibes of the drill-runners. Tom went in silence up the track with the car-tender.

Finally the car-tender spoke. "Did ye see the Old Man when his wife got hold of him?" he asked. "She's the wan boss he has. He thinks the world of his women folk, does Gunnysack. That girl of his is growin' up to be as big as the Old Woman." Tom made no answer. The car-tender looked at him. "What's on yer mind?"

"I am grane," said Tom slowly; he was staring straight ahead.

The car-tender was silent now. Tom walked on, thinking. Suddenly he burst out: "For phwy should the Irish be afther laughin' at the things av their own land? Answer me that!"

"There was no man laughed but would fight fer them same things, lad," said the car-tender. "Not wan of them."

But Tom was not thinking of them.

Behind the two of them the Old Man, walking with his women, looked at Tom

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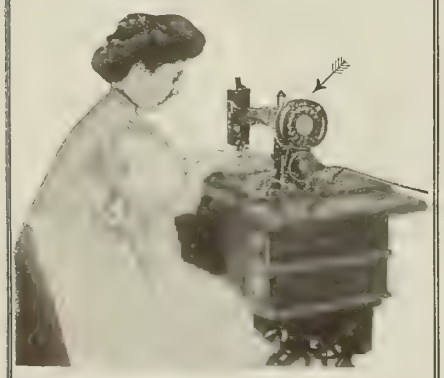

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and chuckled. "There's the greenest mick since I landed at Castle Garden wit' me bundle on a stick," he said. "Luk at that hat!"

His wife laughed kindly. "Poor bye," she said. "He's sick now for the old country, I do be thinkin'. Luk, Nora, at that coat! 'Tis the sort yer grandfather wore on a market day."

Nora was looking. She was thinking not of the coat but of the tall, straight back beneath it, the bigness of the man and the eyes that had rebuked her masterfully. She said nothing.

"Them Cœur d'Aleners," the car-tender was saying; "ye saw them?"

"Who do ye mane?" asked Tom.

"That new bunch of runners," said the car-tender. "Ye had some words wit' wan of them, Big Kennedy. What was ut?"

Tom's face darkened. "He laughed at me," said he.

"He's tough," said the car-tender, "him and his gang. The Dynamiter, they call him. He was here once before. Now he's brought the drove of them back wit' him. They blowed up a mill somewheres back in Idaho, an' they're here wit' bum names. They're a hard gang; but the Dynamiter—Kennedy, he calls himself—is a good runner. He can pull the rock. An' he c'n fight Best lave him be."

In the bunkhouse Tom dragged out his wooden chest and opened it. He took his coat in his hands a moment and stroked it tenderly before he laid it in its place, carefully folding back the two thin tails over the body of it that they might not wrinkle. Then he took the hat; he held it longer than he had the coat. As his thick fingers passed over the rough crown he felt the soft, damp breeze of an Irish evening and he saw long, low hills rolling back from a wide river, soft, green hills melting into a softer sky. He lowered his big face close to the hat, and to his nostrils there came faintly, like an old memory, the odor of peat smoke. He saw a hearth where red embers glowed steadily, and a low-beamed ceiling. He was on his knees beside the chest. He stayed there for some time, bending over the hat. Then he placed it carefully away and shut the lid.

V

"WHAT are ye lookin' at?" the walker asked the outside boss, the next morning. The outside boss was sitting on a pile of timber half-way down the dump. He beckoned the walker to a seat beside him and pointed to the place where Tom and the five Slavs were working, one hundred feet away.

"Well?" said the walker. The outside boss repeated the gesture.

"I'm watchin' that big mick, Jack," said he. "Some day there's goin' to be the devil to pay on this dump."

The walker looked at Tom, who was standing, his part of the work done, pointing to a patch of muck. And as he looked the walker saw one of the S'avs begin shoveling this over the side.

"Who is that tarrier?" he asked.

"A green lad," said the outside boss. "Two mont's over, an' a matter of a mont' on the job. Them Polacks tried to ride him at first. Now luk at him."

"He'd best watch where he goes after dark," said the walker. "Why don't ye send him inside?"

"I tried to," said the outside boss. "Two days ago I told him he'd have trouble wit' them, an' he says: 'Av ye plaze, sor,' says he, 'I'd like to shtay a whoile; I'll not let thim dhrive me aff.'" He mimicked Tom's brogue with the love an Irishman has for it.

Tom leaned on his shovel handle, watching the Slav finish the work. The four other Slavs held their eyes upon the ground and were stealing glances at the pair. Their sweating countryman was the largest of them—the slant-eyed leader whom Tom had compelled to pick up the bar. He scowled as he threw the muck from his shovel.

Watching the man, Tom realized the price of mastery. He had asserted himself to get his rights; now he could not relax. He had to rule to keep his place. It was the knowledge of sullen rebellion ready to break out whenever he gave it a chance that had made him refuse the offer of the outside boss to get him on the muck gang at the foot of the bench. He had denied himself his own wish to go inside the tunnel from an aversion toward leaving while his authority was in any wise questioned. And so the outside boss had clapped him on the

Which Way Will You Get the Most Work Done?

If your employés are sweltering, stewing and fretting during the hot summer weather, with nerves and temper at the breaking point—

Or if they're cool, comfortable and contented, with no weather worries to take their minds from the tasks in hand?

The answer is self-evident.

In comfort, convenience; in actual increase of working power

Robbins & Myers "STANDARD" Fans

pay for themselves several times over during the hot weather.

The moderate cost of the fan and the exceedingly low cost of operation will surprise you.

And they're an all-the-year necessity, for impure air in Winter is more dangerous than overheated air in Summer.

We make a very large variety of fans for the home, the office, the factory—ceiling, desk, bracket, oscillating and exhaust.

For years our fans have been the standard of efficiency and economy of operation. Thousands of users will tell you so.

Lighting companies, electrical supply houses, fixture dealers and contractors sell Robbins & Myers fans and will gladly show you our various types.

Or, write us for our handsome catalog, which shows all our fans and will aid you in selection.

The Robbins & Myers Co. 1405 Lagonda Avenue, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

Branches: New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston.
Agencies in all principal cities.

We are also the world's largest manufacturers of small direct current motors—1-30 to 15 h. p.—for all purposes. (1)

"Charlie Case says:"

I CAN Give Rest to Your Weary Soles

IF the spring is gone from your step and you simply plod along, it shows that there is something wrong with your feet. Doctors say 75 out of every 100 have this trouble, known as flat feet or fallen arches. Heavyweights and those who walk or stand much suffer greatly from this affliction. Pains in the legs, back, head and feet ("foot rheumatism") are frequently the results of broken foot arches. Improperly fitted shoes are responsible for most cases of this kind.

Wear Case Arch Support Shoes

LOOSE arch supports inserted in ordinary shoes are not of permanent benefit. CASE Arch Support Shoes have an elastic support built into the shoe. It gives the proper support whether the foot is at rest or in action. The CASE Arch Support Shoes are stylish in appearance, the support in no way detracting from the fine lines of the shoe. The wearer soon experiences relief and nature gradually rights the trouble. Remember that a broken arch will not replace itself; so artificial support must be supplied. These shoes are unusually well made and are fully worth the price asked without the additional feature of the arch props. Ask for them at your dealer's. If he hasn't them, the shoes will be

Sent Carriage Paid in U. S. on Receipt of Price

CASE Royal Worcester Arch Support Shoes for Women are made of select materials by expert workmen. They give long and satisfactory wear. PRICES: Single Sole Index Kid $5. Single Sole Index Calf $6. Shoes made to order in all leathers, $2 per pair extra.

CASE Arch Support Shoes for Men. High class in every detail. PRICES: Single Sole Index Kid $5. Double Sole Index Kid $6. Single Sole Index Calf $6. Double Sole Index Calf $7. Shoes made to order in all leathers, $2 per pair extra.

CASE SHOE HAS TRADE MARK

WRITE for FREE booklet, "Charlie Case says," the whole story of foot troubles and their proper treatment. It's worth reading.

CHAS. CASE SHOE CO., Worcester, Mass.

Makers of a full line of Men's and Women's high grade shoes.

A Great Cleansing Force

The trail of Sanitol is marked by white teeth.

Besides polishing and keeping the teeth white, the antiseptic properties of Sanitol enter every crevice and prevent decay, keep the gums healthy and the mouth clean and wholesome.

Sanitol imparts a cool, refreshing feeling and leaves a pleasant taste in the mouth.

In either powder or paste form, equally effective.

25c everywhere.

Is your mouth Sanitol Pure?

$8,000-$10,000 YEARLY

is frequently made by owners of our famous Merry-Go-Rounds. It is a big-paying, healthful business. Just the thing for the man who can't stand indoor work, or is not fit for heavy work, and has some money to invest in a money-maker. We make everything in the Riding-Gallery line from a hand-power Merry-Go-Round to the highest grade Carousselles. They are simple in construction and require no special knowledge to operate. Write today for catalogue and particulars.

HERSCHELL-SPILLMAN CO.
172 Sweeney St., North Tonawanda, N. Y.

Makes the World Smaller

It's surprising how close the towns are when you ride an **R. S. Motorcycle.** It brings work nearer home, fun while you ride and the country just a minute away. The R. S. embodies every proved motorcycle improvement, and has enough exclusive features to put it in a class by itself. Write for catalog and name of nearest agent. Agents wanted where we are not represented.

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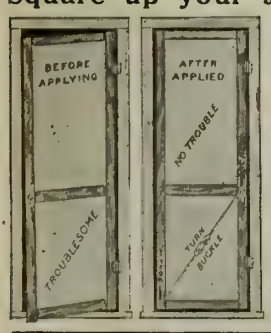
River Street, Reading, Pa.
Makers of Renowned Reading Standard Bicycles.

Square up your screen doors



Don't let them sag open for flies and mosquitoes. Attach

ANTI-SAG SCREEN DOOR BRACE

in a minute. Straightens any door. Enameled steel—lasts forever. Full length 42 inches. If your hardware or screen dealer can't supply you, order direct. 25c each with screws, postpaid, guaranteed.

F. EDW. SNYDER
67 Erie St., Massillon, O.

back, crying: "Stay and welcome, lad; but make them fight in daytime. Hammer hell out o' them in the day, an' luk where ye go at night."

And he had waited while the month's last days had passed. They were dreary days—always the five backs toward him, always the five averted faces, the eyes stealing sidelong glances from the ground, always the talk in low-toned gutturals which he could not understand, whose import he could not help but feel. They never laughed now.

Often in the bunkhouse he had noticed them sitting in their own corner with their eyes upon him—five pairs of eyes watching him sullenly while he sat beside the car-tender listening to the drill-runners "drive tunnel." The car-tender had noticed it, too.

"Where were ye?" he had asked one evening.

"Afther a bit av tobacco at the commissary," said Tom.

"Yer friends, what did they get?" inquired the car-tender, jerking his thumb toward the corner where the Slavs usually sat. It was empty.

"Two nights ago," said the car-tender, "ye mind ye went for them socks? Well, they went, too. Luk there, now!" One of the Slavs was entering the bunkhouse. A moment later another followed; then the rest.

And so the thing had gone—an impending crisis that had made Tom chafe.

This was payday morning. In the evening he would get his first check. The thought dominated him and made him feel kindly toward all the world. It made him prone to forget details about him. As he shoveled he smiled frequently. And even as he smiled this thing had happened. He had seen the little heap of muck which the leader had left untouched; and then, while the two bosses watched, he had made the man shovel it away.

All that morning men passed on their way to join the long line before the station agent's window. The groups were laughing and jesting, and some of them called out to the outside gang. From where Tom worked he could see the town, a row of flimsy, unpainted wooden buildings, for the most part dance-halls and saloons. They were surmounted by gaudily-painted canvas signs. During the month this had been a silent place. Now it was filling up. Men passed to and fro along the railed sidewalk; they hurried in and out of the wide-open doors.

A little after four o'clock in the afternoon the day shift leaped from the cars of the outcoming muck train and ran down the dump, a clamorous crowd. From among them came laughter; the deep voices were cheerful. Tom watched them rushing by and caught the cheer. His check was waiting at the depot; it was the day he reaped. His first check. All of it was his. He knew the amount to a cent. With the car-tender's help he had figured out the deductions of board and commissary bills, and knew what would be left. This balance was his savings. He thought of that. The world was bright—clean sunshine and fresh air. He smiled as he worked.

The Slavs saw him. Even they seemed to have caught the spirit now. The leader crooked back his lips before his yellow teeth and pointed toward a group of belated muckers hurrying after the day shift.

"Plenta monaay, hey?" the slant-eyed man cried.

"You bet," said Tom. He was becoming proud of his Americanisms.

There were many empty places in the dining-hall that night. Fully half the men were downtown. After supper Tom hurried to the station. On his way he heard a piano thumping, and from somewhere along the row of wooden buildings came a long, loud whoop. When he had got his check from the agent, weary with several hundred such payments, he hurried to the nearest saloon and cashed it. Then he went to the post-office.

Daulton, the postmaster, was also the camp's druggist. Although the company had a hospital and a surgeon at the other portal, Daulton was known in Snowslide as "the Doctor." It was his semi-official title. He had borne it for many years—in the days of construction when his drugstore had been an institution of every large camp from the Rockies to Puget Sound. He was English born, and he always wore loud-patterned tweeds and was immaculate as to his linen. His manner was a mingling

"Every Man His Own Barber"

Professor Grace of thoughtful face
Each morning shaves his beard.
The tender skin of cheek and chin
Has always clean appeared.
What razor does the wise man choose?
GEM JUNIOR only will he use.

THERE are many "professors" among so-called Safety Razors, but the students of clean, quick and safe shaving know that the GEM JUNIOR is the one holding the diploma of superiority. It is a "Past Master" in satisfaction-giving. Simplicity and efficiency are combined in this leader of all Safety Razors. The best materials, used in the best way to afford the best service.

You don't have to study to learn how to use it. It teaches you itself. The keen blade, always at the correct angle, shaves clean and close every time. Cannot pull or scrape.

Blade Ready For Stropping | $1.00 Outfit Complete | Razor Ready For Shaving

GEM JUNIOR SET Includes nickel-silver-plated frame with Bar, combination stropping and shaving handles and seven selected blades in handsome case **$1.00**

Extra Blades, Set of Seven, No. G 7,—35 Cts.

SPECIAL For Extra Heavy Beards

GEM de LUXE Outfit with 12 wide bevel-edge blades, of heavy Damascene steel, especially constructed for men with heavy beards or tender skin who have difficulty in shaving, prevent all irritation. **$3.50**

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For any kind of a dull razor use **Gem Razor Strop Dressing.** *Best edge producer—a keen blade in a minute. 25c postpaid.*

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The Original Modern Safety Razor Makers.
CANADIAN DISTRIBUTING COMPANY, KINGS HALL, MONTREAL, CANADA

W. K. Kellogg's Corner

Message No. 8

Imitations Are Cheaper Because They Are Worth-less

ALL the imitations of Kellogg's—the genuine Toasted Corn Flakes—are sold to dealers at a less price than Kellogg's. Why?

Because the Manufacturers think they are worth-less.

In this case isn't it fair to accept the manufacturer's view of the value of his own product?

The Genuine has this Signature
W. K. Kellogg

Made from Selected White Corn

A Damaging Confession

When a woman says, "Thank Heaven, I'm through with my Spring house-cleaning," she makes a mortifying confession.

She admits that for twelve months she allowed her house to grow dirtier, month by month, until it became just twelve times as dirty as it should have been.

What excuse does she offer? Why do this thing only once or twice a year?

Because of the confusion, the misery, the worry it causes.

"House-cleaning time!" Who does not shudder to think of it!

A well-known domestic science authority said the other day, "*The Duntley Cleaner is the greatest household invention since the sewing machine. It does more to lighten housework and to make the home sanitary than any other one thing.*"

The Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner transforms the care of home from an infinite burden into a comparative pleasure.

Instead of an upheaval of furniture, ripping up of carpets, and what not, to get rid of the accumulated dirt of months, we have a regular and simple renovation which results in perpetual freedom from dust, grime and disease germs.

You need never sweep nor dust again. The Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner will do it for you—ten times easier, ten times quicker and ten times better.

I know so well that the Duntley Cleaner will free you forever from the housecleaning bugbear, that I am willing to send you a machine for a free demonstration in your own home—no matter where you live.

I am not afraid to send the Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner a thousand miles away and let it tell its own story.

I want you to know why this cleaner has won Grand Prizes in this country and Gold Medals abroad. I want you to realize that it is cheaper to have a Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner than to be without one.

Let me prove what I claim—in your own home. I will take all the risk. If you do not find that the Duntley Cleaner is an actual household necessity, send it back.

Duntley Pneumatic Cleaners are operated by the ordinary electric light current. Where there is no electricity, hand-power machines can be furnished.

Prices range from $45.00 to $125.00. Small monthly payments, when desired.

Fill out and mail to me today the coupon below.

J. W. DUNTLEY, President
400 Harvester Building Chicago

Cut on This Line and Mail Coupon at Once

Duntley Manufacturing Co.
400 Harvester Bldg., Chicago.

Send me booklet of Duntley Pneumatic Cleaners for household use, and your book on scientific housecleaning.

Name .....
Address .....
Town .....
State .....

of dignity and affability, of condescension incumbent upon him because of his position and of semi-comradeship which stood him in good stead as a tradesman. He had one great advantage in this latter respect: his position of postmaster allowed him to know the name of every man in camp. He greeted Tom punctiliously from behind the counter.

"Good-evening, Mr. Morton," he said, bowing gravely. "A fine evening."

Tom grinned. It was the first time in his life that any one had ever prefixed the title "Mister" to his name, and the Doctor's manner flattered him. "Good-avenin' to ye, sor," he replied.

The memory of that "Mister" bothered him; he was not altogether at his ease.

"What is there I can do for you, Mr. Morton?" the Doctor asked.

"I come to buy wan av thim postal-ordhers," said Tom. "'Tis a good way to put by yer money, I'm tould."

"Ah, yes." The Doctor straightened and became official at once. "It is indeed. But we can't do that now, Mr. Morton; the hours are from eight until five."

Tom was perplexed. The Doctor saw his disappointment. He had seen the incident of the station platform where Tom had faced Kennedy and he had heard the outside boss tell of the domination of the five Slavs by this raw hand. And among other things the Doctor admired a fighter; it was almost awesome, this admiration born of love for boxing matches. Already he had regarded Tom as a possibility in this line. For this reason he resolved to extend small favors.

"You see," he explained, "that is the law. And if I were to let down the bars I would get into trouble." He smiled at Tom across the counter. "But in your case," he said impressively, "I don't mind making an exception." While he showed Tom how to make out the application he looked at the big arms and body and imagined them stripped. "My word!" he muttered. "My word, what beef! And a good eye; a good, steady eye!"

"There we are," he said aloud, and handed over the blue paper slip. "Keep that, Mr. Morton, and when you want your money you can cash it here. A wise thing. You won't find many doing it. What part of Ireland are you from?"

"From Galway, sor," said Tom.

"Ah, Galway," said the Doctor. "A beautiful county. I was in Galway twenty years ago." He talked of the green hills rolling back from the Shannon, and Tom's heart warmed. "Good-avenin', sor," he said, departing.

"Good-evening, Mr. Morton," bade the Doctor. "That money-order, a wise move. You'll be rich some day. My word!"

Tom caught the twinkle in his eye and grinned. "'Tis jokin' ye are," he cried, and they both laughed together.

He was cheerful with the whole world tonight. This talk of home, his savings in his pocket—the blue slip, the concrete realization of many dreams. It was a good country, this strange land, for all its frowning mountains—a place where he could earn and save; where others had risen to mastery of men.

Passing the saloons he gazed curiously into their wide-open doors. The long interiors blazed with light; they were alive with men. Rough faces were upturned toward the flaring lamps, some of them faces he had seen around the bunkhouse stove. Rough voices arose in laughter or loud anger. The places roared tumult. He stared at it all. And once he stood rooted before a doorway where a bare-headed woman in a loose red wrapper screamed a song at the cold, clean stars.

He picked his way across the dump and up the hill to the boarding-camp. The bunkhouse was silent; the benches around the stove were empty. As he entered the heading foreman came from his office and went on out into the night. In their corner, close together, heads bent to a common center, sat the five Slavs. They were talking in their own tongue. Immediately upon his entrance they raised their eyes and stopped talking. Then the outer door slammed shut behind the heading foreman, and there was silence.

Tom went to his bunk. He sat down on the edge. A laugh made him look around. It came from the five Slavs in the corner. As he looked one of the group said a low word. They laughed again. The leader arose and came toward him.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Columbia
Columbia Cars are wholly made within our own great works and in no way are they comparable with so-called assembled cars possessing a divided responsibility of design and build.

Painting by George Gibbs.

THE COLUMBIA MOTOR CAR COMPANY

Station 104-A, HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

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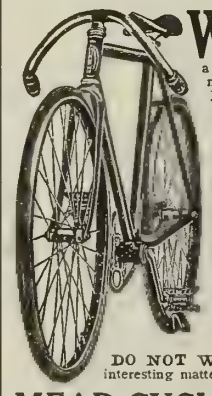


WANTED—RIDER AGENTS IN EACH TOWN

and district to ride and exhibit a sample 1910 Model **"Ranger"** bicycle furnished by us. Our agents everywhere are making money fast. *Write at once for full particulars and special offer.*

NO MONEY REQUIRED until you receive and approve of your bicycle. We ship to anyone, anywhere in the U. S. *without a cent deposit* in advance, *prepay freight*, and allow **TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL**, during which time you may ride the bicycle and put it to any test you wish. If you are then not perfectly satisfied or do not wish to keep the bicycle you may ship it back to us at our expense and *you will not be out one cent.*

LOW FACTORY PRICES We furnish the highest grade bicycles it is possible to make at one small profit above actual factory cost. You save $10 to $25 middlemen's profits by buying direct of us and have the manufacturer's guarantee behind your bicycle. **DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone* at *any price* until you receive our catalogues and learn our unheard of *factory prices* and *remarkable special offer.*

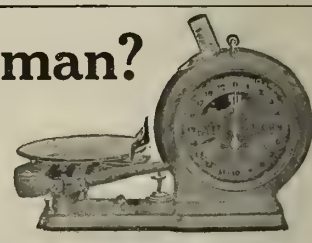
YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED when you receive our beautiful catalogue and study our superb models at the *wonderful low prices* we can make you. We sell the highest grade bicycles at lower prices than any other factory. We are satisfied with $1.00 profit above factory cost. **BICYCLE DEALERS**, you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double our prices. Orders filled the day received. **SECOND HAND BICYCLES**—a limited number taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores will be closed out at once at $3 to $8 each. Descriptive bargain list mailed free.

TIRES, COASTER-BRAKE rear wheels, inner tubes, lamps, cyclometers, parts, repairs and everything in the bicycle line at **half usual prices.**

DO NOT WAIT, but write today for our *Large Catalogue* beautifully illustrated and containing a great fund of interesting matter and useful information. It only costs a postal to get everything. **Write it now.**

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY Dept. Y-55 CHICAGO, ILL.

Are You a Good Salesman?



Are you making good money? Have you the right article to make big money?

We want good men who can make $300 to $500 a month and expenses; who can rate up to men who regularly exceed their monthly selling quotas 75 to 100%, with individual profits correspondingly great. Wherever represented, **Angldile Computing Scales** quickly take the lead. Sales last four months over 100% more than same months in 1909. Good unoccupied territory waiting for right men.

The **Angldile**, because of its unique construction, excels all other scales in convenience, accuracy and completeness of computation. It is the scale that shows a plain, easily read *figure* for each penny. Its customer's side, shown herewith, has the largest, clearest dial on any store scale.

If you are the sort of man we want; ambitious, forceful, and anxious to make big money; write us today. Now is the time to get priceless territory; a few counties will make you independent.

ANGLDILE COMPUTING SCALE COMPANY, 110 Franklin Street, Elkhart, Ind.

Why not a prosperous retail business of your own — now?

There are big possibilities for men with limited capital in a profitable line, concerning which I will be glad to give complete information. Write today for 200 page, illustrated book—and stories of truly exceptional successes. A chance to grow from a small beginning into a big department store. The book is free for the asking. EDWARD B. MOON, 8 W. Randolph St., Chicago.

Elks' Home in El Reno, Oklahoma

$50,000 Court House in El Reno, Oklahoma

Presbyterian Church in El Reno, Oklahoma

Carnegie Library in El Reno, Oklahoma

One of Many Handsome Houses in El Reno, Oklahoma

Central High School Building in El Reno, Oklahoma

Building A City By Leaps And Bounds!

The Magic Southwest

Its wonderful development during the past decade has been the marvel of the world.

If the story of Oklahoma's rapid rise in population and wealth may seem to many almost incredible, it must be remembered that nature in her gift of resources was most uncommonly kind. It is a singular fact that the boundary lines of this great state should have dropped over a block of earth which produces on the surface the three great staples—corn, cotton and wheat; and under the surface holds marvelously rich deposits of the three great minerals—coal, oil and gas.

El Reno, The Coming City

When it is considered that Oklahoma has the staples—which are the backbone of agriculture—and the standard minerals—which are the basis of manufacturing—and carries a score of other crops and raw materials as "side lines" in her great big sample case, it is easily seen that an empire was slumbering here, waiting only the advent of railroads to open things up.

El Reno is the most rapidly growing city in Oklahoma, the most progressive state in the Union. This wonderfully vital, pushing, ambitious natural center of the Greater Southwest is growing by leaps and bounds. Its leading business men, with a public spirit never surpassed, have banded together into an organization to push the fortunes of El Reno, and now invite the world to *"Watch Us Grow To 100,000."* The wonderful progress made during the past few years by El Reno, the coming metropolis of Oklahoma, is due largely to the loyal support and unselfish effort of the representative men who are backing this movement with their time, money and personal energy.

Advantages of Location

El Reno is the county seat of Canadian County and is situated in the center of Oklahoma. The territory adjacent to the city contains the richest agricultural region in the Southwest, parted by the North and South Canadian rivers, with grazing lands capable of sustaining the immense herds that make this city the greatest cattle market in the state. El Reno is the hub of the great Rock Island System, being the intersection of its two main lines, the C. R. I. & P. and the C. O. & G. R. R. The Fort Smith and Western has its own western terminal here, and a charter has been granted the El Reno, Red River and Pacific Railway Company to extend this line to connect with the Orient Railway in Texas.

An Abundance of Fuel

The State of Oklahoma is dotted with rich coal fields and El Reno is favorably located with reference to fuel supply. Several productive fields are within easy reach of this city and the supply is sufficient for industries of the state for years to come. Steam coal may be had at $2.00 a ton delivered, and domestic lump at $4.75 a ton delivered. Natural gas is being piped to this city and soon the people here will be supplied from the apparently inexhaustible fields nearby. The large supply of gas and the economy with which the fields are operated will tend to keep the price well within reasonable limits.

Health and Climate

In El Reno, the weather is variable but never extreme, and the sun shines the year 'round. The winter months bring some cold weather, but it never freezes. During the hot summer months a constant cool gulf wind moderates the heat that in other corresponding regions becomes burdensome. The city has never experienced a plague of any kind, and contagious diseases, because of the excellent sanitary surroundings, never attain a violent form, and in the few instances they have appeared were always confined to an exceedingly small district.

The Sewerage System

El Reno now has fourteen miles of sanitary sewerage, and 2,000 feet of storm sewers. These enable every resident of the city to have sewer connection, and the system is extended to the new additions to the city as fast as they are platted. Five miles more are now under construction, and this will provide for thorough drainage of every section of the city. The sewers have withstood a severe practical water test and will last for many years to come.

El Reno OKLA.

"Watch Us Grow to 100,000"

A Great Cattle Market

El Reno has more factories than any city its size in the state. It is the best cattle market in Oklahoma. The Rock Island Railroad has seventy miles of track in El Reno, with capacity for handling 8,000 cars. El Reno will be the hub of a system of interurbans that will radiate over the state. El Reno has a complete, modern, up-to-date street railway system. It has the largest cotton compress in the great cotton district of the Southwest.

Railroad and Factory Center

El Reno is the railroad center of the Southwest. It is the headquarters of the Rock Island System for Oklahoma, Arkansas and Louisiana. The Rock Island has appropriated $2,000,000 for improvements in the city of El Reno alone. El Reno will soon have the largest railroad office building in the State of Oklahoma, to be built by the Rock Island System. Forty trains enter and leave daily this rapidly developing railroad and manufacturing center of the great Southwest.

El Reno Not a "Boom" Town

El Reno is not a "boom" town and yet is growing twice as fast as any other city in this section. El Reno has beautiful parks with a variety of attractions, and a Carnegie Library costing $20,000, containing 10,000 volumes. El Reno's Commercial Club has an advertising fund of $20,000 which it is spending for the benefit of this city and its inhabitants. El Reno has carried the name of Oklahoma farther than any two cities in the state.

An Invitation To Settlers

In order to interest outside capital and as a means of attracting actual settlers to El Reno, a committee of public-spirited business men has arranged to offer non-residents an opportunity to purchase city lots 25x140 feet within a few minutes' walk of the business center, at a price much below their actual worth. This splendid offer is made for the purpose of bringing a good class of citizens to El Reno, and thereby assisting the movement of population toward the 100,000 mark.

800 Lots Already Sold

The original tract secured by the committee contained 2,200 city lots, of which 800 have been sold. The remainder, 1,400 lots, will be sold to non-residents. This property is in the heart of the packing center, where realty values are going up with a rush. Nearby the El Reno Packing Co. will soon begin operations, with a capacity of 400 cattle and 600 hogs per day. Another large packing house will be built within the next few months. Every indication points to a wonderful development in the immediate neighborhood.

Low Prices and Easy Terms

Here is a wonderful opportunity to acquire valuable, rapidly growing lots in the most progressive city of Oklahoma at prices that should yield a large percentage of profit. Inside lots, 25 x 140 feet, are now only $125—corner lots $200. Terms, $10 down and $5 per month. No interest, no taxes, no commission or extra charges of any kind. Title guaranteed perfect. You have the privilege of re-selling, if you prefer, at any time after first payment is made.

A Chance for Investors

Such an offering to acquire city property on such easy terms is rare. While we cannot make any promise or give any guarantee covering even the approximate increase in value of these rapidly growing lots, yet the readers of this publication can easily form their own conclusions from the facts given above concerning the wonderful development of El Reno to date, and the promises of even greater things in the next few years.

The Packers' Industrial Company, of El Reno, Oklahoma

Composed of Members of Chamber of Commerce.

Reservation Coupon

The Packers' Industrial Co.,
El Reno, Okla.

Please reserve in my name ..... inside corner lot 25 x 140 feet, and send me at once, plat and map showing exact location, etc., subject to my acceptance or rejection.

Name ..

Address

Reserve a Selection Today

As the demand for these lots is active and the publication of this page announcement should result in quickly disposing of the remaining number unsold, it will be safer to mail the coupon on the left, and let us send you by return mail a selection, with contract, terms, etc., subject to your acceptance. If further information is desired, mail coupon on the right.

Information Coupon

The Packers' Industrial Co.,
El Reno, Okla.

I want further information about your El Reno City Lots. Please send full details, maps, plats, descriptions, etc., without any obligation to me.

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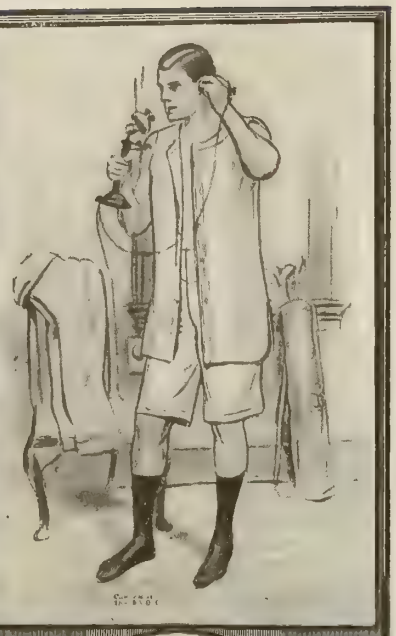

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WITH HIS HAND IN THE SACK

(Continued from Page 15)

the guest at her right hand. They lingered over their breakfast under the tortured gaze of Crépin, and it was not until ten o'clock that he sat down to a tasteless repast of coffee and toast. Throughout the entire day he ministered to the office of *maître d'hôtel* with lagging footsteps and a listless manner not unnoticed by the *patronne*.

"What is the matter, Crépin?" she inquired, with a revival of what Crépin had once thought to be an affectionate interest in his welfare. "What is the matter? Are you not well?"

"*Pas de tout*, Madame," he replied. "I never felt better."

Ten times at least hes ought the third-floor front, but M. Archimbault remained alone in his room, *with the key in the keyhole*, and what passed within Crépin was unable to ascertain. Dinner followed luncheon, and the behavior of the *patronne* and her favored guest seemed to increase in friendliness, not to say affection. After dinner the *patronne* was busy in her office receiving the weekly board money of her forty-odd guests, and it was nine o'clock before this financial operation was complete; and after she had deposited the bills and coin in the little safe she closed and locked it with a dozen turns of the combination knob. At half-past nine Archimbault and the *patronne* left the house and listened to the music at Martin's until about midnight, when they returned, and under the discreet surveillance of Crépin the parting salutations of the night before were repeated.

Finally, the sound of their retreating footsteps died away and, as on Friday night, Crépin drew together the heavy portières that separated the *patronne*'s sanctum from the front parlor and once more lay down on the lounge to repeat his vigil. This time slumber evaded him altogether, and he sprawled flat on his back with his eyes staring into the blackness when, at about two o'clock, he recognized the creaking of the fourth stair below the third-floor landing. He sat bolt upright and peered through the curtains, and a moment later the door of the *patronne*'s office moved gently and a short figure entered. The marauder held an electric flash lamp in his hand and Crépin observed a black mask on the burglar's face. Breathlessly he watched the burglar flash his electric light around the little room, and as soon as the latter descried the safe he at once went to work on the combination. Noiselessly he whirled the little knob, intent on his work, while Crépin rose stealthily from the lounge and parted the curtains.

"Not a move," he cried, "or I shoot!"

In his right hand he held an old army revolver of ancient pattern but tremendous caliber, and he pointed it without a tremor at the burglar's heart. He might have been afraid had he not been so interested in the situation. It was Emile Gaboriau come true. Many and many a time at the Porte St. Martin he had witnessed just such a scene as this, and he was quite prepared for the burglar's onslaught which he felt sure would follow. In due course it came, and with a muttered "Whoof!" the cracksman leaped for Crépin's throat. Crépin pulled the trigger, there was a slight click but no explosion, and the pistol went flying from his hand and buried itself in the portières.

Then came the combat, which lacked only the hurried scraping of fiddles *con sordino* and the plucking of the cello and *contrebasse pizzicato* to make the *mise en scène* complete. At last, in true melodramatic fashion, the burglar pinned Crépin to the floor and knelt on his chest. The burglar's fist grasped a murderous blackjack, and as he drew it back for the *coup de grâce* the office door opened and a male figure clad only in an undershirt burst into the room and flung himself upon the kneeling robber. This sudden impact sent him flying backward and his skull cracked loudly against the knob of the combination. He jumped quickly to his feet, however, and once more raised his blackjack; but even as he did so he staggered and the next moment he fell unconscious to the office floor. Crépin rose at once, and in less than a moment the male guests came plunging down the stairs garbed in pajamas

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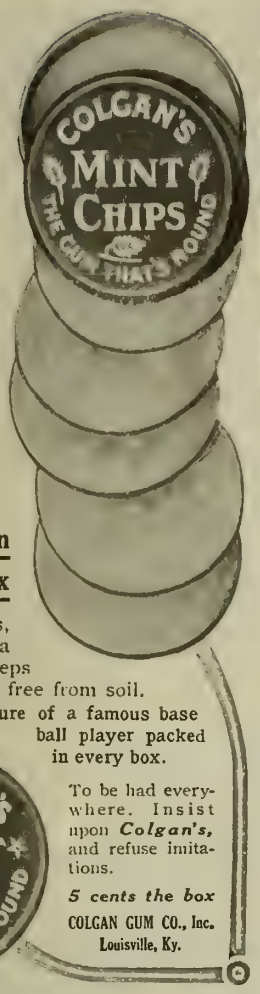

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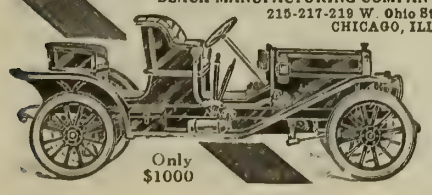

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and nightshirts with the *patronne* in the rear. She had thrown a *peignoir* over her nightdress and was trembling with fright and excitement.

"What is it? What is it?" she gasped.

It must be admitted that Crépin commanded the situation if only by reason of the circumstance that of all the males there present he alone wore trousers.

"Madame," he said, "it is Archimbault. At last I have caught him *avec sa main dans le sac.*"

"Strike a light, somebody," commanded M. Sinagnan, and Crépin himself obeyed. He lit the gas in the office of the *patronne* and simultaneously the *patronne* shrieked aloud, for in that moment she recognized the familiar features of "Psst" alias "You," arrayed only in an undershirt, his long spindling legs naked from the hips down. With wonderful presence of mind Crépin seized the assistant cook by the back of the neck and rushed him to the head of the basement stairs, where a well-directed kick assisted him to the floor below.

When Crépin returned to the sanctum the boarders formed a ring around the recumbent burglar, but not one of them made a movement toward removing the black cloth that hid his features. It remained for Crépin to perform that office and he stepped nimbly forward.

"Behold, *Madame et Messieurs,* the features of that noble patriot, that splendid artist," he said, "the *apache,* Georges Archimbault." He snatched the mask away from the face of the recumbent burglar and then he sprang back with a cry. The face was clean shaven and a huge broken nose surmounted a hare-lip.

"What the devil do you mean?" cried a voice from the outer edge of the ring.

Crépin turned to view the speaker. It was M. Georges Archimbault.

VI

THERE was no further sleep for the Maison Arnaud that night. Two policemen arrived just as the burglar began to regain consciousness and he was removed to the station-house in a patrol wagon.

As for Crépin, he underwent an embarrassing quarter of an hour after the policemen had departed, for the *patronne* seemed to have completely overlooked his heroism and remembered only his affront to her favorite guest.

"Crépin," she said, "you have grossly insulted M. Archimbault. How can you excuse yourself?"

"Perhaps, Madame," Crépin suggested respectfully, "you and your guests had better clothe yourselves or return to bed and I will make my explanations in the morning."

"We are past the conventionalities," Archimbault declared.

The guests had been retiring to their rooms one by one until only he and Sinagnan remained.

"Very well, then," Crépin declared stoutly; "I will say my say. First, I accuse you, M. Archimbault, that you have concealed in your room a full collection of burglars' tools."

Archimbault broke into a laugh.

"Yes, you may laugh," Crépin continued, "but nevertheless I have seen them, wrapped in canton flannel—saws, files and steel wedges."

Archimbault's face became grave.

"Pray, when did you see all this?" he demanded.

"When one deals with persons without honor," Crépin replied, "one acts without honor. I looked through the keyhole on the day of your arrival."

"Then, Madame," Archimbault cried, "I insist that you immediately discharge this fellow. It is true that I have the saws and files that he speaks of, but those are not the tools of a burglar, Madame. They are the tools of a patriot."

He transfixed Crépin with a terrible glare.

"With those tools," he cried, "I redeem the honor of France. I am working night and day to perfect an instrument to be known as the *cor de France.* It will have the tone quality of the clarinet and the saxophone, and it is to replace and do away with that accursed German instrument."

He bowed triumphantly to the *patronne,* and with a final glare at Crépin he stalked majestically upstairs followed by Sinagnan, while the *maître d'hôtel* crept after them without a word, a ruined man if ever there was one.

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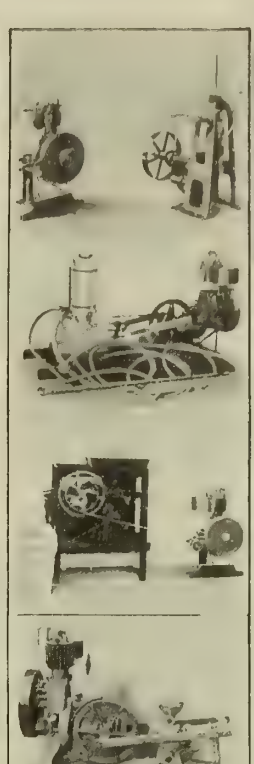

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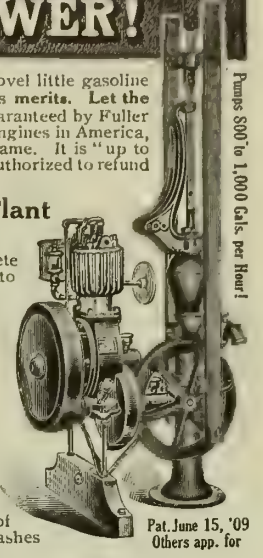

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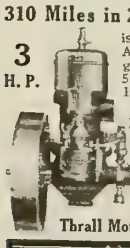

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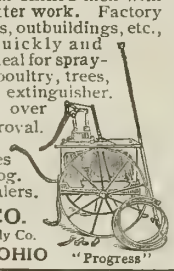
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The next morning Crépin brought his valise, packed, strapped and locked, into the kitchen and deposited it in the corner.

"Allo!" Aristide cried out. "What's up?"

Crépin shrugged expressively.

"You're not going to leave, are you?" Aristide asked.

"That's what I'm going to do," Crépin replied wearily. "Although I suppose I'll have to go to the police court first."

"That street cur goes, too," Aristide added. He referred, of course, to his assistant. "You might think the fellow was to be the guest at a wedding the way he is dressing himself."

Crépin sat down and bowed his head in his hands.

"And what do you expect to do with yourself?" Aristide inquired.

Crépin shrugged again without changing his posture.

Aristide shook his head and clucked sympathetically.

"A smart fellow like you, Crépin," he said, "always finds a good position."

Crépin rose to his feet and made for the dining-room, where breakfast was served amid a clamor of conversation, of which the adventure of the night before was the only topic. Throughout the meal no reference was made to Crépin's part in the capture of the burglar, and the *maître d'hôtel* performed his duties as stolidly as if nothing had happened to disturb his last night's rest. After he had sipped a cup of coffee he sought the assistant cook and together they repaired to the Jefferson Market Police Court. Madame Arnaud followed in a cab with Marie, and at nine o'clock the four of them sat in the inclosure for counsel.

Finally the prisoner was brought in and with him came the French interpreter, who summoned Crépin to the desk.

"Will you make the complaining affidavit?" the interpreter asked.

"Do you mean that I am to make myself responsible for the prosecution of the prisoner?" Crépin inquired.

"It amounts to that," the interpreter replied.

"Well, then," Crépin said, indicating the assistant cook, "let this young man make the deposition. He has no property and no responsibilities. I remember once when I worked on West Broadway for a wine and spirits warehouse, the proprietor rendered himself ——"

"All right," the interpreter interrupted. "I am not here to listen to anecdotes. What is the young man's name?"

"Psst!" Crépin called, beckoning the assistant. "What is your name?"

The assistant cook blushed. It was the first time that inquiry had been made in all the tenure of his employment.

"Adolphe Sax," he replied.

"What!" Madame exclaimed. "Then you are a German?"

Adolphe Sax shook his head.

"I am a native of Dinant, Belgium," he said, "the home of my namesake—although he is no relative of mine—Adolphe Sax, the inventor of the saxophone, that wonderful instrument."

"But," the *patronne* began, "the inventor of the saxophone was a German. He ——"

"*Pardon, Madame,*" the interpreter broke in; "this is not a lecture on musical instruments. This is a police court. Come to the desk, Mr. Sax."

He led the assistant cook to the complaint clerk's desk, leaving the *patronne* and Marie in excited conversation. It took less than five minutes for Adolphe Sax to sign his deposition and he returned to the side of the *patronne*, his crimson face dripping with perspiration.

"Wipe your face and listen to me," the *patronne* began. "Are you sure that Sax, the inventor of the saxophone, was not a German?"

"I am certain, Madame," the assistant cook replied. "Me, I am no relation, but I possess the same family name and I was born in the same city as the illustrious Sax, in Dinant; also, Madame, like M. Sax I am a naturalized Frenchman and I am six years in the army of France as bandsman. I play on the saxophone as well as on the clarinet, oboe and *cor anglais*. Yes, Madame, I am on all these instruments a performer second to none."

"That will do," the *patronne* cried severely; "you forget yourself."

Adolphe Sax bowed and lapsed into silence, but a moment later he was recalled to the desk while the prisoner was arraigned. The *patronne*, Crépin and Marie were also

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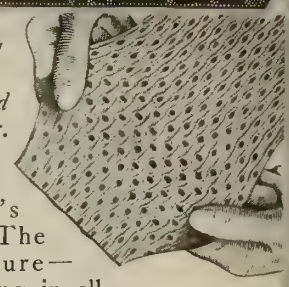

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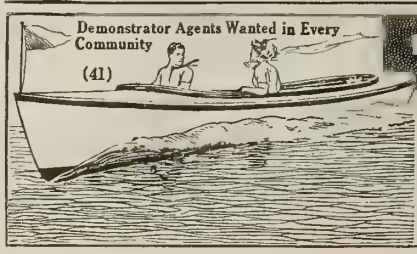

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WILBUR'S CHOCOLATE BUDS

Whoever tastes them will want no other chocolate. A delight that lingers on the palate, melting and smooth as rich cream, delicately flavored as sun-ripened fruit. The shape of these little solid chocolate forms is closely imitated, but their quality is never approached.

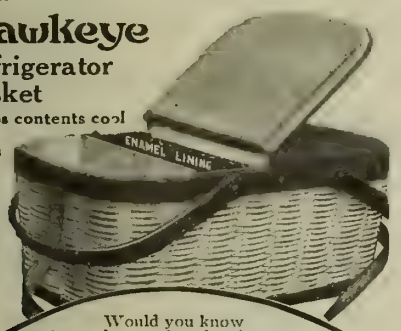
At your dealer's—or we will send a pound box prepaid for $1. ONE sample box for 30c and your dealer's address.

Wilbur's Velour Chocolate—for eating only—a new thought in chocolate making—delicious aroma, less sugar. Flat cakes retailing at 10c.

H. O. WILBUR & SONS, Inc.
222 Bread Street Philadelphia
Makers of WILBUR'S COCOA.

Hawkeye Refrigerator Basket

Keeps contents cool 24 hours



Would you know the real joy of a lunch out-of-doors? In the park, on the water, in the country? Then get a Hawkeye Refrigerator Basket. You can take all those delightful luncheon dishes in it that you couldn't take before for fear they would spoil. Keeps milk sweet and fresh, butter firm, salads, sandwiches and beverages cool and in perfect condition.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write direct Prices (delivered east of Rockies) Regular, $3.50, $4 50 and $5.00; De Luxe, $7.50 and $12; Auto, $10 and $15 Money refunded after 30 days' trial. Write for our booklet of dainty lunch recipes.

BURLINGTON BASKET COMPANY
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SIX TIES $1.00

PLEASE SEND US THE NAME OF YOUR DEALER AND ONE DOLLAR and we will send you postpaid

Six Triple-Service Ties

Here are the colors: Tan, Lavender, Red, Gray, Dark Green, Light Green, Navy Blue, Light Blue, Brown, Wine, Purple, Black. Each tie is silk-stitched, square-end finish, in one piece, and full reversible. **Four-in-Hands,** 45 inches long, 1¾ wide. **Bow ties,** 35 inches long, 1¾ wide.

These ties are as "natty" in appearance as the best fifty-cent tie you can buy anywhere, and will **OUTWEAR ANY THREE FIFTY-CENT TIES.** That's the **Triple Service.** That's part of our guarantee to you

Triple Service Ties are made of **"Egypto" Silk Stripe Poplin,** a high-class **washable** fabric, with wearing qualities superior to any all silk goods. It is warranted not to wear fuzzy, and in brilliancy of finish is not excelled It is the ideal neckwear fabric.

Your money back by return mail if you are not thoroughly satisfied

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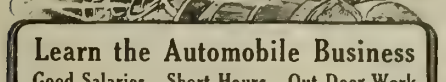
Dealers—We want an exclusive agent in every town



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summoned to the platform in front of the magistrate, termed in police-court parlance "the bridge," and as they reached it the prisoner raised his hand.

"Judge, your Honor," he said, "I ain't going to make no fight on this here charge. I was caught with the goods."

"Who was your pal on the outside?" the magistrate asked.

"I didn't have no pal on the outside," the prisoner replied. "I thought I was a pretty wise guy because when I sees French George goin' into the house on Friday I thought there was something doing. If he was willing to take a chance on a place like that I thought I'd get one in ahead of him."

"French George?" the judge repeated.

"Sure," the prisoner replied. "A feller by the name of George Archibald."

"Georges Archimbault!" Crépin cried, and without another word he turned on his heel and hurried out of the courtroom. There was no car in sight, hence he ran all the way to the Maison Arnaud and took the front steps three at a jump. Opening the door with a pass-key he made straight for the office of the *patronne*. His worst fears were realized. The safe door hung by one hinge and the drawers were thrown carelessly on the floor amid a heap of old bills and letters.

One look was enough and Crépin leaped wildly upstairs to the third-floor front hall room. It was vacant.

"Aristide! Aristide!" he cried, as he fled down the stairs.

Aristide met him at the kitchen door.

"Is anything the matter?" Aristide asked.

Crépin gasped once or twice in an effort to enunciate.

"Haven't you heard anything?" he said at length.

Aristide shook his head.

"Myself, Jean and Laurent," he said, indicating the two unshaven waiters, "we have been playing *vingt-et-un* here ever since you left, and we heard nothing."

A key rattled in the door abovestairs and the next moment a shriek rang through the house. It was Madame Arnaud, who had hastened after Crépin, and when the *maître d'hôtel* and the chef reached her office they found the *patronne* stretched in a swoon on the heap of torn letters.

It was Crépin's arm that supported her head when she returned to consciousness, and it was Crépin who looked anxiously into her eyes when she opened them at last.

"Crépin," she murmured weakly, "you will not leave me now."

"*Non, Madame,*" Crépin replied. "Madame must not talk."

"But, Crépin," she whimpered, "you will not leave me. Promise me, Crépin."

"Never, Madame," he cried. "Never, Dorothée."

Here they were interrupted by Aristide, who entered with a glass of brandy in time to see the *patronne* seize Crépin's left hand and press it to her lips. Aristide returned hastily to the lobby, where he bumped into Marie.

"What now?" Marie cried.

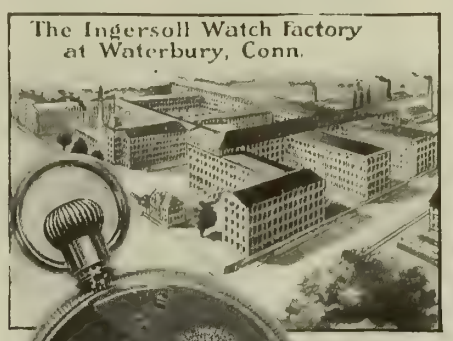
"Nothing," said Aristide—"Nothing; only you and I may expect our walking papers, Marie. We are going to have a new master."

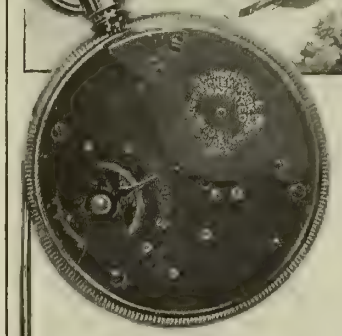
But Aristide was mistaken, for the first of the year the Maison Arnaud changed its name to the Maison Bodin, with M. et Mme. Bodin as manager and cashier, and M. et Mme. Aristide Gely as chef and housekeeper. A *porte cochère* now adorns the front of the establishment in place of the high stoop, which has been removed, and two velvet lounges line the walls of the basement café. From seven in the evening until two in the morning the service *à la carte* enjoys a liberal patronage, for not only is the cuisine of the best, but the music is also of a very high order, under the direction of the clarinet virtuoso and saxophone soloist, M. Adolphe Sax, alias "Psst!" alias "You."

If you will ask Aristide Gely why Adolphe abandoned cooking for music he will shrug in reply:

"Of the two arts, M'sieu'," he will say, "he chose the lesser."

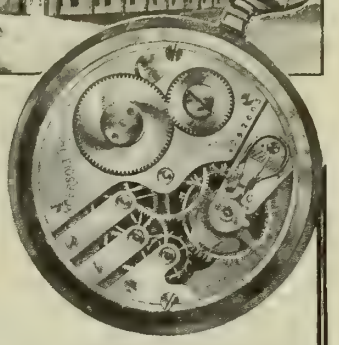
More than one-half of all the watches made in the United States come from these factories





$1.00 $1.50 $2.00

IN these clean and sunlit modern factories, by skilled and well-paid workmen, according to exact standards of test and reliability,



$5.00 $7.00 $9.00

year in and year out, "as time goes on," the wonderful watches which bear the name of *Ingersoll* and *Ingersoll-Trenton* are made for the markets of the world.

These watches are wonderful in three ways—for *quality*, *price* and *popularity*. They are accurate and durable timekeepers. They cost from *one* dollar to *nine*, every grade *guaranteed*. Over nineteen millions of people have bought them—sales now running at *twelve thousand watches every twenty-four hours*.

This is the world's record for watch *making* and watch *selling*. First honors go to the house of Ingersoll—don't forget *that*. And the only way to keep step with this vast army of nineteen million intelligent watch-*choosers* and watch-*users* is to buy and carry and take pride in an INGERSOLL or INGERSOLL-TRENTON Watch.

When President Taft wanted to present a watch to the son of President Hadley of Yale, he chose one of these famous watches.

Ingersoll watch-prices are fixed at the factory. They are standard and permanent the world over. Even the new Tariff laws did not raise these prices. They are as follows:

Ingersoll Models - - $1.00, $1.50 and $2.00.
Ingersoll-Trenton Models, $5.00, $7.00 and $9.00.

(The above I-T Models all have 7 jewels. The $9.00 grade is fitted with 20-year gold-filled cases.)

Ask your jeweler to show you an Ingersoll-Trenton. It is a sight to see—the best watch-value ever offered.

Our useful booklet, "How to Judge a Watch," is printed in three colors and illustrated with 27 pictures. It will interest you, teach you, and save you money. We would like to mail you a copy. What is your address?

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., 21 Frankel Building, New York City

The Coffee for Alert Minds and Active Bodies

A cup of good coffee is nourishing, invigorating. It enriches the blood and braces the nerves. But frequently the good effects of coffee are overwhelmed by its ill effects.

Two reasons for this — coffee chaff and coffee dust. You can see both in a handful of ordinary coffee ground in a mill.

The chaff, fine white flakes, contains tannin. Brewed alone it is bitter, harsh and weedy. It does not help the coffee flavor, and is not good for the human system.

Coffee dust is the result of grinding—crushing in a mill. It is indigestible. You can see it in coffee before you add the cream. It enters the stomach with the coffee and is inclined to upset things.

There is one coffee in which you get all the benefits of the nutritious caffeol, without the harm. This is

Barrington Hall
The Baker-ized Steel-Cut Coffee

All the chaff is taken from Baker-ized Coffee. Examine it and see.

It is steel-**cut** into pieces of uniform size with sharp knives — **with no dust.**

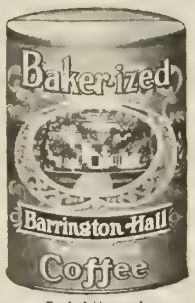
In the dust and chaff the harm is removed.

You can drink all you want of it. It won't make you feel heavy or dull. It won't feel like lead in your stomach. It won't put your nerves on edge. And drank before retiring, it won't result in a wakeful, restless night.

That is why BARRINGTON HALL is

"The Coffee Without a Regret"

A deliciously smooth and fragrant coffee. Mellow, fine and satisfying with a delightful lingering after-taste. You will not find a more enjoyable coffee. It is the one coffee that everybody can drink all they want of with only good effects.



Sealed tins only.

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Enough for at least six cups. Examine the uniformity of the grains. Compare it with other coffee, in can and cup. Because of the uniformity of the grains, Baker-ized Coffee can be brewed to the exact strength desired—without oversteeping any of the grains. A pound will make 15 to 20 cups more than coffee ground in the old way. 35c to 40c a pound, according to locality. Use the coupon.

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Time's Derelicts

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard

A GREAT WRITER once said, "Nothing is more disgraceful than that an old man should have nothing to show that he has lived long except his years." ¶How true is this and yet how often do we look about us and see dozens of Time's Derelicts who must depend upon the State, the Community, or worse yet, their own families, for the ordinary comforts that old age requires. ¶In youth our every impulse is to expend rather than conserve. But should we not let wisdom play a part, and consider what future life will mean without that independence that now means so much to us while all is sunshine! When the World smiles, emulate the example of the Bees and hoard your Honey. ¶To be free for all time, see that in youth you make arrangements for your Old Age. ¶THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY of the United States will contract to insure your savings. You need not put away great sums. ¶If you are still young, an annual deposit of less than Two Hundred Dollars, will yield Five Thousand Dollars to you in cash at the end of twenty-five years—just when you'll need it. The same sum will be paid to your wife or mother or other dependent if you die sooner. ¶Life Insurance means peace, content, good digestion and sound sleep. It eliminates worry.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society
OF THE UNITED STATES

"Strongest in the World"

The Company which pays its death claims on the day it receives them

PAUL MORTON, President, 120 Broadway, New York City

AGENCIES EVERYWHERE! None in your town? Then why not recommend some good man—or woman—to us, to represent us there? Great opportunities today in Life Insurance work for the Equitable.

The "only" oxford laces

The **only** combination laces—narrow and tubular in the center where the real wear comes; broad and flat where the bows are tied.

The **only** laces that retain their beauty and shape.

The **only** guaranteed laces.

Nufashond
TRADE MARK REG.
Patented May 7, 1907

Oxford Laces
guaranteed 3 months

Exclusive patented tips, too—fast in color and won't come off.

All pure silk, in black, tan, and oxblood—for men's and women's oxfords.

25 cents per pair at all shoe and drygoods stores and haberdashers. Every pair stamped "**Nufashond**" on the tips, and put up in a sealed box. If your dealer hasn't them, we'll send them on receipt of price.

Write today for illustrated booklet which shows our complete line of shoe laces at every price, including our "**N F 10**", the best for high shoes. **Guaranteed 6 months.**

"**N F**" **Silk Corset Laces.** Strongest, cleanest, most perfect braid. In sealed envelopes. **25c to $1.**

Nufashond Shoe Lace Co.
Dept. A, Reading, Pa.

Nufashond Shoe Laces
Guaranteed 3 months

2 in ONE for 2

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Sleep, play, lounge out of doors with this unique combination. Our interesting 20 page booklet gives many health suggestions. Beautifully illustrated. Shows many uses and gives prices. Mailed free.

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NERVOUS?
EASILY TIRED?
PAINS IN THE LEGS?

Foot trouble is the cause 9 times out of 10.

Wear "SOFT SPOTS" in your shoes—pneumatic heel and arch cushions—non-metallic—self-conforming—leather and rubber—globule of imprisoned air. "SOFT SPOTS" mean no more foot trouble—no corns—no callouses—no leg aches and foot pains. "Soft Spots" Heel and Arch Cushions $1 a pair. Heel Cushions 25c a pair. At dealers or by mail prepaid. State men, women or children's size.

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TRUE CONSERVATION

(Continued from Page 20)

down was at lunch. The little feet of one of them were so swollen that she had to wear rubbers instead of shoes. For their work they received from a dollar and seventy-five cents to two dollars and thirty cents a week. The inspector, a woman, asked the foreman why the children were not sitting down.

"Why should they?" he snarled. "If they don't want to stand they don't have to come here and work, and if they want to come here and work that's their own business. They know when they come that they can't have chairs."

"But since they are here, why don't you get them chairs just for humane reasons?"

"Because chairs take up too much room. We want the space for machinery."

In this case the inspector made the foreman provide chairs, but she learned later that they were stacked on top of each other, and the children were not allowed to sit down.

These foremen are men who have worked up from the shops. Their future depends on how much they can cut down expenses, and they are not always asked how they do it. Often their sole ambition is to get more out of the workers under them than was ever got before. They can commit brutalities of which an ordinary man would be incapable, because they have no standards. Perhaps they have been squeezed themselves, and are seizing this opportunity to forge ahead. In any case they have little enough sympathy and no class loyalty. The only thing in them that approaches an idea is an intense worship of success and of the superior ability of the class above them. To this class they have a passionate loyalty. Often they would grind their own people to a pulp to gain five cents more for their masters, even when the five cents would bring them no personal advantage.

It is under the eyes of such foremen that the factory inspector moves at his work. The attitude of the workmen themselves toward the inspector is not easily to be determined. Many who understand his presence are afraid to complain of violations of the law for fear of losing their positions; and also, they have a loyalty, bred of necessity, to the man who furnishes them with work. Indeed, the average workman, unless he has been trained in trades-unions, is an inarticulate, mysterious being. Many do not understand what the inspector is there for; they watch him with curiosity. Occasionally some of the men seem very much amused, especially if the inspector is a woman.

The Legal Side of Overwork

Though the men, as a rule, take time to glance at the inspector, the women scarcely ever lift their eyes. The men can earn more; they are not so highly strung; they are not so susceptible to "speeding up." With women, speeding up seems to be an obsession. Their work is usually piecework; they are sewing six little stars on a glove for a cent, or making straight seams on canvas bags, and to earn enough to live on they must hurry under tremendous pressure. This gives them an absorbed indifference to all that goes on about them. They are not allowed to speak, and they bend over their machines, working with incredible speed, as monotonous as rows of books on shelves. They look like means to an industrial end, without features or individuality of their own. Now and then one bolder than the rest may speak. A bent creature at a machine said to a woman inspector out of the corner of her mouth:

"O God, Inspector, get 'em to stand for the ten-hour law if you can; we're most killed!"

The oath in her mouth meant no more than "Really" or "Fancy" from her more cultivated sisters, but her appeal was significant. For just now the law limiting the work of women to ten hours is engaging the attention of manufacturers, inspectors and humanitarians. In twenty-six states such laws have been enacted, and two years ago the Supreme Court of the United States held that the Oregon ten-hour law for women was constitutional.

Some months ago, however, two women employed in a box factory in Illinois complained that their liberty was restrained

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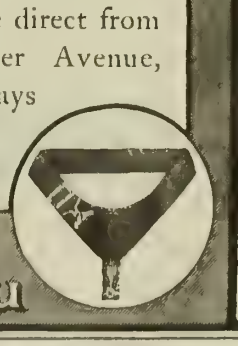

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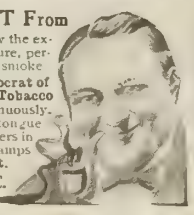
French Tobacco Co., Dept. P, Statesville, N.C.



because they were not allowed to work more than ten hours a day. The Circuit Court of Cook County, Judge Richard Tuthill presiding, held that the ten-hour law was "unconstitutional and void and wholly beyond the power of the legislature to enact" on the ground that it runs counter to "No person shall be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law." The case was appealed to the Supreme Court of Illinois, where a decision was recently handed down upholding the statute.

No European nation has ever repealed laws limiting the labor of women, and practically every amendment of the laws has been in the nature of strengthening them and of further reducing the working time. America ought to know by this time the dangers of overtaxing women. It has been proved that they are weaker physically than men, more liable to illness and to longer duration of illness, more prone to continue at work during illness, and more susceptible to strain. In inheritance laws this greater weakness is recognized.

If there is any factory woman who sincerely wants the liberty to work more than ten hours a day she should not be allowed it, any more than an ignorant child should be allowed a dangerous weapon. Even if more than "supper money" is given the worker it does not pay for the loss of health. The bad effect of longer hours on morals and general welfare is self-evident.

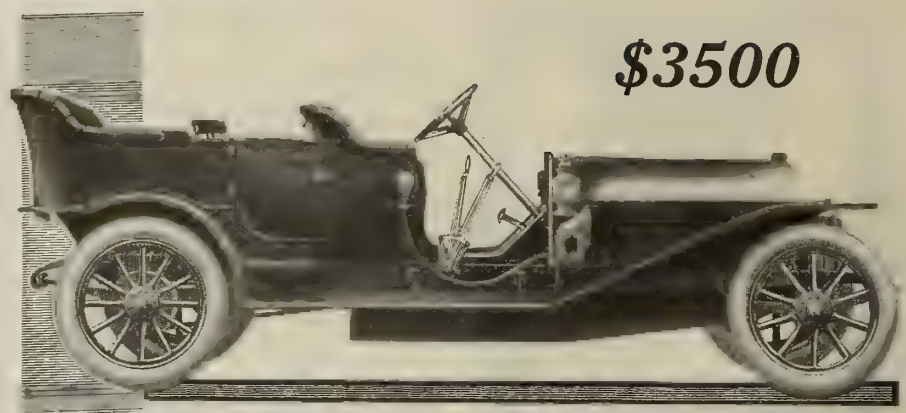
The factory woman, if she is married, is too tired to show much attention to her home. She may give her baby drugged cordials to keep it quiet; most of her children die near infancy, and those that survive are anæmic. If she is not married she is likely to be some time, and she is using up energy that belongs to her children, to whom she will give an enfeebled life, and so bring down the general average of the race. This ten-hour law is a vital question, for the women workers are increasing faster than the men.

America Behind Other Countries

The community is beginning to understand not only the claim of the individual worker to reasonable, practical methods of safeguard from needless suffering, but also the claim that the profits of manufacture must not be bought at the expense of the life and health of citizens. Yet our education on these questions has not proceeded far enough, since it is less enlightened than that of foreign countries. Some change there should be in the principle of our law which holds that an employee assumes the inherent risks of his employment, with the result that all hardships resulting from accidents fall upon him and his family. Usually they are able to make no provision for themselves, and then the charity of the community at large must intervene. Reformers—not in the manufacturing business—have been for some time asking why the public should have to pay this part of the cost of operating dangerous factories. Other nations apply a tax on such a factory in the form of the compulsory insurance of employees.

We certainly destroy more human beings in industry than any other nation, and for the most part our workmen, at a little over forty, are thrown back, used up, on society. Germany, with her museum of safety, her service insurance, her improved dwellings, and her technical and industrial education, could teach us valuable lessons. If Doctor Tolman, director of the New York Museum of Safety and Sanitation, is right we are in a bad way industrially, for in 1909 half a million of us were killed and maimed in industry, and our economic loss was two hundred and fifty millions. Certainly, as matters stand now, we are too wasteful of life and energy. The National Child Labor Committee would like us to minimize the difficulties by establishing a Federal Child's Bureau which would deal with a wide range of facts and would, doubtless, improve the measures for lessening the degeneracy of children.

The most potent reason for change is that reform of the present system is likely to be economical. Any method or institution that makes for a better economy is sure to have its day, just as any existing institution will endure till a better substitute is provided capable of performing the old function in a more economic way. The hour for a new institution has struck, and factory inspection is one of the great



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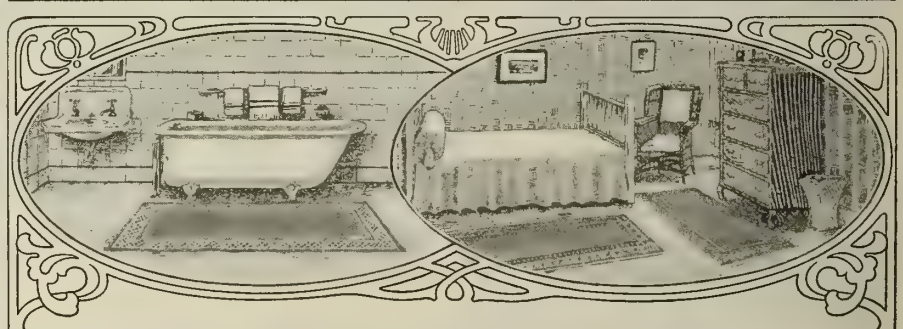

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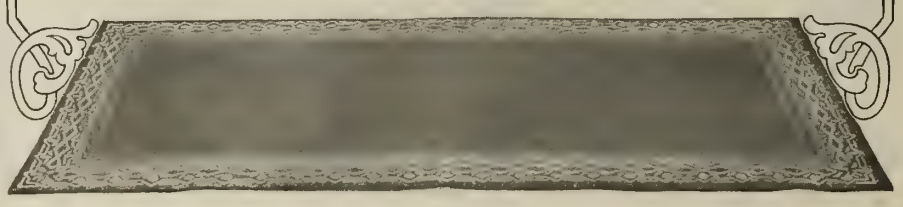

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regenerating forces which make for spiritual as well as financial economy.

Its machinery has not, perhaps, been going on long enough to be perfected. There should be more standardizing of laws between the states, especially competing states. The laws are often ineffective because the experience of one state is disregarded by its neighbor. If, for example, the age limit should be recognized as fourteen everywhere, as sixteen for night work, and sixteen or eighteen for dangerous occupations, it would be fairer to the employers as well as to the employed.

Moreover, some individual states have peculiar excellences and peculiar defects. New York and Ohio are excellent in respect to insistence on age certificates for children; but New York is poor in regard to protected machinery and extremely negligent about overtime work for women. It is, however, compact in the organization of its inspection department, which is one of three bureaus under the general head of the Department of Labor, with a commissioner of labor in command; and the chief factory inspector is an excellent official.

Massachusetts looks after women splendidly; they may not work after six in textile mills nor after ten anywhere. She is quite the most law-abiding of the states as to the protection of women. Ohio will not allow girls under eighteen to work at night. Wisconsin and Colorado have an eight-hour limit for women, but in Wisconsin the law is ineffective on account of its wording, and the Colorado provisions merely prohibit a woman from working more than eight hours if her work requires her to stand.

Pennsylvania, so long ago as 1849, precluded women in six different occupations from working more than ten hours a day, and in 1905 she was better provided with inspection than New York. But today she is not one of the bright spots in the system, for she has practically a twelve-hour day. On the whole, the states with the most satisfactory laws, especially relating to children, are Massachusetts, Ohio, New York and Illinois.

What is Most Needed

But it is one thing to have good laws and another thing to have them enforced. The difficulty is that labor laws may be enacted without any power whatever being supplied to carry them out. For one thing, the inspecting force is quite inadequate to control the situation. For example, New York has only fifty inspectors, Pennsylvania thirty-nine, Ohio thirty-three, Massachusetts twenty-seven, and Illinois only twenty-five. Many of these inspectors are appointed for political reasons, though in New York and the Middle West serious consideration is made of their fitness. In Minnesota appointments are frankly political, and changes in the staff have been frequent. Wisconsin has its department under civil-service rules, and Indiana and Ohio demand that the chief inspector must be an expert mechanic. The force of inspectors is more permanent in Ohio than in the other states. Permanency is, of course, a great advantage in this work.

In some states the laws are enforced with rigor and in others with distinct discretion. Many inspectors seem to read into their work a discriminating power, decided by what they regard as the necessities of the situation. In other cases reports of all violations are dutifully handed in to the head of the department, but somehow certain firms, important politically, are forgiven and unprosecuted if they say they'll never do it again.

Moreover, while the inspectors as a class are undoubtedly conscientious, they are not always thoroughly equipped for their work. If better salaries were paid better material could be had. More women should be appointed, not only because they will accept the inadequate salaries but because they are likely to be more permanent and can handle the children and women workers better than men inspectors can.

Last and always, what is needed is the continued and far-reaching education of the public. There is little use in having a good inspection department if it is not backed up by public opinion. More than any other nation, perhaps, the American public, once it is interested, is fair-minded and even generous. Add this characteristic to education in factory matters, and the day will come when American factory inspectors may hold their heads as high as the English, French and German inspectors.

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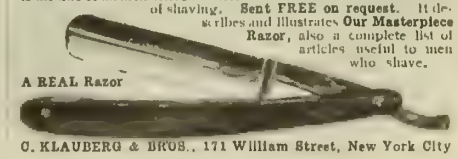
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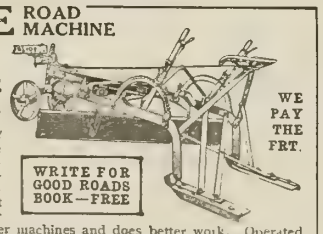

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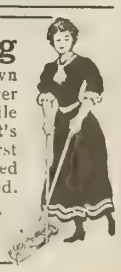

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SNOBS AND SNOBBERY

(Continued from Page 17)

Sham aristocracies, spurious ancestries and bogus titles are peculiar to no country; they are comic in America because, though so many seek them, no one believes in their validity.

The college snob is a rather offensive creature, but he has been made a snob by his president and professors, who have assured him that only an American who has camped on campuses and gone home with a degree, which too often represents time spent rather than knowledge gained, can be a gentleman. If college parchments represent gentility we have quite a raft of genteel young persons in the land; but only the hard knocks of a rough world are needed to show that a snob, made in a college by a professor who is a snob, continues to be a snob and cannot be made over into an American gentleman. The American college that does not produce an intelligent and self-respecting democracy among its students isn't worth the powder to blow it to the four winds of heaven.

Snobbery has few convictions, but it has peculiar religious preferences. The snob is a religious chameleon; he goes to the church which he believes saves the souls of the best people. He would have burned incense on the altar of Jupiter while the Nazarene was being crucified; he would have hunted heretics in Spain with Philip and chased Catholics in England with Elizabeth; today he is an Anglican in London, a Lutheran in Berlin, an Ultramontaine in Vienna, an Agnostic in Paris. In America you find him in fashionable churches.

The church itself has a good many snobs in its pulpits—shepherds more emulous to please the wolves in the front pews than the sheep under the gallery; pastors more interested in the golden calf than the lucre-lacking lamb. These fat, well-fed, well-paid ecclesiastical snobs pray to the sleek and well-groomed god, Respectability, who is Mammon modernized, muffled, manicured and mercerized.

The Literary Snob

The literary snob delights to tell his friends of his comradeship with this poet, that essayist, this novelist and that dramatist. He bubbles with Bohemianism; he joins the Pen and Incubus Club; he attends the orgies of the Parnassus Society and tells apocryphal stories of men of letters he has met in railroad stations and in street cars. He knows the titles of books; he gets a flavor of their contents from book reviews; he will hint that he has rare first editions at home; he sends letters to the papers defending Poe, or Verlaine, or Stevenson, or any other dead and safe one, when some featherhead questions their morals or talents. To the frank and sophisticated inhabitants of Bohemia he is a bounder and snob, but he impresses certain eager climbers—snobs who know little of literature and are advised that society condescends to art and letters in London.

He is generally a snob of the second generation, a college man; he has been abroad; he is rather contemptuous of America; he speaks of "Harry" James, whom he never saw, but restrains himself from alluding to "Willie" Shakspere; and he advises his social intimates that really society ought to take up literature, art, and all that sort of thing; it is good form and is done in London. His visits to Bohemia are neither serious nor long-sustained; he vanishes at a "touch"; his sham Bohemianism and imaginary literary intimacies are merely the social crutches of a snob. Society of a sort is credulous, and Bohemia is indifferent.

The struggling snobs who have grown wealthy gradually from humble beginnings are often as much concerned about concealing their fathers and mothers as they are about disentombing remote ancestors. The poor old father, whose savings and sacrifices gave his son an education and a start on the road to wealth, is always a serious problem to Snob and his wife; he must be kept in the background and out of sight of the other snobs in society. Poor Snob forgets that in homes like his there cannot be secrets and servants simultaneously; he fails to remember, though Mrs. Snob does not, that the gossip of the parlor trickles into the kitchen, to be piped to some other

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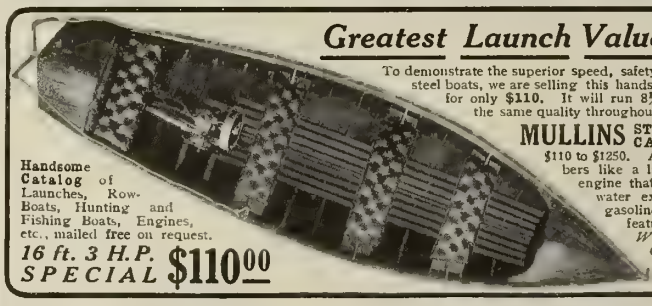

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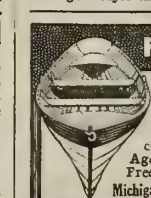

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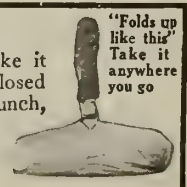

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This beautiful Chifforobe has the best features of a Chiffonier and a Wardrobe. Is built of Southern RED Cedar, the only absolutely moth-proof wood. Has air-tight doors. Is guaranteed moth, dust and damp-proof. No camphor required. It eliminates cold storage expenses on furs, woolens, etc.

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MAKES HAPPY, HEALTHY CHILDREN

who prefer to stay at home and enjoy themselves rather than play on the streets. Operated by children themselves; the movement not unlike that of rowing, brings every muscle into play. Most healthful form of outdoor exercise; keeps lungs inflated, develops sturdy bodies, strong arms, straight backs, broad shoulders. Makes children studious. You owe the children this delightful pleasure—you'll save it in doctor bills. Inexpensive, simple, absolutely safe; no cogs or complicated gears to catch and tear clothing. **Not a toy**, but a **real Merry-Go-Round**. Will last for years. Full particulars and handsomely illustrated booklet free.

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SPENGLER COOKER does it. FREE BOOKLET tells how all the HEAT from ONE BURNER is confined and by SPENGLER DEFLECTOR DISTRIBUTED to 3 openings, so 3 ARTICLES in 3 REGULAR UTENSILS are cooked over ONE FLAME OF GAS, Gasoline or Blue Flame Oil Stove, positively without burning food or utensils. Results—ECONOMY and COOL KITCHEN. Price $1.50. Money back if not satisfactory. BIG SELLER. **Territory for Capable Agents.** Address: **Spengler Specialties Co., 33 E 28th Street, New York City**

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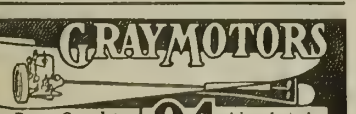

6 Horse Power Complete $94 Absolutely Guaranteed by a RESPONSI-

BLE concern. Write for complete catalog today—tells all about how these high grade motors are built in the **largest plant in the world** devoted exclusively to the manufacture of 2-cycle motors.

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HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label.

Get "Improved," no tacks required.

Wood Rollers *Tin Rollers*

kitchen and pumped into another parlor. The rattle of the skeleton comes to the ears of Sarah and Jane as audibly as it does to those young things, Edith and Gwendolen; and occasionally the old father breaks out and scandalizes the avenue. The tremors and terrors of the snob lest neighbors shall learn the hideous fact that an honest old father is secluded in the house are as pathetic as contemptible. But the poor old chap has to be on exhibition some time.

They tell the story of an Irish snob whose good old father, illiterate, rude, but self-respecting, was sacrificed on the altar of snobbery for years. In time the old fellow died, and he lay in state at last in the parlor, awaiting burial. Custom was stronger than snobbery, and Snob and his wife opened the house to the dead man's humble friends, who came to say a prayer beside his open coffin. Perhaps they dreaded the cool eye and caustic tongue of Father D., the parish priest, too much to do otherwise.

One old woman, who had known the snobs all their days, came in softly, said a few prayers by the side of her dead neighbor, rose and, looking at the dead, still face, said quietly, yet audibly enough for all to hear: "Well, Patrick—God rest your soul—they had to bring you into the parlor at last." The snobs slunk out of the room, and the old woman walked out of the house with a toss of her head that only an old Irishwoman can give, a toss more eloquent than a volume of contempt and invective.

It has been said that hypocrisy is the homage that wickedness pays to virtue; and in many respects snobbery is the homage which servility pays to insolence. Snobbery pays the price willingly, eagerly, for it knows it will be repaid in the same luscious currency some day itself.

Snobbery Even in Mourning

The international marriage of the snobs is pitiable, as a rule, for the daughter of Snob is too often sacrificed to her mother's social ambition and her own vanity. But the record of wrecked lives, of happiness exchanged for titles, of youth and wealth given in return for some battered old spendthrift and his dubious dignities, does not seem to have any deterrent effect upon the latest batch of daughters in snobdom; the glory of going to court, of touching elbows with barons who were brewers, marquises who were money-mongers, and dukes whose grandmothers threw their bonnets over the windmill, and the joy of returning to the republic to patronize those who patronized her, are compensations enough for lavishing youth, beauty and riches upon a fellow who, stripped of his title and compelled to pay his debts, would be glad to serve in Snob's lower regions as a butler.

I knew a Boston person, a splendid type of cold-roast Boston snobbery, whose daughter married a British nobleman, fortunately a decent chap, who had lived cleanly and had ample means. His position in England was good, according to British standards, and the Boston parents became, without an effort and without the bother of naturalization, the most loyal of his Majesty's subjects. There came a day when a certain royal and rickety young prince died, to the relief of his royal relations, and England controlled her grief most heroically. Not so Boston. A Boston lady, making her round of social calls, dropped in on the Snobs shortly after the royal bereavement, and was shown into the presence of a family convulsed with grief. Embarrassed, and believing some great and sudden calamity had come to her neighbor, she apologized for her intrusion and hesitatingly inquired the cause of their woe.

"Have you not heard the news?" said Mr. Snob with deep emotion, while Mrs. Snob bowed her head in her hands.

"No, I have heard nothing," answered the caller. "Had I known of any loss I should not have intruded."

"She has not heard!" continued Snob, waving a handkerchief at his wife. "Ah, well! Of course, you would hardly feel about the matter as we do; it seems so intimate and personal to us, and Abbie—that is, Lady Brasstack—was so devoted to him."

"To whom?" queried the caller softly. "Who is dead?"

"Prince George," moaned Snob; "poor, de-ar Prince George."

The visitor put her handkerchief to her face to hide her emotion, and left the house hurriedly, to scandalize the avenue

"HAMILTON-MADE" GARDEN HOSE

Slow to make, slow to wear out.

WHY do we stick to the old slow process of making hose?

Because by that process we get hose that is slow to wear out.

We know that the new, fast sausage-machine process is cheaper—but hose that lasts twice as long is better, even if it does take longer to make, and cost a cent a foot more.

That's HAMILTON-MADE HOSE.

HAMILTON-MADE HOSE is made by our OLD, SLOW PROCESS, which produces such stiff, springy, long-lasting hose. An inner tube of pure "live" rubber is tightly wrapped with layer after layer of close-woven duck, all vulcanized tight together, with an outside cover of tough rubber to take the wear. After seasoning, every foot is TESTED under tremendous hydraulic pressure, to discover the slightest defect. This enables us to GUARANTEE our hose to stand enormous pressures. Most makers will not do this.

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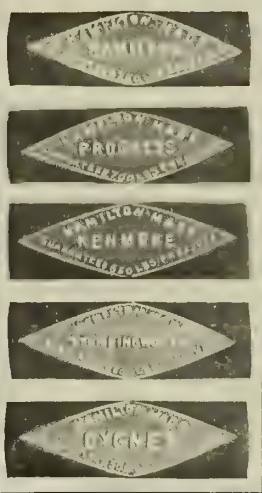
Here are some of the leading grades of Hamilton-Made Garden Hose. Note that Every label bears the words HAMILTON-MADE



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FIND out for yourself what it really means to go a'boating "The Pierce Way."

—To glide through the water in a beautifully appointed, staunch, easy riding boat propelled by "A Famous Pierce Engine." Known to expert motor boatmen as the most quiet, speedy, dependable, economical engine made. The engine that's a constant source of power and satisfaction, not of trouble and expense. The 16 foot launch shown above is especially adapted for small lakes, rivers and for summer resorts, is beautifully finished, has brass and copper fastenings throughout and is equipped with 3 H.P. 4x4 Pierce Engine. The price, $200, includes *complete* equipment such as is listed as "extras" on most other makes.

Send for our illustrated catalog describing it and our other models in detail. You will find among them the boat that will give you greatest pleasure at least expense whether you spend your outing on lake, river or at the seashore. We have a boat for every need—in stock. Write today.

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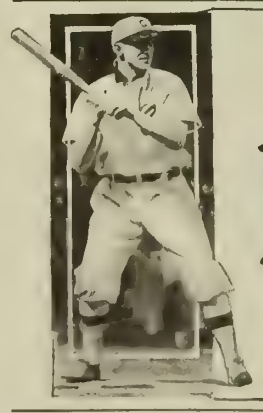
Philadelphia Representative, D. Walter Harper, 2534 N. Broad Street



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Women's, 2 pairs $3, in black, tan, white.

Mailed postpaid. State size, color, and mailing address. Also Men's, 3 pairs $2—black, tan, gray and blue.

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And this is the way we get both beauty and service:

We command the skill that can only be acquired by nearly half-a-century of good stocking-making. We are particular to get first-choice cotton with long, strong fibre. We spin our own yarn, knit on the latest machines, and dye the stockings by a costly process that produces rich fast color.

This makes the Ipswich quality that thousands have insisted on for years. See that *you* insist on Ipswich Hosiery if you expect to get such high quality at anywhere near the price.

12½c to 25c a pair

for men, women, and children

If your dealer can't supply you write us his name. We'll send you the **handsomest hosiery booklet ever issued**, and we'll see that you get the stockings.

IPSWICH MILLS

Ipswich, Mass.

by leaning against a fence and laughing until the tears ran down her cheeks and destroyed her complexion.

The snobbery of vociferous philanthropy may find its most reverberating type in the self-made man, a snob *in excelsis*, challenging the Creator to duplicate him if He can—if He dare. The kindly man who dreaded to let his right hand know what his left hand gave, who blushed to be detected in his benevolences, exists, without doubt; but he is archaic, out of date, a subject for laughter in gorgeous, brazen, shrieking snobdom; snobdom has no use for him. The philanthropist of snobdom has his name on billboards and in magazines; he bestraddles the continents; his name echoes on the seas; he has mortgages on posterity; he expects a reception committee and a brass band to meet him at the Pearly Gates, and he is certain an escort of cherubim and seraphim will await him.

Snobbery in England is a cult, an institution, part and parcel of the British Constitution; in America it is a disease, which time and the exhaustion of the sources of easy money may attenuate; but its extermination will never come while greed, envy and mean ideals are in the heart and mind of man, nor until man is built like an angel. Snobbery is original sin; it is not catalogued in our codes; it is implied only in the Decalogue. When anarchy and poverty are universal it may be obscured or submerged, but in the mean time it is here, robust, all-pervasive, and neither modest nor reticent.

THE VARMINT

(Continued from Page 23)

through the territory of Ned Banks, who had been blocked off by his opponent.

"Watch that Andover end, Stover," said Mr. Ware. "Study out his methods."

"All right, sir," said Dink, who had watched no one else.

He waited breathless for the first shock of the Andover attack. It came with a rush, compact and solid, and swept back the Lawrenceville left side for a good eight yards.

"Good-by!" said Harris in a whisper.

Dink began to whistle, moving down the field, watching the backs. Another machine-like advance and another big gain succeeded.

"They'll wake up," said Dink solemnly to himself. "They'll stop 'em in a minute."

But they did not stop. Rush by rush, irresistibly the blue left their own territory and passed the forty-five-yard line of Lawrenceville. Then a fumble occurred and the ball went again with the gale far out of danger, over the heads of the Andover backs who had misjudged its treacherous course.

"Lucky we got the wind," said Dink, calm amid the roaring cheers about him. "Gee, that Andover attack's going to be hard to stop. Banks is beginning to limp."

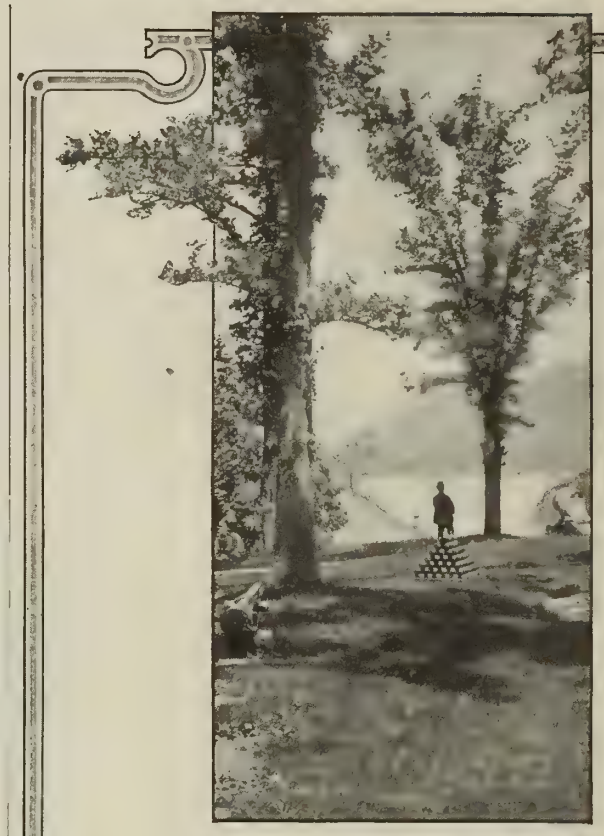
The blue, after a few quick advances, formed and swept out toward Garry Cockrell's end.

"Three yards lost," said Dink grimly. "They won't try him often. Funny they're not onto Banks. Lord, how they can gain through the center of the line! First down again." Substitute and coach, the frantic school, alumni over from Princeton, all kept up a constant storm of shouts and entreaties:

"Oh, get together!"
"Throw 'em back!"
"Hold 'em!"
"First down again!"
"Hold 'em, Lawrenceville!"
"Don't let them carry it seventy yards!"
"Get the jump!"
"There they go again!"
"Ten yards around Banks!"

Stover alone, squatting opposite the line of play, moving as it moved, coldly critical, studied each individuality.

"Funny, nervous little tricks that Goodhue's got—blows on his hands—does that mean he takes the ball? No; all a bluff. What's he do when he does take it? Quiet and looks at the ground. When he doesn't take it he tries to pretend he does. I'll tuck that away. He's my man. Seems to switch in just as the interference strikes the end about ten feet beyond tackle, running low—Banks is playing too high; better, perhaps, to run in on 'em now and then before they get started. There's going to be trouble there in a minute. The



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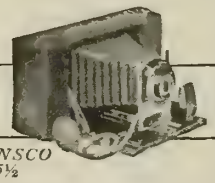

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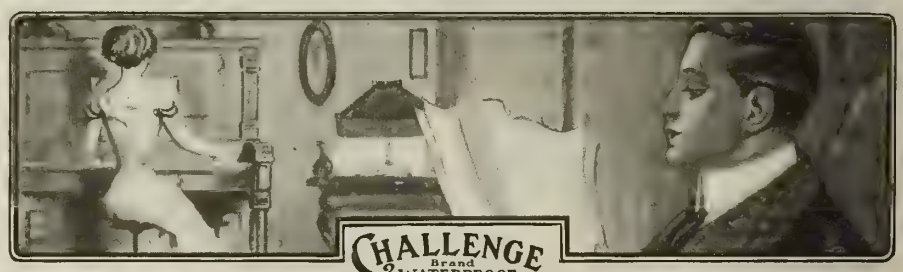

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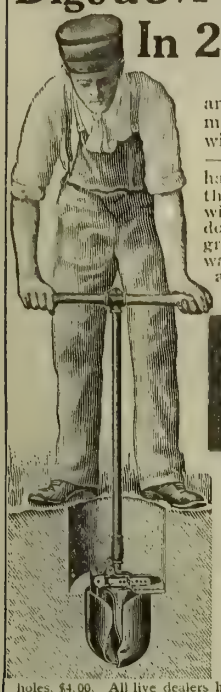

Throw away your pick and shovel—stop that muscle-racking drudgery with all its backaches—pains and blistered hands. One man with this little wonder-worker will do four men's work and do it faster and easier. This great device simply eats its way into the ground under all conditions, wet or dry, in sand, clay or gravel.

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does the work of many different size augers—our patented adjusting device makes it possible for one auger to bore from four to nine different sized holes. This feature with our self-locking device places this wonderful digging machine far ahead of any other. Just the thing for Farmers, Stockmen, Contractors and Public Service Companies. It will reduce the labor cost 60 per cent.

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fellows aren't up on their toes yet—what is the matter, anyhow? Tough's getting boxed right along; he ought to play out further, I should think. Hello, some one fumbled again. Who's got it? Looks like Garry. No; they recovered it themselves no, they didn't. Lord, what a butter-fingered lot—why doesn't he get it? He has—Charlie DeSoto—clear field can he make it?—he ought to—where's that Goodhue?—looks like a safe lead; he'll make the twenty-yard line at least—yes, fully that, if he doesn't stumble—there's that Goodhue now—some one ought to block him off—good work—that's it—that makes the touchdown—lucky—very lucky!"

Some one hit him a terrific clap on the shoulder. He looked up in surprise to behold Fatty Harris dancing about like a crazy man. The air seemed all arms; hats were rising like startled coveys of birds. Some one cast his arms around him and hugged him. He flung him off almost indignantly. What were they thinking of?—that was only one touchdown—four points—what was that against that blue team and the wind at their backs, too? One touchdown wasn't going to win this game.

"Why do they get so excited?" said Dink Stover to John Stover, watching deliberately the ball soaring between the goalposts; "6 to 0—they think it's all over. Now's the rub."

Mr. Ware passed near him. He was quiet, too, seeing far ahead.

"Better keep warmed up, Stover," he said.

"Biting his nails, that's a funny trick for a master," thought Dink. "He oughtn't to be nervous. That doesn't do any good."

The shouts of exultation were soon hushed; with the advantage of the wind the game quickly assumed a different complexion. Andover had found the weak end and sent play after play at Banks, driving him back for long advances.

"Take off your sweater," said Mr. Ware.

Dink flung it off, running up and down the side-lines, springing from his toes.

"Why don't they take him out?" he thought angrily, with almost a hatred of the fellow who was fighting it out in vain. "Can't they see it? Ten yards more, oh, Lord! This ends it."

With a final rush the Andover interference swung at Banks, brushed him aside and swept over the remaining fifteen yards for the touchdown. A minute later the goal was kicked and the elevens again changed sides. The suddenness with which the score had been tied impressed every one—the school team seemed to have no defense against the well-massed attacks of the opponents.

"Holes as big as a house," said Fatty Harris. "Asleep! They're all asleep!"

Dink, pacing up and down, waited the word from Mr. Ware, rebelling because it did not come.

Again the scrimmage began, a short advance from the loosely-knit school eleven, a long punt with the wind and then a quick, businesslike line-up of the blue team and another rush at the vulnerable end.

"Ten yards more; oh, it's giving it away!" said Fatty Harris.

Stover knelt and tried his shoelaces and, rising, tightened his belt.

"I'll be out there in a moment," he said to himself.

Another gain at Banks' end and suddenly from the elevens across the field the figure of the captain rose and waved a signal.

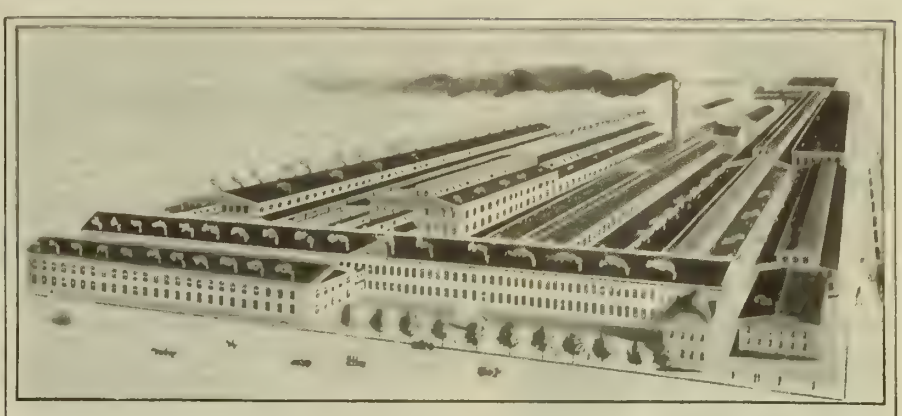
"Go in, Stover," said Mr. Ware.

He ran out across the long stretch to where the players were moving restlessly, their clothes flinging out clouds of steam. Back of him something was roaring, cheering for him, perhaps, hoping against hope.

Then he was in the midst of the contestants, Garry Cockrell's arm about his shoulders, whispering something in his ear about keeping cool, breaking up the interference if he couldn't get his man, following up the play. He went to his position, noticing the sullen expressions of his teammates, angry with the consciousness that they were not doing their best. Then taking his stand beyond Tough McCarty, he saw the Andover quarter and the backs turn and study him curiously. He noticed the half-back nearest him, a stocky, close-cropped, red-haired fellow, with brawny arms under his rolled-up jersey, whose duty it would be to send him rolling on the first rush.

"All ready?" cried the voice of the umpire. "First down."

The whistle blew, the two lines strained opposite each other. Stover knew what the play would be—there was no question



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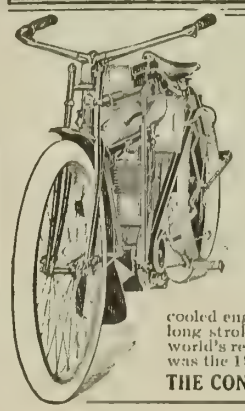

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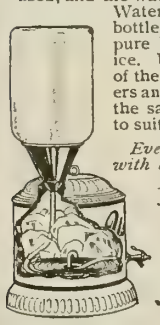

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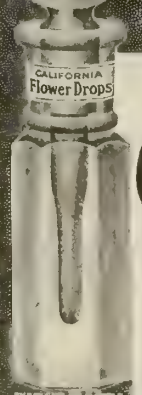

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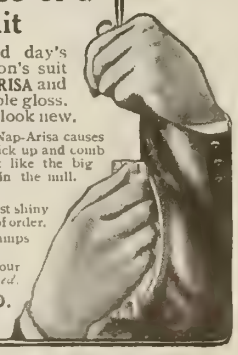

THE NAP-ARISA CO.
115 Broad St., Boston, Mass.

of that. Fortunately the last two rushes had carried the play well over to his side—the boundary was only fifteen yards away. Dink had thought out quickly what he would do. He crept in closer than an end usually plays and at the snap of the ball rushed straight into the starting interference before it could gather dangerous momentum. The halfback, seeing him thus drawn in, instinctively swerved wide around his interference, forced slightly back. Before he could turn forward his own speed and the necessity of distancing Stover and Condit drove him out of bounds for a four-yard loss.

"Second down, nine yards to go!" came the verdict.

"Rather risky going in like that," said Flash Condit, who backed up his side.

"Wanted to force him out of bounds," said Stover.

"Oh—look out for something between tackle and guard now."

"No—they'll try the other side now to get a clean sweep at me," said Stover.

The red-haired halfback disappeared in the opposite side and, well protected, kept his feet for five yards.

"Third down, four to gain."

"Now for a kick," said Stover, as the Andover end came out opposite him. "What the deuce am I going to do to this coot to mix him up? He looks more as though he'd like to tackle me than to get past." He looked over and caught a glance from the Andover quarter. "I wonder. Why not a fake kick? They've sized me up for green. I'll play it carefully."

At the play, instead of blocking, he jumped back and to one side, escaping the end who dived at his knees. Then, rushing ahead, he stalled off the half and caught the fullback with a tackle that brought him to his feet, rubbing his side.

"Lawrenceville's ball. Time up for first half."

Dink had not thought of the time. Amazed, he scrambled to his feet, half angry at the interruption, and following the team went over to the room to be talked to by the captain and the coach.

It was a hangdog crowd that gathered there, quailing under the scornful lashing of Garry Cockrell. He spared no one, he omitted no names. Dink, listening, lowered his eyes, ashamed to look upon the face of the team. One or two cried out:

"Oh, I say, Garry!"

"That's too much!"

"Too much, too much, is it?" cried their captain, walking up and down, striking the flat of his hand with the clenched fist. "By heavens, it's nothing to what they're saying of us out there! They're ashamed of us, one and all! Listen to the cheering if you don't believe it! They'll cheer a losing team, a team that is being driven back foot by foot. There's something glorious in that, but a team that stands up to be pushed over, a team that lies down and quits, a team that hasn't one bit of red fighting blood in it, they won't cheer; they're ashamed of you! Now, I'll tell you what's going to happen to you. You're going to be run down the field for just about four touchdowns. Here's Lentz being tossed around by a fellow that weighs forty pounds less. Why, he's the joke of the game. McCarty hasn't stopped a play, not one! Waladoo's so easy that they rest up, walking through him. But that's not the worst, you're playing wide apart as though there wasn't a man within ten miles of you; not one of you is helping out the other. The only time you've taken the ball from them is when a little shaver comes in and uses his head. Now, you're not going to win this game, but by the Almighty you're going out there and going to hold that Andover team. You've got the wind against you; you've got everything against you; you've got to fight on your own goal line, not once, but twenty times. But you've got to hold 'em; you're going to make good; you're going to wipe out that disgraceful, cowardly first half! You're going out there to stand those fellows off! You're going to make the school cheer for you again as though they believed in you, as though they were proud of you! You're going to do a bigger thing than beat a weaker team! You're going to fight off defeat and show that, if you can't win, you can't be beaten!"

Mr. Ware, in a professional way, passed from one to another with a word of advice: "Play lower, get the jump—don't be drawn in by a fake plunge—watch Goodhue."

But Dink heard nothing; he sat in his corner, clasping and unclasping his hands,

When—

appetite suggests something good—when health dictates something nourishing—when bodily strength demands something sustaining—in short, when you're hungry

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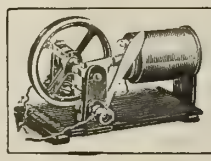

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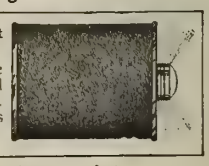

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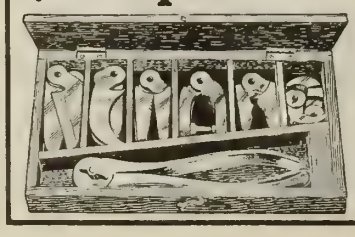

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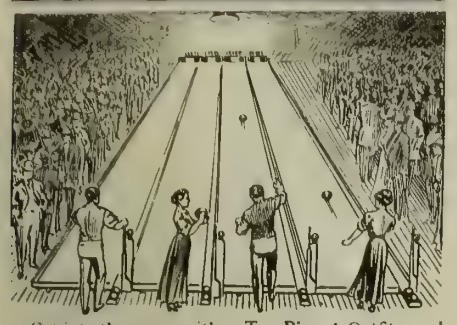

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We offer in the unsold shares of the Company, at **$12.50** each, a **Thoroughly Safeguarded Investment.**

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suffering with the moments that separated him from the fray. Then all at once he was back on the field, catching the force of the wind that blew the hair about his temples, hearing the half-hearted welcome that went up from the school.

"Hear that cheer!" said Garry Cockrell bitterly.

From Butcher Stevens' boot the ball went twisting and veering down the field. Stover went down, dodging instinctively, hardly knowing what he did. Then as he started to spring at the runner an interferer from behind flung himself on him and sent him sprawling, but not until one arm had caught and checked his man.

McCarty had stopped the runner, when Dink sprang to his feet, wild with the rage of having missed his tackle.

"Steady!" cried the voice of his captain.

He lined up hurriedly, seeing red. The interference started for him, he flung himself at it blindly and was buried under the body of the red-haired half. Powerless to move, humiliatingly held under the sturdy body, the passion of fighting rose in him again. He tried to throw him off, doubling up his fist, waiting until his arm was free.

"Why, you're easy, kid," said a mocking voice. "We'll come again."

The taunt suddenly chilled him. Without knowing how it happened, he laughed.

"That's the last time you get me, old rooster," he said, in a voice that did not belong to him.

He glanced back. Andover had gained fifteen yards.

"That comes from losing my head," he said quietly. "That's over."

It had come—the cold consciousness of which Cockrell had spoken, strange as the second wind that surprises the distressed runner.

"I've got to teach that red-haired coot a lesson," he said. "He's a little too confident. I'll shake him up a bit."

The opportunity came on the third play, with another attack on his end. He ran forward a few steps and stood still, leaning a little forward, waiting for the red-haired back who came plunging at him. Suddenly Dink dropped to his knees, the interferer went violently over his back, something struck Stover in the shoulder and his arms closed with the fierce thrill of holding his man.

"Second down, seven yards to gain," came the welcome sound.

Time was taken out for the red-haired halfback, who had had the wind knocked out of him.

"Now he'll be more respectful," said Dink, and as soon as he caught his eye he grinned. "Red hair—I'll see if I can't get his temper."

Thus checked and to use the advantage of the wind Andover elected to kick. The ball went twisting and changing its course in the strengthening wind, escaped the clutches of Macnooder and went bounding toward the goal where Charlie DeSoto saved it on the twenty-five-yard line. In an instant the overwhelming disparity of the sides was apparent.

A return kick at best could gain but twenty-five or thirty yards. From now on they would be on the defensive.

Dink came in to support his traditional enemy, Tough McCarty. The quick, nervous voice of Charlie DeSoto rose in a shriek: "Now, Lawrenceville, get into this, 7—52—3."

Dink swept around for a smash on the opposite tackle, head down, eyes fastened on the back before him, feeling the shock of resistance and the yielding response as he thrust forward, pushing, heaving on, until everything piled up before him. Four yards gained.

A second time they repeated the play, making the first down.

"Time to spring a quick one through us," he thought.

But again DeSoto elected the same play.

"What's he trying to do?" said Dink. "Why don't he vary it?"

Some one hauled him out of the tangled pile. It was Tough McCarty.

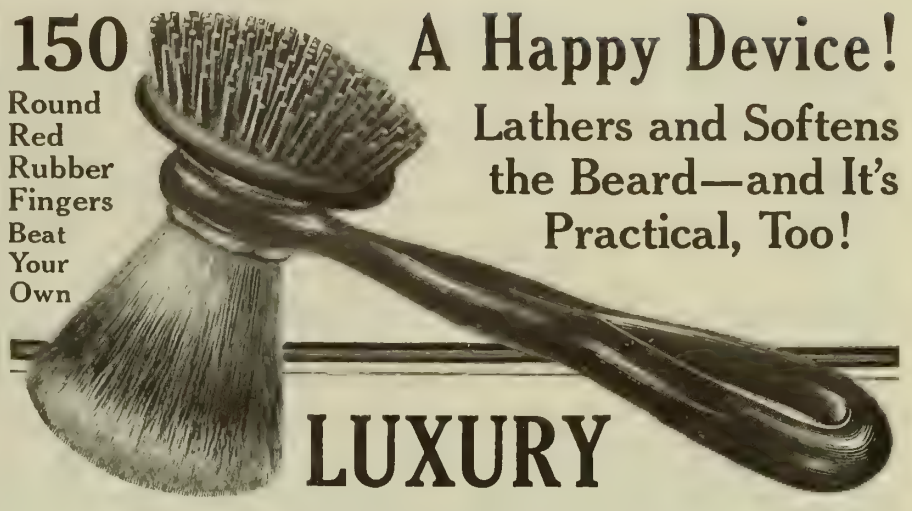
"Say, our tackle's a stiff one," he said, with his mouth to Stover's ear. "You take his knees; I'll take him above this time."

Their signal came at last. Dink dove, trying to meet the shifting knees and throw him off his balance. The next moment a powerful arm caught him as he left the ground and swept him aside.

"Any gain?" he asked anxiously as he came up.

"Only a yard," said McCarty. "He got through and smeared the play."

150 Round Red Rubber Fingers Beat Your Own



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"I know how to get him next time," said Dink, exulting in the thought.

The play was repeated. This time Stover made a feint and then dived successfully after the big arm had swept fruitlessly past. Flash Condit, darting through the line, was tackled by Goodhue and fell forward for a gain.

"How much?" said Stover, rising joyfully.

"They're measuring."

The distance was tried and found to be two feet short of the necessary five yards. The risk was too great, a kick was signaled and the ball was Andover's, just inside the center of the field.

"Now, Lawrenceville," cried the captain, "show what you're made of!"

The test came quickly, a plunge between McCarty and Lentz yielded three yards, a second four. The Andover attack, with the same precision as before, struck anywhere between the tackles and found holes. Dink, at the bottom of almost every pile, raged at Tough McCarty.

"He's doing nothing, he isn't fighting!" he said angrily. "He doesn't know what it is to fight. Why doesn't he break up that interference for me?"

When the attack struck his end now it turned in, slicing off tackle, the runner well screened by close interference that held him up when Stover tackled, dragging him on for the precious yards. Three and four yards at a time the blue advance rolled its way irresistibly toward the red and black goal. They were inside the twenty-yard line now.

Cockrell was pleading with them. Little Charlie DeSoto was running along the line, slapping their backs, calling frantically on them to throw the blue back.

And gradually the line did stiffen, slowly but perceptibly the advance was cut down. Enmities were forgotten with the shadow of the goalposts looming at their backs. Waladoo and Turkey Reiter were fighting side by side, calling to each other. Tough McCarty was hauling Stover out of desperate scrimmages, patting him on the back and calling him "good old Dink." The fighting blood that Garry Cockrell had called upon was at last there—the line had closed and fought together.

And yet they were borne back to their fifteen-yard line, two yards at a time, just losing the fourth down.

Stover at end was trembling like a blooded terrier, on edge for each play, shrieking:

"Oh, Tough, get through—you must get through!"

He was playing by intuition now, no time to plan. He knew just who had the ball and where it was going. Out or in, the attack was concentrating on his end—only McCarty and he could stop it. He was getting his man but they were dragging him on, fighting now for inches.

"Third down, one yard to gain!"

"Watch my end," he shouted to Flash Condit, and hurling himself forward at the starting backs dived under the knees, and grabbing the legs about him went down buried under the mass he had upset.

It seemed hours before the crushing bodies were pulled off and some one's arm brought him to his feet and some one hugged him, shouting in his ear:

"You saved it, Dink, you saved it!"

Some one rushed up with a sponge and began dabbing his face.

"What the deuce are they doing that for?" he said angrily.

Then he noticed that an arm was under his and he turned curiously to the face near him. It was Tough McCarty's.

"Whose ball is it?" he said.

"Ours."

He looked to the other side. Garry Cockrell was supporting him.

"What's the matter?" he said, trying to draw his head away from the sponge that was dripping water down his throat.

"Just a little wind knocked out, youngster—coming to?"

"I'm all right."

He walked a few steps alone and then took his place. Things were in a daze on the horizon, but not there in the field. Everything else was shut out except his duty there.

Charlie DeSoto's voice rose shrill:

"Now, Lawrenceville, up the field with it! This team's just begun to play this game. We've got together, boys. Let her rip!"

No longer scattered, but a unit, all differences forgot, fighting for the same idea, the team rose up and crashed through the Andover line, every man in the play, ten—fifteen yards ahead.

"Again!" came the strident cry.

Without a pause the line sprang into place, formed and swept forward. It was a privilege to be in such a game, to feel the common frenzy, the awakened glance of battle that showed down the line. Dink, side by side with Tough McCarty, thrilled with the same thrill, plunging ahead with the same motion, fighting the same fight; no longer alone and desperate, but nerved with the consciousness of a partner whose gameness matched his own.

For thirty yards they carried the ball down the field, before the stronger Andover team, thrown off its feet by the unexpected frenzy, could rally and stand them off. Then an exchange of punts once more drove them back to their twenty-five-yard line.

A second time the Andover advance set out from the fifty-yard line and slowly fought its way to surrender the ball in the shadow of the goalposts.

Stover played on in a daze, remembering nothing of the confused shock of bodies that had gone before, wondering how much longer he could hold out—to last out the game as the captain had told him. He was groggy, from time to time he felt the sponge's cold touch on his face or heard the voice of Tough McCarty in his ear.

"Good old Dink, die game!"

How he loved McCarty fighting there by his side, whispering to him:

"You and I, Dink! What if he is an old elephant, we'll put him out of the play."

Still, flesh and blood could not last forever. The half must be nearly up.

"Two minutes more time."

"What was that?" he said groggily to Flash Condit.

"Two minutes more. Hold 'em now!"

It was Andover's ball. He glanced around. They were down near the twenty-five-yard line somewhere. He looked at McCarty, whose frantic head showed against the sky.

"Break it up, Tough," he said, and struggled toward him.

A cry went up, the play was held up.

"He's groggy," he heard voices say, and then came the welcome splash of the sponge.

Slowly his vision cleared to the anxious faces around him.

"Can you last?" said the captain.

"I'm all right," he said gruffly.

"Things cleared up now?"

"Fine!"

McCarty put his arm about him and walked with him.

"Oh, Dink, you will last, won't you?"

"You bet I will, Tough!"

"It's the last stand, old boy!"

"The last."

"Only two minutes more we've got to hold 'em! The last ditch, Dink."

"I'll last."

He looked up and saw the school crouching along the line—tense drawn faces. For the first time he realized they were there, calling on him to stand steadfast.

He went back, meeting the rush that came his way, half knocked aside, half getting his man, dragged again until assistance came. DeSoto's stinging hand slapped his back and the sting was good, clearing his brain.

Things came into clear outline once more. He saw down the line and to the end where Garry Cockrell stood.

"Good old captain," he said. "They'll not get by me, not now."

He was in every play it seemed to him, wondering why Andover was always keeping the ball, always coming at his end. Suddenly he had a shock. Over his shoulder were the goalposts, the line he stood on was his own goal line.

He gave a hoarse cry and went forward like a madman, parting the interference. Some one else was through; Tough was through; the whole line was through flinging back the runner. He went down clinging to Goodhue, buried under a mass of his own tacklers. Then, through the frenzy, he heard the shrill call of time.

He struggled to his feet. The ball lay scarcely four yards away from the glorious goalposts. Then, before the school could sweep them up, panting, exhausted, they gathered in a circle with incredulous, delirious faces, and leaning heavily, wearily on one another gave the cheer for Andover. And the touch of Stover's arm on McCarty's shoulder was like an embrace.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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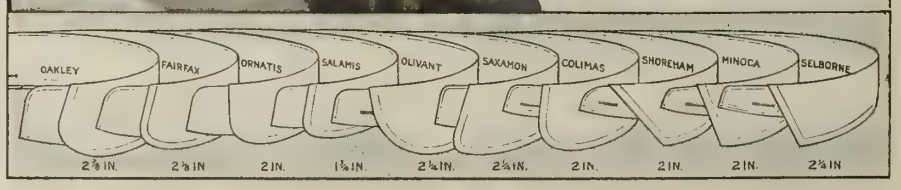

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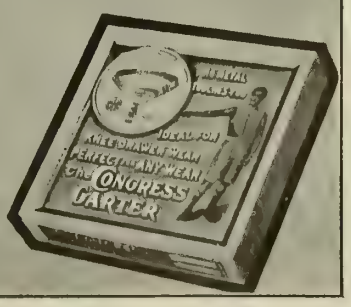

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LAMONT, WINNER

(Concluded from Page 11)

"But if he should resent ——"

"Let him. I'll forgive him."

"Yes," she insisted, frowning; "but if he should ——"

"Want to keep on fighting?"

"Yes."

"Well, I've got a million in trust, beyond all risk of loss. That will keep me. The rest of my father's fortune I'll cheerfully lose to make your father lose his. But it won't come to that."

"I think, Mr. Lamont, that you are a very foolish young man."

"Better foolish young than foolish old; there's a chance for recovery in the young. But, my dear Miss Hull, what I told you about your duty is true. It's up to you to be worthy of him—worthy of a big man. You think I misjudge him? No; but I know what age does to people—age and prolonged possession of great power. My own father shows it, and he also is a pretty big man. If your father had been thirty-five or forty he would have listened to me; he would have listened to anybody who spoke to him seriously about an important matter. My arguments about pensioning Pat are clear to you, aren't they?"

She hesitated.

"Do your own thinking. No technical knowledge is required. The wisdom of the pension is clear to you, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Sure?"

"Yes!" she said decisively.

"Well, just see whether you can convince your father. You will learn whether his brain is as receptive as it ought to be in a man of his position; and also whether you can convince a man by cold reasoning without resort to the cajoleries of your sex. There he is. Go over and save that million." He rose and walked away from her.

She remained seated, filled with indecision and a sense of helplessness. Gradually her face took on a resolute look. She went to her father and spoke to him.

The young man walked up and down the paths of the formal garden to the south of the house. From time to time he glanced toward the famous Czar of the East Shore and his daughter. They were conversing animatedly. At length the young lady looked about, saw him and beckoned. The young man hastened toward her.

"Your friend Mr. McCarthy gets his pension," she said, and smiled triumphantly.

"If you did it by cold reasoning I congratulate ——"

"But I want you to understand ——" began Mr. Hull angrily.

"Say it's wise," said his daughter.

"I say it's ——"

"Wise!" prompted Miss Hull.

"Wise!" meekly echoed the famous captain of industry.

"Introduce me," said the young man to her. She had Grace Melton's note in her hand. She glanced at it, blushed and said:

"Papa, this is Tom ——" There was the slightest pause, of which the young man duly availed himself.

"Thanks," he said, and smiled happily.

"What?" shouted Mr. Hull.

"My father gave me this for you, Mr. Hull"—and the young man delivered the second letter.

"Are you Lamont's ——"

"Tom; yes, sir."

"Well, why the devil didn't you ——"

"I bet my father fifty thousand shares of Midland stock I'd make you start pensioning old employees. I thank you very much, Mr. Hull," he finished gratefully.

Mr. Hull laughed; his mind worked quickly enough, after all.

"I had to wait," continued Lamont's Tom, "until you had no guests before coming to see you. I've had this house and your guests under surveillance for two weeks. May I have a word with Miss Hull?"

He went up to her and, speaking very quickly, said in a low voice: "One night at the opera Grace pointed you out to me. I looked at you a long time and I saw in your face what I think you are, if you will only let yourself be it. I left her box so I might not meet you until I could meet you alone and talk to you about your future, at a time and in a place when you might heed my words. You have only heard the first chapter of that story. I like your father; he is a great man, but he needs our—er—youth. And now I want to talk to him a minute. Go over there and sit down, and I'll be with you in a jiffy."

Without waiting for even a look from her he rejoined Mr. Hull. The girl walked to the loggia and sat down. She looked at the two men and smiled. She read Grace Melton's note and frowned, looked at the young man and also frowned. And of a sudden she laughed.

"Well, young man," said the president of the East Shore Railroad very seriously, "are you in the habit of ——"

"No, sir. Let me tell you the real reason why I am here. I think I am going to marry your daughter."

"What?"

"Ever since I saw her, some months ago, I've been thinking about her. I've also gathered a lot of information about her from friends and foes. I may tell you, in strict confidence, that she suits me. You know how much depends upon first impressions when a man is in a hurry. I am in a hurry, but I've got to win. The first step is to make the girl think that you are different from other men. When she thinks you are different from all other men it is called falling in love. All I have done today I have done deliberately, to make her think me different from other men. I have got a good start. Will you remain neutral, sir?"

The railroad Czar looked the young man full in the face. At length he said:

"No!"

"You won't?" Lamont's Tom frowned.

"No," said Ben Hull slowly; "I'll help!"

They shook hands and walked toward the girl. Young Mr. Lamont turned toward her father and once more extended his hand.

"So sorry you must go, Mr. Hull," he murmured politely.

"He'll stay to luncheon, Judith. I'm just going in to lock the safe"—and Mr. Hull left them.

"Let me see Grace's letter," said the young man, holding out his hand with much assurance.

"Oh, no," said Judith, and blushed.

"Thank you," said Tom meekly. "Suppose we talk about the future?"

Artists

I 'member once, long times ago,
When I crawled 'round the Studio,
So little that I couldn't walk,
With nothin' else to do but talk —
Why, these old people, if they heard,
Just couldn't understand a word.
Though I could speak plain as the res',
They couldn't listen right, I guess;
But I kep' right on, talkin' plain,
Till they could get it through their brain;
And now I hear 'em speak as free
With all those words they learned from me.

I thought o' lots o' things then, too,
Which now, most every day, come true.
Why, when I first crawled 'round, the place
Was full of strangers; every face
Was one I didn't know, but I
Thought: "You'll get 'quainted by and by";
And now, though there are twice as many,
P'rhaps they know me well as any.

But, takin' all my thoughts, I guess
I liked the Painted ones the bes'.
On all the long crawls I would go
Way—far, across the Studio,
I'd come on pictures ever'where
Till I could see 'em in the air.
Oh, how those folks would work to make
Their pictures plain; but I could take
My hands into my lap, and sit
With half-shut eyes, a little bit,
And paint such pictures—Gold and Red,
Or change 'em into Blue instead.
They were so grand, those things and faces,
I'd feel that I'd once been in places
More splendid than the Studio;
And then I'd try to let 'em know
Just what I saw and how I painted.
But, pshaw, we hadn't yet got 'quainted.
And though I know those people heard,
They couldn't understand a word.

Oh, now when I could 'splain 'em, sure,
My pictures won't come any more.
So I just have to work away
On scraps of paper, ever' day,
Drawin' with pencils, same as they.

—*Calvin Johnston.*

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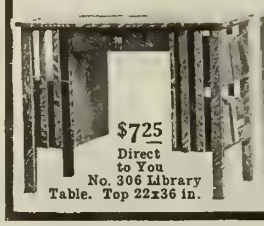
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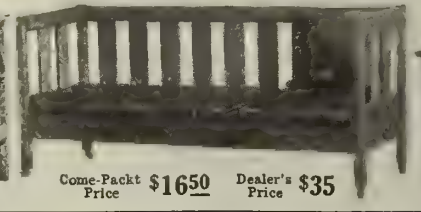
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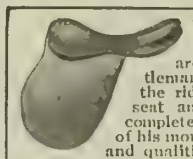

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